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THE WESTERN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE,

A

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOLUME IV.

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THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1821. NUM. 1.

The Life of the Right Honourable JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, *late Master of the Rolls in Ireland*, by his son, William Henry Curran, Barrister at Law. *New York, printed for William H. Creagh.* 1820, 8vo. pp. 480.

Ireland, poor, devoted Ireland, has produced a host of illustrious men. At the bar, in the senate, and in the field of battle, her sons have been alike conspicuous Her Curran, her Burke, her Grattan, and her Wellington, with a long list of others second only to them, have secured for their country an imperishable name. So long, too, as poetry and music shall retain their power to charm, the sweet harp of Erin will continue to delight. And, notwithstanding the contempt with which England has affected to regard her, Ireland has furnished the consummate talents and skill, by which the destinies of Great Britain have for a long time been wielded. There is much in the national character of Ireland worthy of admiration. Her warm-hearted enthusiasm may indeed sometimes be displayed in the unrestrained violence of popular commotion. But it is the same noble spirit, which rouses the patriot, excites the friend, and prompts to deeds of the purest philanthropy. There is an open, magnanimous, generous feeling in the breast of a genuine Irishman, which almost always renders him active and conspicuous. He is indeed a bitter, and often a relentless foe; but he is likewise an ardent and enthusiastic friend. He never shrinks from danger, nor seeks to avoid responsibility. He sometimes suffers for want of a cool, calculating prudence, but never sinks into insignificance for want of positive traits of character. His patriotism is no sickly feeling of indifference or of cold attachment, but, like his friendship, it is active, energetic, and glowing.

Among such a people, eloquence could scarcely fail to flourish. Every thing seems calculated to excite the orator, and to give efficiency to his exertions. Such a people, all enthusiasm, all alive to the impulse of feeling, need but be excited, to be rendered subservient to the will of any popular public speaker. Among such a people therefore, eloquence is rather the language of passion, than of argument or persuasion. Cool, deliberate reasoning would hardly be listened to, unless it were accompanied with daring flights of imagination, and enthusiastic appeals to the heart. No wonder then that the orators of Ireland have been so numerous and powerful: no wonder that they have been conspicuous for glowing and empassioned eloquence. Not that they have usually been wanting in sound sense or solid argument, for many of them have abounded in these essential requisites of oratory, but they have commonly indulged, to a great extent, in the language of feeling, and have appeared desirous rather to enlist the passions than to convince the understanding; rather to touch the heart, than to guide the judgment.

Such was pre-eminently the eloquence of Curran, a man whose ardent feeling, brilliant imagination, dauntless courage, and enthusiastic love of liberty, peculiarly fitted him for distinction as an orator among such a people as the Irish, and in such stormy times as those in which he lived. His eloquence indeed was not without its faults, and we, calmly sitting in our closet, may easily point out, in his printed speeches, abundant specimens of inflated style and proofs of a perverted taste. We may with justice deprecate the influence they have had in furnishing dangerous models to the young, and in tending to corrupt the eloquence of the day. We may point to the rodomontade and glittering nonsense of Phillips, and the admiration with which they are heard, and published, and read, as the genuine and lamentable effects of the course pursued, and the example furnished by Curran. Yet the eloquence of Curran was not only splendid, but powerful. It was better adapted to be listened to under all the animating circumstances of the occasion which called it forth, than to be coldly criticised by a fastidious reader. Yet it was evidently the product of a mind glowing with all the enthusiasm it displayed, a mind too, fraught with various learning, and deeply skilled in all the intricacies of the human heart. But we are perhaps premature in thus attempting to delineate the eloquence of

Curran. Like our own AMES, he was pre-eminently great in a sphere where few can follow him; yet his greatness will hardly be denied by any.

It is our present object however, to introduce to the notice of our readers a Biography of this distinguished man, written by his son; and in doing so, we are convinced we shall not fail to interest and gratify them. For who is there, that would not be pleased to trace the progress of such a mind as Curran's; to become acquainted with his early life; to witness, as it were, the little incidents by which his character was formed, and his genius directed; to follow him to the University and there observe the course of his education; to behold him at the bar, the terror of the court and the admiration of the jury; to enter with him into the retirement of domestic life, there to partake of his joys and his sorrows, and intimately to observe the operations of his powerful and elastic mind? The life of every great man must be an object of interest. Circumstances apparently the most trivial acquire a value and importance from their influence in the formation of character and direction of talents. But the biography of Curran is fraught with incidents of more than ordinary moment. Its intimate connection with the history of the times in which he lived,—times signalized by ardent struggles and important revolutions—give it a peculiar and uncommon interest. We have been highly gratified therefore by the appearance of the present work. It comes from a source, in the correctness of which, so far as facts are concerned, we may place the most implicit confidence; and if we are compelled to make some allowance for the partiality of filial affection, and habitual reverence, we are compelled to acknowledge likewise that the task has been executed with a talent and success not unworthy of a descendant of the illustrious Orator of Ireland.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was the son of a respectable man, who held the office of seneschal of a manor house at Newmarket, a little town in the county of Cork, in Ireland. There he was born on the 24th of July 1750. His mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, was a woman of strong mind and considerable acquirements, and had, like most mothers, a powerful influence in developing the talents and forming the character of her son. She had five children, one only of which was a daughter, and of her sons, the subject of this biography was the eldest. His early indications of genius

induced his parents, at the solicitation of the Rev Mr. Boyse, the clergyman of Newmarket, to place him under his care for instruction in the rudiments of classical learning. Pleased with his progress under this kind friend and excellent teacher, his parents determined to bestow upon him a liberal education, in the hope that he might eventually be devoted to the church. For this purpose he was sent to the free-school of Middleton, and his benevolent friend, who had so long taught him in his own family, free of cost to his parents, resigned an ecclesiastical living, "for the purpose of partly defraying the expenses of his young favorite's studies." From this school he was transferred, in 1769, to Trinity College, Dublin. During his continuance at school, he was not distinguished by any marked pre-eminence over his companions, but as he himself used to say, he was rather "the dupe and butt of his play-fellows." On one occasion however, when quite a little boy, he assumed the station of Punch's prompter at a puppet show, and gained considerable celebrity by the talent and severity, with which he satirized the prevailing vices and follies of the neighbourhood.

While at College he studied the classics with great assiduity and enthusiasm: yet he was distinguished among his fellow-students by his gaiety and humour, and sometimes suffered from engaging in broils and revels. Although he was poor and was under obligations to a kind friend for his support, he was emphatically a spendthrift, "and would often squander, in entertaining his companions, what should have been meted out to answer the demands of the coming quarter." This was certainly a defect in the character of Curran, and should be noted, not as an example for the aspiring youth to follow, but as a dangerous quicksand, on which if Curran escaped shipwreck, others who approach it will be very likely to find ruin.

In the second year of his College course, he changed his first resolution, and determined to devote his attention to the bar, rather than to the church. This resolution was formed, in consequence of the following incident, which we will give in the words of the biographer.

"He had committed some breach of the college regulations, for which he was sentenced by the censor, Dr. Patrick Duigenan, either to pay a fine of five shillings, or translate into Latin a number of the Spectator. He found it more convenient to accept the latter alternative; but on the appointed day the exer-

cise was not ready, and some unsatisfactory excuse was assigned. Against the second offence a heavier penalty was denounced—he was condemned to pronounce a Latin oration *in laudem decori* from the pulpit in the college chapel. He no longer thought of evading his sentence, and accordingly prepared the panegyric; but when he came to recite it, he had not proceeded far before it was found to contain a mock model of ideal perfection, which the doctor instantly recognized to be a glaring satire upon himself. As soon therefore as the young orator had concluded, and descended from his station, he was summoned before the provost and fellows to account for his behaviour. Doctor Duigenan was not very popular, and the provost was secretly not displeased at any circumstance that could mortify him. He therefore merely went through the form of calling upon the offender for an explanation, and listening with indulgence to the ingenuity with which he attempted to soften down the libel, dismissed him with a slight reproof When Mr. Curran returned among his companions, they surrounded him to hear the particulars of his acquittal. He reported to them all that he had said, 'and all that he had not said but that he might have said;' and impressed them with so high an idea of his legal dexterity, that they declared, by common acclamation, that the bar and the bar alone was the proper profession for one who possessed the talents of which he had that day given such a striking proof. He accepted the omen, and never after repented of his decision." p. 24.

Several specimens are given in the work before us of the early compositions of Mr. Curran both in prose and verse: and notwithstanding all his wildness and extravagance, he plainly discovered while at College the traits of genius by which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. The following circumstance is mentioned as an illustration of his happy faculty of employing his classical knowledge in the production of mirth and humour.

"A fellow-student in reciting a Latin theme assigned a false quantity to the syllable *mi* in the word *nimirum*. A buzz of disapprobation succeeded, Mr. Curran, to relieve his friend's confusion, observed, 'that it was by no means surprising that an Irish student should be ignorant of what was known by only one man in Rome, according to the following testimony of Horace,

'Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus.'" (p. 25.)

Having left College and received a master's degree in the early part of the year 1773, Mr. Curran went to London to study the Law in the Middle Temple. Here he wrote a

number of letters to his friends in Ireland, some of which are given at full length in the volume under review, and which not only furnish a specimen of his talents and a display of his thoughts and feelings, but contain a great variety of amusing and interesting matter.

Mr. Curran's first efforts at public speaking were, like those of many other distinguished orators, eminently unsuccessful. The following narrative, given by himself, may tend to animate the youthful aspirant for the palm of eloquence and to convince us that much may be done by patience and perseverance even under circumstances the most disheartening. Even Curran failed at first, but Curran persevered, and was rewarded by ultimate success.

"One day after dinner, an acquaintance, in speaking of his eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Mr. Curran, "it was no ; it was born three and twenty years and some months after me; and, if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its nativity.

"When I was at the Temple, a few of us formed a little debating club—poor Apjohn, and Duhigg, and the rest of them! they have all disappeared from the stage; but my own busy hour will soon be fretted through, and then we may meet again behind the scenes. Poor fellows! they are now at rest; but I still can see them, and the glow of honest bustle on their looks, as they arranged their little plan of honourable association (or, as Pope would say, 'gave their little senate laws,') where all the great questions in ethics or politics (there were no gagging-bills in those days) were to be discussed and irrevocably settled. Upon the first night of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the *very* eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy, and cajoling it; my ear already caught the glorious melody of 'hear him, hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a cunning side-long glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory; never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up—the question was Catholic claims or the slave trade, I protest I now forget which, but the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume never was published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had

actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb, my friends cried 'hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather like poor Punch as I once saw him, (and how many like him have I seen in our old house of commons! but it is dead, and let us not disturb its ashes) grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter behind had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, the most sanguine of them, despaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, 'the Devils of Temple Bar;' where truly may I say, that many a time the Devil's own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man's powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple 'ay or no,' and, by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite these magical elements of parliamentary eloquence with 'such sound emphasis and good discretion,' that in a fortnight's time I had completed my education for the Irish Senate.

"Such was my state, the popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long-expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day, and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch for the health and length of days (and heaven heard the prayer) of the kind mother that had remembered the necessities of her absent child. In the evening we repaired to 'the Devils.' One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide, whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person or by the flippancy of his tongue; just such another as Harry Flood would have called 'the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.' I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly after told him) traducing the illustrious dead by affecting a confidential intercourse with them, as he would with some nobleman, *his very*

dear friend, behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman forum; spoke of Tully as the famous cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and in the short space of one hour transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermypolæ. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met there was something like wager of battle in mine; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to 'orator mum,' who he doubted not possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to shew it in future by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for when upon sitting down, I whispered my friend that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come 'quite clean off!' 'On the contrary, my dear fellow,' said he, 'every one around me is declaring that is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.' So, sir, you see that to try the bird the spur must touch his blood. Yet after all, if it had not been for the inspiration of the punch, I might have continued a mute to this hour; so for the honour of the art, let us have another glass"

The speech which Mr. Curran made upon this occasion was immediately followed by a more substantial reward than the applauses of his hearers; the debate was no sooner closed than the *president* of the society despatched his *secretary* to the eloquent stranger, to solicit the honour of his company to partake of a *cold collation*; which proved to consist of bread and cheese and porter; but the public motives of the invitation rendered it to the guest the most delicious supper that he had ever tasted." pp. 36—39.

After this Mr. Curran was in the constant habit, during his residence in London, of attending debating clubs, at which he formed his character and laid the foundation of his future distinction as an orator. Such little associations are certainly calculated to be eminently useful. They furnish an admirable school for eloquence. Without imposing the responsibility which is attached to more public spheres of action, they excite feeling, call forth talent, and rouse emulation. Without intimidating they animate: without overwhelming the youthful and trembling orator, they develop his resources and teach him how to employ them.

Mr. Curran early courted the muses, but never seems to have devoted himself with very great assiduity to their service. From the character of his prose compositions in general, and the peculiar brilliancy of his public speeches, we should suppose him well calculated to shine as a poet. But although he frequently wrote verses, all of which are respectable and some of which are excellent, yet they certainly do not sparkle with all the fire of imagination, and glow with all the brilliancy of colouring, which we should naturally expect to witness in the poetical productions of such an orator as Curran. For this circumstance we cannot more satisfactorily account, than by remarking with his biographer, that "when he occupied himself with poetry, he appears to have considered it rather as a recreation to soothe himself, than as a means of exciting others."

During his residence in London, Curran was an intense student, confining himself to the society of his companions at the Temple, rising early, reading all day, and attending some debating society in the evening. Indeed, so systematic was he in the arrangement of his pursuits, and so economical in the appropriation of his time, that he assigned a particular period, immediately after dinner, for thinking of his absent friends, and sedulously excluded all reflections of that nature at any other season. And here we are confident our readers will not deem an apology necessary for the introduction of the following extract, long as it is.

"Before dismissing this period of Mr. Curran's history, a few words may be added upon the subject of the studies and intellectual habits of his early days; for, in consequence of his not having devoted much time in his latter years to books, and still more from the great predominance of imagination over learning, to be observed in all the productions of his mind, an opinion has generally prevailed that his reading was extremely circumscribed, and that he was, from taste or by constitution, intolerant of any regular application. If such were the fact, notwithstanding the danger of the example, it still would not be denied; the indolent should have all the benefit or all the mischief of such a precedent; but, in truth, Mr. Curran never was a mere gifted idler. He might not, indeed, have been always found with a book before him, he might not have been nominally a severe student, but for the course of forty years he kept his faculties in perpetual exercise; and if all that he created in public, in the society of his friends, had been composed in the retirement of the closet, it would have scarcely been asserted that idleness was the habit of his mind.

In his youth he was a formal student, to a greater extent than is generally supposed. Before he had attained the age of twenty-five, when he was called to the bar, independent of his classical acquirements, which have never been doubted, his acquaintance with general literature was far from inconsiderable; he was familiar with all the most popular of the English poets, historians, and speculative writers. He had at the same age, with little assistance but that of books, acquired more than a common knowledge of the French language. If he did not pursue a long consecutive course of legal reading, he was yet perpetually making a vigorous plunge, from which he seldom returned without some proof that he had reached the bottom. For several years after his admission to the bar, he devoted more of his mornings and evenings to the study of his profession than his most intimate friends at the time could have believed to be compatible with his convivial habits and public avocations. His frame was never robust, but it was extremely patient of fatigue; and no matter how great the exhaustion of the day, or the evening, a very few hours sleep completely restored it. This natural felicity of constitution he confirmed by early rising, constant exercise, the daily practice of cold bathing, and similar methods of invigorating the system.

Indeed, when it is recollected that Mr Curran, at the period of his life at present under consideration, was looking to the bar alone for the means of future subsistence, and for the gratification of his ambition, it is utterly incredible that he should have neglected the ordinary arts by which success was to be attained. According to the concurring accounts, given by himself and his cotemporaries, he neglected none of them. Eloquence was at that time not only the most popular, but one of the shortest roads to eminence at the Irish bar; and from the moment of the discovery of his powers as a speaker, he began, and continued, to cultivate them with the utmost assiduity. His enunciation (as has been already observed) was naturally impeded, his voice shrill, and his accent strongly provincial, or (to use his own expression) 'in a state of nature;' to remove these defects, he adopted the practice of daily reading aloud, slowly and distinctly, and of most studiously observing and imitating the tones and manner of more skilful speakers. The success of this exercise and study was so complete, that among his most unrivalled excellencies as an orator, were the clearness of his articulation, and a peculiar, uninterrupted, graduated intonation; which, whatever was the subject, whether tender or impassioned, melodised every period. His person was without dignity or grace—short, slender, and inelegantly proportioned. To attain an action, that might conceal as much as possible these deficiencies, he recited perpetually before a mirror, and

selected the gesticulations that he thought best adapted to his imperfect stature. To habituate his mind to extemporaneous fluency, he not only regularly attended the debating clubs of London, but, both before and after his admission to the bar, resorted to a system of solitary exercise, of which the irksomeness cannot be well appreciated by those who have never practised it. He either extracted a case from his books, or proposed to himself some original question: and this he used to debate alone, with the same anxious attention to argument and to diction, as if he were discussing it in open court There is nothing in all this to excite any wonder; but certainly the person who early submitted to these modes of labour, and frequently resumed them, cannot be considered as careless or incapable of application.

It may be a matter of curiosity with some, to know the writers, that, having been Mr. Curran's early favorites, may be supposed to have had an influence in forming his style. Some of his letters, already given, discover in different passages a preference for the manner of Sterne; a similar resemblance appears more frequently, and more strongly, in several others of about the same date, which have not been introduced. It was from the "Letters of Junius," that he generally declaimed before a glass. Junius and Lord Bolingbroke were the English prose writers, whom he at that time studied as the most perfect models of the declamatory style. Among the English poets, he was passionately fond of "Thompson's Seasons." He often selected exercises of delivery from "Paradise Lost," which he then admired, but subsequently (and it is hoped that few will justify the change) his sensibility to the beauties of that noble poem greatly subsided. In this list the sacred writings must not be omitted; independent of their more solemn titles to his respect, Mr. Curran was from his childhood exquisitely alive to their mere literary excellencies; and in his maturer years seldom failed to resort to them, as to a source of the most splendid and awful topics of persuasion.

Before quitting the subject of Mr. Curran's youthful habits, it is proper to mention the pleasure that he took in occasionally mingling in the society of the lower orders of his countrymen: he was a frequent attendant at the weddings and wakes of his neighbourhood. Being from his infancy familiar with the native Irish language, he lost nothing of whatever interest such meetings could afford. They appear to have had considerable influence on his mind; he used to say himself, that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourners over the dead. It was probably amidst those scenes that he acquired the rudiments of that thorough knowledge of the Irish character, of which he afterwards made

so amusing an use in enlivening a company, and so important a one in confounding a perjured witness. It may have been too in this humble intercourse that some even of his finer tastes and feelings originated or were confirmed. Out of Ireland the genius of its natives is, in general, but partly known. They are, for the most part, represented as comical and impetuous, qualities which, lying upon the surface, strike the stranger and superficial observer; but with these they unite the deepest sensibility. It is the latter that prevails; and if their pathetic sayings had been as sedulously recorded as their lively sallies, it would be seen that they can be as eloquent in their lamentations as they are original in their humour. Of these almost national peculiarities, so opposite, yet so constantly associated, Mr. Curran's mind strongly partook, and in his, as in his country's character, melancholy predominated. In his earliest, as well as his latest speculations, he inclined to take a desponding view of human affairs—he appeared, indeed, more frequently in smiles to relax his mind, or to entertain his companions; but when left entirely to his original propensities, he seems to have ever wept from choice." pp. 53—57.

In the second year of his residence in London, he married a daughter of Dr. Richard Creagh of Newmarket, and soon afterwards coming forward at the bar, rose with rapidity to eminence. Here, as we have already intimated, he was peculiarly calculated for distinction. A very different species of eloquence was required at the Irish bar, from what would have been even tolerated in an English court of Justice. We shall not stop, minutely to enquire into the causes of this distinction, which however may be traced to the peculiar circumstances of the times and the character of the people. Suffice it to say that Mr. Curran appeared upon a theatre precisely suited to his talents. Instantly therefore he entered upon a career of extensive and conspicuous practice. On his first appearance however in a court of chancery, he met with a discomfiture almost as signal as that which attended his first effort at public speaking. In attempting to read a short sentence, his agitation was so great that his voice failed him, his brief fell from his hand, and he sat down without the power of articulation.

"This diffidence, however, totally vanished whenever he had to repel what he conceived an unwarrantable attack. It was by giving proofs of the proud and indignant spirit with which he could chastise aggression, that he first distinguished himself at the bar: of this his contest with Judge Robinson is recorded as a very early and memorable instance. Mr. Curran having ob-

served in some case before that judge, 'That he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship in any book in *his* library.' 'That may be, sir,' said the judge, in an acrid contemptuous tone; 'but I suspect that *your* library is very small.' His lordship, who, like too many of that time, was a party zealot, was known to be the author of several anonymous political pamphlets, which were chiefly conspicuous for their despotic principles and excessive violence. The young barrister, roused by the sneer at his circumstances, replied that true it was that his library might be small, but he thanked heaven that, among his books, there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pampleteers of the day. 'I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the title pages give me the writer's names: my shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them.'

He was here interrupted by the judge, who said, 'Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character.'—'Dignity,' exclaimed Mr. Curran; 'my Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some anthority with which you are perhaps not unacquainted. A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat, delivered it to a bystander to hold; but having lost the battle, he returned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also, that the trustee of his habilaments had decamped during the affray. So, my lord, when the person, who is invested with the dignity of the judgment seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself from behind an authority, which he has abandoned.'

Judge Robinson.—'If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you.'

Mr. Curran —'Then, my lord, it will be the best thing you'll have committed this term.'

The judge did not commit him; but he was understood to have solicited the bench to interfere, and make an example of the advocate by depriving him of his gown, and to have received so little encouragement, that he thought it prudent to proceed no farther in the business." pp. 71—73.

Such controversies between the bench and the bar are not very creditable to either party The former ought to be able to retain its dignity by commanding respect, and the

latter ought not to be wanting in decorum, however resolute it may be in asserting its rights.

Mr. Curran not long afterwards engaged in a controversy of a different nature. In the course of a very important trial, in which he succeeded in obtaining a verdict for his client, he unwarrantably and unnecessarily assailed the character of a gentleman, who had appeared as the friend and supporter of the opposite party. Immediately after the trial therefore, he was called upon for a public apology, but, although "he was fully sensible that his language had not been strictly warrantable," he refused to give the required apology, because he thought it might tarnish the lustre of his victory. He consequently received a challenge, and established his character for personal *intrepidity*, and a lively sense of *honour*, by risking his life instead of magnanimously acknowledging an error; and appearing prepared to take the life of another man, whom he had previously injured. He had been the advocate of a Roman Catholic Priest, and from the field of combat, where, after a single shot, the parties had separated, without personal injury, but with feelings no doubt completely satisfied, and difficulties *amicably* adjusted, he proceeded to the death-bed of his grateful client. Here, we are told, he received "the blessing of a dying christian upon him who had employed his talents and *risked his life in redressing the wrongs of a minister of a proscribed religion*,"* and obtained "the formal benediction of the Roman Catholic Church as the reward of his eloquence and *intrepidity*." This is the first instance we have ever known, of a man's being blessed by a minister of religion for fighting a duel. And Mr. Curran seems to have been encouraged by this proof of approbation; for he was several times afterwards engaged in similar conflicts. In the year 1785 he attacked Mr. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, in a debate in the Irish House of Commons. Mr. Fitzgibbon retorted, and he replied. The result was a duel. Shots were exchanged, and "they separated, only confirmed in their feelings of mutual aversion." Five years after he was insulted by a man in the service of government, upon which he applied to major Hobart, the minister, for redress.

"To this application Major Hobart replied, that 'he had no power to dismiss any man from the service of government,' and after referring Mr. Curran to the house of commons, as the tribunal before which he should complain of any breach of his privileges, expressed his suprise 'that any application should

have been made to him upon the occasion of an outrage committed by a person who was as much a stranger to him as he could be to Mr. Curran." pp. 136, 137.

Not satisfied with this answer, Mr. Curran wrote the major a letter in which he accused him of resorting to a "stale artifice of office," a most "pitiful evasion;" and of having "sacrificed the principles of a man of honor to an official expediency." Major Hobart, in reply, again protested against being held "personally responsible for the resentment of a servant of the government, who was placed in the situation" he then filled, many years before *he* came into office, and in the course of his letter introduced the following severe remark:

"I pity the condition of any man who feels himself reduced to the desperate expedient of endeavouring to wipe off the affronts and insults he has submitted to from others, by forcing a quarrel upon a man who never injured him in the remotest degree; and I am at a loss to conceive how such a conduct can be reconciled to the principles or feelings of a gentleman or a man of honour." p. 139.

The result again was a duel, in which, as before, "neither party received any injury." We are fully aware of the specious arguments by which the conduct of Mr. Curran in these instances will be excused or justified, by those who are pleased to style themselves *high-minded men of honour.* For ourselves, without attempting to decide the question, whether a case can ever occur in which a duel may be fought without deep criminality on both sides, we have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Curran might, according to the representation of the matter given by his evidently partial biographer, have avoided the conflict with honour, in each of the instances above referred to. In the first case, he should not have given the provocation, and after he had given it, he should have had the magnanimity to apologize. In the second instance, he again commenced the attack, and as he knew the hostility of his opponent and his own reluctance to withdraw from a stand he had once taken, he should have been more cautious in the outset. As to the last affair, we cannot but think the quarrel was unnecessarily and improperly forced upon major Hobart. We have no evidence that he instigated the man, who, it seems, was deemed unworthy of notice, to give the insult, nor have we reason to believe, that he had ever appeared as his apologist or justifier. When called upon to dismiss

him from the public service, he replied,—not that he approved his conduct and was ready to uphold him in it,—not even that he considered the offence insufficient to require a dismissal—but that he had no power to dismiss him. This ought to have satisfied Mr. Curran, and to have terminated the controversy.

On the general question of duelling we shall not now enlarge We think however it might be conclusively shown that, as a mode of redress—considered abstractly from public opinion—it i. absurd, as well as criminal. Yet we see men yield to the infatuating influence of a too prevalent practice, whose better judgments revolt at the very idea, whose consciences warn them it is wrong, and whose good sense teaches them it is foolish. Shall we say they thus display courage? Is it then heroic to do what we consider foolish, absurd, and criminal, from a regard to public opinion? Is it magnanimous to violate law, to sacrifice principle, and even to commit perjury, rather than to suffer an injury to go unredressed? Our object in making these suggestions is, not to condemn individuals, who, in the present state of public feeling, have thought themselves *compelled* to resort to the field of personal combat, but if possible, to correct the public mind, on this important and much abused topic. We are aware that great and good men have, by their example, given countenance to this abominable practice. But they have condemned while they have adopted it; and in their moments of calm reflection, they would rather refer to their conduct in this particular as a proof of human frailty and human weakness, than as an instance of magnanimity or heroism.

Mr. Curran derived much benefit as well as satisfaction from the friendship of Mr. Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore, the founder of a patriotic and convivial society called "The Monks of the Order of St. Patrick."

"Mr. Curran always bore a distinguished part in their meetings. It was to them, and to the many happy and instructive hours he had passed there, that he so pathetically alluded in the fine burst of social enthusiasm which immediately follows the passage above cited. 'And this soothing hope I draw from the dear st and tenderest recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions, who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here

Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.] Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your painted and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those flights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

> 'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'
>
> COWLEY.

Lord Avonmore was one of those men in whom a rare intellect and vast acquirements are found united with the most artless unsuspecting innocency of nature. Whatever the person in whom he confided asserted, he considered to be as undoubted as if he had uttered it himself. His younger friend, aware of this amiable imperfection, used often to trifle with it, and, in moments of playful relaxation, to practice harmless impositions upon his lordship's credulity. His ordinary artifice was to touch his sensibility, and thus excite his attention by relating in his presence some affecting incident, and then, pretending to be unconscious that his lordship was listening, to proceed with a detail of many strange and improbable particulars, until he should be interrupted, as he regularly was, by the good judge's exclaiming, 'Gracious heavens! sir, is it possible? I have overheard all those most truly amazing circumstances, which I could never have believed, if they did not come from such good authority." His Lordship at length discovered the deception, and passing into the opposite extreme, became (often ludicrously) wary and incredulous as to every thing that Mr. Curran stated. Still, however, the latter persisted, and, quickening his invention as the difficulties increased, continued from year to year to gain many a humorous triumph over all the defensive caution of his friend. Even upon the bench, Lord Avonmore evinced the same superstitious apprehension of the advocate's ingenuity, whom he would frequently interrupt, sometimes in a tone of endearment, sometimes of impatience, saying, 'Mr. Curran, I know your cleverness; but it's quite in vain for you to go on. I see the drift of it all, and you are only giving yourself and me unnecessary trouble.' Upon one of these occasions, the judge having frequently interposed to prevent the

counsel's putting forward some topic that was really relative and necessary to his case declaring, as often as it was attempted, that the tendency of his argument was quite obvious, and that he was totally straying from the question, Mr. Curran addressed him thus: 'Perhaps, my lord, I am straying; but you must impute it to the extreme agitation of my mind. I have just witnessed so dreadful a circumstance, that my imagination has not recovered from the shock.' His lordship was now all attention 'On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher proceeding to slaughter a calf Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate—I still see the life-blood gushing out, the poor child's bosom was under his hand, when he plunged his knife into—into'——'Into the bosom of the child!' cried out the judge, with much emotion—'Into the *neck of the calf*, my lord; but your lordship sometimes anticipates.'" pp. 82—85.

Seven years after Mr. Curran came to the bar, he was returned to Parliament, which circumstance is mentioned as an evidence of "the celebrity of his ascent to distinction in his profession." Yet in the same paragraph it is stated, that "at this time boroughs were the subject of notorious traffic," and in a note we are informed that "in the succeeding parliament Mr. Curran also came in, *at his own expense*, for the borough of Ratheormack". His obtaining a seat in parliament, therefore, we are led to presume, no otherwise proves his eminence in his profession or his high rank in public estimation, than as those circumstances may be inferred from his having acquired the means of *purchasing a borough.* We do not doubt Mr. Curran's rapid progress to distinction at the bar, but we confess we cannot agree to the correctness of this mode of proving it.

By whatever means, however, he obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons, whether it were by his money or his talents, he soon became an active and conspicuous member of that body, which he entered at a most eventful period. We have not room to follow the biographer in his retrospect of the history of Ireland. Her sufferings, her oppressions, and her wrongs are too well known to our readers to need recapitulation here. This part of the work contains however, a well digested compendium of important events, accompanied by many just and appropriate reflections. Mr. Curran had the misfortune of being almost always in the opposition, and frequently, in his parliamentary speeches, as if despairing of success by serious argument, resorted to the powerful assistance of ridicule. But

he still devoted his principal attention to the duties of his profession, and his short occasional intervals of leisure he spent in his native town, Newmarket, where he was always received by his early friends and neighbors, with a warmth of cordiality and affection which his amiable, ardent, and social character was calculated to inspire, and which his absence seemed rather to increase than diminish. In 1787 he visited France, with which country he was not so highly delighted as his sanguine imagination had induced him to expect to be. The following incident may amuse our readers.

"He was one evening sitting in a box, at the French Opera, between an Irish noble-woman whom he had accompanied there, and a very young Parisian female. Both the ladies were peculiarly interesting in their appearance, and very soon discovered a strong inclination to converse, but unluckily each was ignorant of the other's language. To relieve their anxiety, Mr. Curran volunteered to be their interpreter, or in his own words, 'to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe delivery.' They accepted the offer with delight, and immediately commenced a vigorous course of observations and inquiries upon dress and fashion, and such common-place subjects; but their interpreter betraying his trust, changed and interpolated so much, that the dialogue soon became purely his own invention. He managed it however with so much dexterity, transmitting between the parties so many finely turned compliments and elegant repartees, that the unsuspecting ladies became fascinated with each other. The Parisian *demoiselle* was in raptures with the wit and colloquial eloquence of *milady*, whom she declared to be *parfaitement aimable*; while the latter protested that she now for the first time felt the full charm of French vivacity. At length, when their mutual admiration was raised to its most ecstatic height, the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent question from his country-woman, converted it into an anxious demand, if she might be favoured with a kiss. 'Mais oui, mon Dieu, oui!' cried out the animated French girl, 'j'allois le proposer moi-meme,' and springing across Mr. Curran, imprinted an emphatic salutation, according to the custom of her country, upon each cheek of his fair companion; and then turning to him, added 'vraiment, monsieur, madame votre amie est un veritable ange.' The latter never discovered the deception, but after her return to Ireland used often to remind Mr. Curran of the circumstance, and ask, 'what in the world could the young lady have meaned by such strange conduct?' to which he would archly reply, Come, come, your ladyship must know that there is but one thing in

the world that it *could* have meaned, and the meaning of that is so literal, that it does not require a commentator." p. 119.

The next year Mr. Curran went to Holland, which he describes as a country "swimming for its life, so miserably low does it appear; and," he adds, "from the little I have seen of its inhabitants, I should not feel myself much interested in the event of the struggle."

The year 1789 is represented as one of the most interesting and important in Mr. Curran's life, because he then became decidedly and efficiently a member of the opposition party, and because that opposition had the good fortune to succeed in a favourite measure by a large majority. Mr. Fitzgibbon, with whom Mr. Curran had once engaged in personal conflict, never lost sight of his hostility towards him. Having now become Chancellor and acquired the title of Lord Clare, he endeavoured to exclude Mr. Curran from all practice in his court; and in this he succeeded so effectually, by showing a determination to decide always against him, that we are told "in a very little time no client would venture to entrust a chancery cause of any importance to the discountenanced advocate." Mr. Curran therefore availed himself of every opportunity to be revenged upon his Lordship.

"The ocasional style of their warfare in the Court of Chancery, for the little time that Mr. Curran continued to be employed there, may be collected from the following instance. Lord Clare had a favourite dog that sometimes followed him to the bench. One day, during an argument of Mr. Curran's, the Chancellor, in the spirit of habitual petulance which distinguished him, instead of attending to the argument, turned his head aside, and began to fondle the dog. The counsel stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence—the judge started. 'I beg pardon,' said Mr. Curran, 'I thought your Lordships had been in consultation; but as you have been pleased to resume your attention, allow me to impress upon your excellent understandings, that'—&c." p. 144.

Another instance is given more at length, where Mr. Curran appeared before the privy council, at which the Lord Chancellor presided, as an advocate for the common council of the city of Dublin, in a controversy between that body and the board of Aldermen, respecting the election of a mayor. Mr Curran there took occasion, under the pretext of making a general remark, to draw what was considered a striking picture of the character of Lord Clare. "Error,"

said he, "is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion." The chancellor instantly ordered the chamber to be cleared, and endeavoured to induce the council to prohibit Mr. Curran from proceeding in such a strain. His efforts however were unsuccessful and Mr. Curran obtained a signal triumph over his haughty foe.

"From this period till the year 1794, Mr. Curran's public history consists principally of his parliamentary exertions. The Opposition 'persisted to combat the project to govern Ireland by corruption:' for this purpose they brought forward a series of popular measures; in the support of all of which Mr. Curran took a leading part. Lord Charlemont's biographer, who heard him upon all those occasions, says of him, 'That he animated every debate with all his powers; that he was copious, splendid, full of wit, and life, and ardor.' Of the justice of this praise sufficient proofs might be given, even from the loose reports of his speeches upon those questions; but it will be necessary in the following pages to offer so many examples of his forensic oratory, upon which his reputation so mainly depends, that his efforts in parliament become, as far as his eloquence is concerned, of secondary moment, and claim a passing attention, rather with reference to his history and conduct, than as necessary to his literary fame." pp. 148, 149.

The biographer now enters upon a most important era of the life of Curran, and a most interesting period in the history of Ireland. In the year 1794 commenced that series of historical trials, connected with the convulsions of the day, in which Mr. Curran displayed his forensic talents with such splendour and success. But we cannot now stop to recapitulate the circumstances which gave them birth, or to comment upon the eloquence by which they were illuminated. Mr. Curran's speech in behalf of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who was prosecuted for a seditious libel, in consequence of having published an address to the volunteers of Ireland, is certainly among his ablest efforts. After quoting some of its most eloquent passages, the biographer remarks:

"If the expression of excited emotions by the auditors be the test of eloquence, this was the most eloquent of Mr. Curran's forensic productions. To applaud in a court of justice, is at all times irregular, and was then very rare; but both during the delivery and after the conclusion of this speech, the by-

standers could not refrain from testifying their admiration by loud and repeated bursts of applause: when the advocate retired from the court, they took the horses from his carriage, which they drew to his own house; yet notwithstanding this public homage to his talents, the most grateful reward of his exertions was wanting—the jury, of whose purity very general suspicions were entertained, found a verdict against his client."

p. 158.

In 1785 Mr. Curran had the prospect of obtaining the office of Solicitor General, but in consequence of the sudden recal of the viceroy of Ireland, he was disappointed. Many efforts had been previously made to induce him, by the prospect of patronage and the promise of office, to desert the ranks of the opposition and join the administration. But he remained true to his principles, and resisted all the allurements which were held up before him. In 1795 he moved in parliament an address to the throne upon the distresses of Ireland, which motion he supported in a long, pathetic, and most impressive speech. But it was all in vain: the motion was rejected. The next year he moved "that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the state of the lower orders of the people," to whom he believed that the prevailing disorders were principally to be attributed. But this effort likewise was unavailing. He next distinguished himself by his zeal in behalf of parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation, but having been defeated in this enterprize, as well as the preceding, he resolved to retire, and was followed by a number of his friends. He now devoted himself exclusively to his profession, and appeared before the public as the advocate of Orr, Finnerty, and Finney, and as the prosecutor of the notorious informer James O'Brien.

We have next an account of the causes, circumstances and effects of the famous rebellion of 1798, which we have not room here to epitomize, and in a note we have among other things, the following curious statement.

"Although the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry Bay produced no movements of disaffection in the vicinity, it was yet at this period, or very shortly after, that the organization of the United Irishmen was most complete, and their prospect of success most promising. In 1797 they felt assured, that, in the event of a general insurrection, the greater number of the Irish militia regiments would have revolted. It is confidently asserted, that, an attack upon Dublin having been proposed in

that year, every soldier who mounted guard in that city on the night of the intended attempt was in their interests.

The following occurrence, however ludicrous, is a striking proof of the prevailing sentiment among the native forces. At this time persons of democratic principles, in imitation of the French revolutionists, wore their hair short behind, from which custom croppies and rebels became synonymous terms. A commander of yeomanry in Dublin, while reviewing his corps, observed a false tail lying upon the parade. He held it up, and asked who had dropped it. By an instantaneous movement, every man of the corps raised his hand to the back of his head. This corps is said to have been, in consequence, disbanded on the following day." p. 218.

The biographer next gives us a sketch of the trials of Henry and John Sheares, John McCann, William M. Byrne, and Oliver Bond. For his boldness in the defence of these unfortunate men, Mr. Curran was exposed to much obloq y, and to imminent hazard of his personal safety. He received anonymous letters, was publicly accused, and privately slandered. But he was befriended and supported by many powerful individuals, among whom was Lord Kilwarden, the Attorney General.

"Had it not been for the interference of Lord Kilwarden, his character and repose would have been more frequently invaded; but that virtuous person, whose mind was too pure to be sullied by party rancour, discountenanced every proposal to persecute his friend; and never failed to check, as fa. as his authority could do so, any acts of malignity which might have been adopted without his knowledge." p. 266.

Mr. Curran seized the first opportunity in these troublesome times to pay a visit, in England, to his friend, the Earl of Moira, "a nobleman for whose public and private virtues he had long entertained the most ardent veneration." On his return to Ireland, disheartened by the failure of all his political efforts, afflicted at the extinction of the Irish name by the legislative union with England, and despairing of ever witnessing the prosperity of his dear native land, he seriously contemplated leaving it forever, and fixing his future abode either in England or in this country. Previously to the commencement of his professional career, he had entertained "the idea of trying his fortune at the American bar" But his old attachments conquered his rising inclination, and he at last determined to end his course of usefulness and fame, on the same theatre of action where

he had originally commenced it. In the prosecution of his professional duties he was next engaged in the famous case of James Napper Tandy, for whom he made a speech, which having been omitted in the collections previously published, is given at full length in the volume before us.

It appears, by a complimentary remark made by Mr. Curran in his speech in behalf of Mr. John Hevey, as well as by the statement of his biographer, that he was warmly attached to Godwin, from whom he differed on many speculative points, but whom he considered the "most decidedly original genius of his time," as well as a man of amiable temper and excellent heart. We are informed too, that

"Mr. Curran's affection and respect were not unreturned—Mr Godwin attended him in his last illness, watched over him till he expired, accompanied him to his grave, and has since his death omitted no occasion, in public or private, of honouring his memory." pp. 290, 291.

In 1802 Mr. Curran paid another visit to France, to witness the melancholy effects of its bloody revolution. The opinions which he had previously formed, and which were confirmed by this visit, are forcibly expressed in the following quotation:

"Upon the subject of the mere political folly, 'setting even apart all moral tie of duty or allegiance, or the difficulty or the danger' of Ireland's desire to separate from England, and fraternize with France, Mr. Curran observes, 'Force only can hold the acquisitions of the French consul. What community of interest can he have with the different nations that he has subdued and plundered? clearly none. Can he venture to establish any regular and protected system of religion amongst them? Wherever he erected an altar, he would set up a monument of condemnation and reproach upon those wild and fantastic speculations which he is pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy, but which other men, because they are endowed with a less aspiring intellect, conceive to be a desperate, anarchical atheism, giving to every man a dispensing power for the gratification of his passion, teaching him that he may be a rebel to his conscience with advantage, and to his God with impunity. Just as soon would the government of Birtain venture to display the crescent in their churches, as an honorary member of all faiths to show any reverence to the cross in his dominions. Apply the same reasoning to liberty. Can he venture to give any reasonable portion of it to his subjects at home, or his vassals abroad? The answer is obvious: sustained merely by military force, his unavoidable policy is to make *the army every*

thing and *the people nothing*. If he ventured to elevate his soldiers into citizens, and his wretched subjects into freemen, he would form a confederacy of mutual interest between both, against which he could not exist a moment.

I may be asked are these merely my own speculations, or have others in Ireland adopted them. I answer freely, *non meus hic sermo est*. It is, to my own knowledge, the result of serious reflection in numbers of our countrymen. In the storm of arbitrary sway, in the distraction of torture and suffering, the human mind had lost its tone and poise, and was incapable of sober reflection: but, by removing those terrors from it, by holding an even hand between all parties, by disdaining the patronage of any sect or faction, the people of Ireland were left at liberty to consider her real situation and interest; and happily for herself, I trust in God, she has availed herself of the opportunity. With respect to the higher orders, even of those who thought they had some cause to complain, I know this to be the fact—they are not so blind as not to see the difference between being proud, and jealous, and punctilious, in any claim of privilege or right between themselves and their fellow subjects, and the mad and desperate depravity of seeking the redress of any dissatisfaction that they might feel, by an appeal to force, or the dreadful recourse to treason and to blood. As to the humbler order of our people, for whom, I confess, I feel the greatest sympathy, because there are more of them to be undone—I have not the same opportunity of knowing their actual opinions; but if their opinions be other than I think them to be, would to God they were present in this place, or that I had the opportunity of going into their cottages—and they well know I should not disdain to visit them, and to speak to them the language of affection and candour on the subject—I should have little difficulty in showing to their quick and apprehensive minds how easy it is, when the heart is incensed, to confound the evils which are inseparable from the destiny of imperfect man, with those which arise from the faults or errors of his political situation. I would put a few questions to their candid, unadulterated senses: Do you think you have made no advance to civil prosperity within the last twenty years? Are your opinions of modern and subjugated France the same that you entertained of popular and revolutionary France fourteen years ago? Have you any hope, that, if the first consul got possession of your island, he would treat you half so well as he does those countries at his door, whom he must respect more than he can respect or regard you? Can you suppose that the perfidy and treason of surrendering your country to an invader would, to your new master, be any pledge of your allegiance? Can you suppose, that, while a single French soldier was willing to ac-

cept an acre of Irish ground, that he would leave that acre in the possession of a man who had shown himself so stupidly dead to the suggestions of the most obvious interest, and to the ties of the most imperious moral obligations? Do you think he would feel any kind-hearted sympathy for you? Answer yourselves by asking, what sympathy does he feel for Frenchmen, whom he is ready to bury in the ocean, in the barbarous gambling of his wild ambition? What sympathy then could bind him to you? He is not your countryman: the scene of your birth and childhood is not endeared to his heart by the reflection that it was also the scene of his. He is not your fellow christian: he is not therefore bound to you by any similarity of duty in this world, or by any union of hope beyond the grave; what, then, could you suppose the object of his visit, or the consequence of his success? Can you be so foolish as not to see that he would use you as slaves while he held you, and that when he grew weary, which he would soon become, of such a worthless and precarious possession, he would carry you to market in some treaty of peace, barter you for some more valuable concession, and surrender you to expiate by your punishment and degradation, the advantage you had given him by your follies and your crimes?'" pp. 297—299.

This is an extract from a speech Mr. Curran made in defence of Owen Kirwan, one of the persons engaged in the insurrection of the 23d of July 1803. On that melancholy occasion it was, that Lord Kilwarden, who has been already mentioned as a firm friend of the persecuted orator, was put to death by the violence of an infuriated populace. This afflicting occurrence excited in Mr. Curran the most poignant regret: but he had another reason, more intimately affecting himself and his family, for feeling in all their force the awful consequences of that eventful night. The projector of the insurrection, Mr. Robert Emmet, had been an intimate in his family, and had formed an attachment, which soon became reciprocal, for his youngest daughter. His correspondence with the family rendered Mr. Curran himself an object of suspicion, and his melancholy fate not only gave birth to the liveliest sympathies, but produced in its train the most afflicting results.

In 1806 Mr. Curran's party coming into power, he was appointed Master of the Rolls and a member of the privy council.

"The remaining years of Mr. Curran's life contain little of incident. His time was passed without much variety between the duties of his judicial situation, and the enjoyment of that so-

cial intercourse for which his taste continued undiminished to the last. It was observed by his friends, to whom he was an object of so much interest, that the slightest circumstance connected with him attracted their attention. that his spirits began to decline from the moment of his elevation to the bench. He felt sensible himself, that the sudden discontinuance of those modes of intellectual exercise, which an uninterupted habit of so many years had rendered almost a necessary of life, was impairing the health of his mind. All his powers were still in the fullest vigour, and he could not but feel discontented and mortified at finding them (not so much released from toil as) condemned to repose. In the hope of removing this inquietude by indulging his faculties in their accustomed tastes, he began to project one or two literary works. One of them, and which it is much to be regretted that he had not firmness to execute, was memoirs of his own time; but all the entreaties of his friends, and all his own resolutions, gave way before his unconquerable aversion to written compositions." pp. 309, 310.

"Another and a more favourite design, which the same distaste to writing involved in a similar fate, was the composition of a novel of which the scenes and characters were to be connected with the modern history of Ireland. Of this work, which since the period of the union he had been meditating, his mind had completed the whole plan: he often repeated long passages, descriptive of the most interesting situations, and marked by a style of affecting eloquence which would have rendered the work, had he submitted to the task of committing it to paper, a valuable and very original accession to that department of English literature." p. 312.

In 1812 he was invited to become a candidate for parliament from the town of Newry, but after a contest of six days, finding there was no prospect of success, he declined any further struggle. The next year, he was attacked with a severe inflammation of his chest, which gave him much alarm, and in 1814, finding his health and spirits still low, he resigned his judicial office, went to London, and thence passed over to Paris in order to "take a last look at France, now once more accessible from the fall of Napoleon." From both these capitols he wrote long and interesting letters to his friends, many of which are given entire in the volume under review, containing lively sallies of humour and animated details of incidents, amidst gloomy reflections, nice delineations of character, and bold political sentiments. He had no affection for Bonaparte, whom he regarded as a cold-blooded, selfish tyrant, and to whom he would scarcely al-

low the credit of brilliant talents. In one of his letters he says,

"You can't forget my hatred of Bonaparte; every thing I hear confirms it. When I went up to see his famous column at Boulogne, the poor muse, I thought was left behind, whispered at the moment,

> 'When ambition achieves her desire,
> How fortune must laugh at the joke!
> You mounted a pillar of fire,
> You sink in a pillar of smoke.'

I am greatly pleased to have this man's extinction marked by so much abject degradation. These butcherers and robbers, called conquerers, have kept their vices up by the splendour of their rise or fall; but what a fall has this man had! He retires instead of falling like a brave highwayman, or as Cataline did; he dwindles into an isl-icle, and plays the pitiful tricks of power among fishermen and waterwomen. After losing the game of the world, he sits down, like a child, to make castles with cards. Even his military talents are questioned. They say, that having no respect for property or person, he extorted such sums of money, and thousands of men, as made resistance physically impossible, even notwithstanding an infinite number of mistakes of head and violences of temper—but here you know I am speaking without book." p. 363.

In another letter he remarks:

"The favour to Bonaparte is the more singular, because, allowing for his extraordinary energy, I doubt if he had a single great quality. It is clear he was no statesman; force alone was sufficient for all he did Men here of the best authority pronounce him a man of uncommon energy in action, but of no talent for retreat. The question is of more curiosity than moment. If otherwise, it might not be easy to know what credit to give to these criticisms." p. 369.

In the spring of 1817 Mr. Curran's health began rapidly to decline, and by the advice of his physicians he prepared to visit the south of France. But in October, while still in London, to which place he had gone on his way to the object of his destination, he was suddenly attacked by a fit of apoplexy, and on the 14th of that month, expired in the 68th year of his age.

The character of Mr. Curran will long be held in veneration. He was not merely the empassioned orator, the bold and zealous defender of injured innocence and persecuted patriotism, but he was himself the ardent patriot, and the able statesman. He felt with keen and poignant regret the

injuries and sufferings of his beloved country and he stood boldly forth as her champion and defender. He perhaps succeeded in mitigating her oppressions, as he certainly did in exposing her wrongs and her merits. Whatever may be thought of his claims to distinction in other respects, he can scarcely ever cease to be venerated for his just conception of the rights, and his fearless denunciation of the wrongs of his country. To Ireland, such men as Curran are inestimable, and though for a time they may be, even in their own country, objects of jealousy and malignant abuse, they will ultimately acquire the high respect they deserve, and will be held by posterity in just veneration. We are told in the preface to this work, by the celebrated Mr. Sampson of New York, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Curran, that

"Of all the victims of those disastrous times few paid more dearly for their country's love than he. He was at one time so run down that it required courage to be seen walking by his side. His domestic grief was made the prey of his enemies, and those who laughed at decorum and the decencies of life became sanctified in their upbraidings of him. I was reproached for letting my child still bear the name by which he was baptised. But lest it should be said that he must by some singular misdeeds have deserved this contumely, I must remind the reader that Grattan was no less vituperated." p. xxii.

As an orator, Mr. Curran's powers and success are extensively known. Few men perhaps have ever existed capable of rousing the passions more effectually, or of illuminating a subject more splendidly with the creations of a truly original and active imagination. Correct taste has been denied him; and his speeches have been exposed to much severity of criticism by the cold and fastidious. But allowance must be made, as we have already said, for the circumstances under which he spoke, for the character of the audiences he addressed, the objects he had in view, the extreme warmth of his feelings, and the mode of his preparation. His style, it must be acknowledged, is dangerous as a model, and few men are capable of imitating it with success. Mr. Sampson, of New York, who has furnished an interesting preface to this American edition of the work under review, will scarcely acknowledge that the imitation of its defects has ever been attempted; no, not even by Phillips. "Certainly," he says, "there is no kind of similitude between Mr. Phillips and Curran." That there is a

great disparity between them we readily admit: but that the former has most studiously endeavoured to imitate the latter, we think is equally obvious; and unfortunately Mr. Phillips too has both admirers and imitators. We would not wish to discourage the employment of pathos, appeals to the passions, or flights of imagination, in the efforts of the orator. But we would ever wish to see the judgement predominate. We would carefully guard against the introduction of mere verbiage, the seeking for ornament in preferrence to substantial good sense, and the obscuring of a subject by a redundancy of disconnected and incongruous figures. We do not mean to intimate that such was the character of Mr. Curran's eloquence: on the contrary we readily admit, with his biographer, that "it would be unjust to attribute to him any deficiency of logical powers, because he so frequuently supported the cause of freedom and morals, by sentiment and imagination." But we cannot conceal our fears, that the young candidate for the palm of oratorical distinction, in attempting to form a style upon such a model as Curran's, may attach undue importance to the mere ornament, and not sufficiently appreciate the reasoning it is intended to illustrate, or the sound sense without which it would be ridiculous.

An effort is made by the biographer to draw a parallel between Curran and Burke, but he very justly remarks, "if the two men be attentively compared, it must be admitted, that in many leading points they were strikingly dissimilar." This is peculiarly the fact in relation to their style of oratory. Both reasoned closely, and both displayed great strength and boldness of imagination. But the language of Burke was remarkably chaste, polished, and refined: that of Curran was often wild, incoherent, and erroneous. The speeches of the former were the result of much study and minute verbal preparation: those of the latter were the impulse of the moment. Curran may have been more powerful in producing a transitory effect; but the influence of Burke was far more durable. Curran perhaps can be fully appreciated by those only who listened to him while speaking: the productions of Burke, on the contrary, will instruct and delight the reader in his closet, no less than the animated listener in the senate or the forum. Curran wrought more upon the passions; Burke addressed himself principally to the understanding. Curran warmed and excited: Burke instructed and convinced. Curran soared with a

fearless and untiring wing in the regions of fancy: Burke went no higher than his hearer or reader would be able to follow him. Curran had more feeling: Burke more philosophy. Curran may have been more delightful as a public speaker; but Burke was the more finished orator, and may, with far more safety and propriety, be held up as a model for imitation.

"The history of each exemplifies their characters. Burke was a philosopher, and could transplant his sympathies. He went abroad, and passed his life admiring and enjoying the benefits of 'his adopted, and dearer, and more comprehensive country.' Mr. Curran was a patriot, whose affections, could he have torn them from their native bed, would have drooped in another soil. He staid at home, and closed his days in deploring the calamities which he had vainly laboured to avert."

p. 399.

The concluding chapter of the work before us furnishes a comment upon Mr. Curran's skill in cross-examination, a matter of great importance to a lawyer; notices the extent of his general reading; dwells upon his colloquial and convivial powers; gives us specimens of his wit; and describes his personal appearance, manners, and peculiarities. It contains likewise the following remarks.

"It is due to that public to whom Mr. Curran's merits may have been here submitted as deserving their approbation, to admit with candour that some particulars have been withheld which they would not have approved; but it is also due to his memory to declare, that in balancing the conflicting elements of his character, what was virtuous and amiable will be found to have largely predominated. He was not perfect, but his imperfections have a peculiar claim upon our forbearance, when we reflect that they sprung from the same source as his genius, and may be considered as almost the inevitable condition upon which that order of genius can be held. Their source was in his imagination. The same ardour and sensibility which rendered him so eloquent an advocate of others, impelled him to take too impassioned and irritating views of questions that personally related to himself. The mistakes of conduct into which this impetuosity of temperament betrayed him cannot be defended by this or by any other explanation of their origin, yet it is much to be able to say that they were almost exclusively confined to a single relation, and that those who in consequence suffered most, but who, from their intimate connexion with him, knew him best, saw so many redeeming qualities in his nature, that they uniformly considered any exclusion from his

regard, not so much in the light of an injustice, as of a personal misfortune." pp. 413, 414.

"*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum,*" is a maxim, the correctness of which in its full extent we cannot admit. We could have wished therefore that the biographer had furnished a faithful and impartial statement of the defects, as well as the excellencies, of his deceased parent's character and conduct. Nothing is gained to his reputation by an acknowledged concealment of facts; for imagination is thus left free to lay to his charge errors perhaps exceeding those which a faithful account would disclose to us. But whatever were his faults, Curran was, on the whole, a great and a good man. His memory will long be held in grateful veneration, not only by the patriotic among his own countrymen, but by the admirers of genius and the friends of liberty in every age and in every region.

The Life of HAYDN, *in a series of letters written at Vienna, followed by the Life of* MOZART, *with Observations on Metastasio, and on the present state of Music in France and Italy.* Translated from the French of L. A. C. BOMBET. With notes by the Author of the Sacred Melodies. *Providence,* 1820, 12mo. pp. 307.

A taste for the fine arts is rapidly gaining ground among us. It might be supposed indeed, that we in the backwoods, who have so recently succeeded in rooting out the savages from the country we occupy, and who, a few years since, dwelt only in log huts in the midst of an uncultivated forest, would want, even now, too many of the essential comforts and conveniences of life, to think of procuring its mere luxuries and superfluities. Notwithstanding all the knowledge which has been dispersed throughout the country of our present state of cultivation and improvement, there are still many, no doubt, among the intelligent and enlightened of our eastern brethren, who would open their eyes with wonder and astonishment, or turn them away with an air of incredulity, if we should lay before them an unexaggerated picture of the state of society in the west. They would scarcely credit the assertion, were we to assure them, that we have not only comfortable and well furnished houses, fashionable clothing, and well provided tables, but

that we have flourishing academies, accomplished scholars, respectable libraries, and even a well conducted and promising University. What would they think then, if we should go on and tell them, that remote as we are from the Atlantic coast, and buried as they may think us in the depths of a wilderness, we have among us painters, engravers, and musicians, scarcely inferior to any in the Union, and, what perhaps may be thought still more extraordinary, that we are not destitute of the power of appreciating their merits, or of the disposition to reward their exertions! We do not mean to boast of our advancement in cultivation and taste. We are fully aware that we are in these respects still far in the rear of what is desirable. We only mean to say, that the progress we have already made, affords us ground to hope that we shall continue to advance, not in extravagance and luxury, but in a due regard to the fine arts, and in that species of refinement, which will render us a more happy, as well as a more polished and enlightened people.

We are not among the number of those who believe that the fine arts have a tendency to debase and corrupt. On the contrary we consider them calculated to improve the taste, to refine the morals, and to elevate the character of a people. Examples indeed may be found of weak and licentious nations, which have also been conspicuous for their encouragement of the arts; but those instances no more prove a natural and necessary connection between cultivation and depravity, than the examples of despots who have patronized science, evince a tendency in learning to produce tyranny. We have no fear that our society will become too polished. We are happy therefore to witness any indication of an increased disposition to cultivate the fine arts, provided it be not accompanied with a careless extravagance, or a culpable indifference to matters of more essential importance.

Of all the fine arts, Music, if not the most exalted, is, unquestionably, the most universally admired. But few men have ever possessed so exquisite a taste for this heavenly art, or have cultivated it with such talent and skill, as the distinguished composers whose memoirs are contained in the little volume under review. The lovers of music therefore cannot fail to be interested in the anecdotes it contains and the judicious remarks in which it abounds, and though we shall not undertake to epitomize its contents, we trust we shall gratify a large portion of our readers by the brief

notice we shall take of it, and the quotations we shall make.

Haydn, who was born on the 31st of March 1732, was the son of a cartwright, who also exercised the office of parish sexton, in the little town of Rohraw, near Vienna. His father's cousin, whose name was Frank, being pleased with him, when he was about six years old, took him home with him to Haimbourg, where he learned to play on the tambourine, and rapidly improved in singing.

"Chance brought to Frank's house, *Reuter*, *Maitre de Chapelle* of St. Stephens, the cathedral church of Vienna. He was in search of to recruit his children of the choir. The schoolmaster soon proposed his little relative to him; he came; Reuter gave him a canon to sing at sight.

The precision, the purity of tone, the spirit with which the child executed it, surprised him; but he was more especially charmed with the beauty of his voice. He only remarked that he did not shake, and asked him the reason, with a smile. The child smartly replied, 'How should you expect me to shake, when my cousin does not know how himself?' 'Come here,' says Reuter, 'I will teach you.' He took him between his knees, shewed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath and agitate the palate. The child immediately made a good shake. Reuter, enchanted with the success of his scholar, took a plate of fine cherries, which Frank had caused to be brought for his illustrious brother professor, and emptied them all into the child's pocket. His delight may be readily conceived. Haydn has often mentioned this anecdote to me,andhe added, laughing, that whenever he happened to shake, he still thought he saw these beautiful cherries." pp. 31, 32.

With Reuter he went to Vienna, where he devoted himself with indefatigable assiduity to his favourite art. But he was poor, and could not obtain an instructer.

"Like Jean Jacques Rousseau, he bought, at a second-hand shop, some theoretical books, among others the Treatise by Fux, and he set about studying it with a perseverance, which the horrible obscurity of the rules could not overcome. Labouring alone, without a master, he made an infinite number of little discoveries, which were afterwards of use to him. Without either money, or fire, shivering with cold in his garret, and oppressed with sleep as he pursued his studies to a late hour of the night, by the side of a harpsichord out of repair, and falling to pieces in all parts, he was still happy." p. 38.

He at length accidentally obtained an asylum in the house of Keller, a peruke maker, whose daughter he afterwards married, rather from a disposition to comply with the wish-

es of her father, than from any attachment to her, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, "this union was any thing rather than happy." Among the earliest of his musical compositions was one intended to represent a storm at sea, to be used in an opera entitled "The Devil on Two Sticks." Haydn had never seen a storm at sea, and Curtz, the author of the opera, who acted the part of Harlequin, was extremely difficult to please.

"Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, 'The devil take the tempest!' 'That's it, that's it,' cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him. Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage, on thinking of the storm in *The Devil on Two Sticks*.'" p. 43.

He was still poor, and obtained his board and lodging by giving lessons in music. When about twenty-six years old however, he obtained the patronage of a prince, and was consequently placed in more easy and agreeable circumstances. His devotion to music still continued intense, and his time was almost exclusively devoted to its cultivation.

"He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano forte, where the hour of dinner usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was performed, in the prince's palace, four times every week. Sometimes, but not often, he devoted a morning to hunting. The little time which he had to spare, on common days, was divided between his friends and mademoiselle Boselli. Such was the course of his life, for more than thirty years. This accounts for the astonishing number of his works. They may be arranged in three classes; instrumental music, church music, and operas" pp. 50, 51.

In 1789 when Haydn was fifty seven years of age, the prince, by whom he had been patronized, died; and his course of life, which had so long continued regular and uniform, became rather more varied. He went to London, where he obtained a handsome income, by assisting at concerts. Several interesting anecdotes are related of occurences,

which took place during his residence in London, among which are the following.

"A gentleman of the navy came to him one morning: 'Mr. Haydn, I presume?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Are you willing to compose me a march for the troops I have on board? I will give you thirty guineas; but I must have it done to-day, because I sail to-morrow for Calcutta.' Haydn agreed to do it. As soon as the captain was gone, he opened his piano-forte, and in a quarter of an hour the march was ready.

Feeling some scruples at gaining so easily what appeared to him a very considerable sum, he returned home early in the evening, and wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice of them, and aftewards to make him a present of all three, as a return for his liberality.

Early the next morning came the captain.—'Well, where's my march?' 'Here it is.' 'Will you just play it on the piano?' Haydn played it. The captain, without saying a word, counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took the march, and walked away. Haydn ran after him to stop him: 'I have written two others, which are better: hear them, and then make your choice.' 'I like the first very well and that is sufficient.' 'But hear them.' The captain marched down stairs, and would hear nothing. Haydn pursued him, crying after him: 'I make you a present of them.' The captain, quickening his pace, replied, 'I won't have them.' 'But, at least, hear them.' 'The devil should not make me hear them.'

Haydn, piqued, immediately hastened to the Exchange, inquired what ship was on the point of sailing for the Indies, and the name of the commander. He then rolled up the two marches, inclosed a polite note, and sent the parcel on board to the captain. The obstinate fellow, suspecting that the musician was in pursuit of him, would not even open the note, and sent back the whole. Haydn tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot the captain so long as he lived.

He used to relate with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music? 'Certainly,' replied the shopman, 'I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's.' 'Oh,' returned Haydn, 'I'll have nothing to do with that.' 'How, Sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?' 'Oh plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me: show me some other." The music seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, 'No, Sir, I have music, it is true, but not for such as you;' and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance en-

tered, and accosted him by name. The music seller, still out of humour, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: 'Haydn?—aye, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music.' The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music." pp. 123—125.

"One of the English princes commissioned Reynolds to take Haydn's portrait. Flattered by the honour, he went to the painter's house, and sat to him, but soon grew tired. Reynolds, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius, with a stupid countenance, and deferred the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Reynolds went to the prince and informed him of the circumstance. The prince contrived a stratagem; he sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl, in the service of the queen, his mother. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain fell, and the fair German, elegantly attired in white, and crowned with roses, addressed him in his native tongue: 'O, great man, how happy am I to have an opportunity of seeing thee, and of being in thy presence!' Haydn, delighted, overwhelms the lovely enchantress with questions, his countenance recovered its animation, and Reynolds seized it with rapidity." pp. 127, 128.

On his return home, as he passed through Germany he gave a few Concerts, which proved exceedingly profitable. In 1805 the Paris papers erroneously announced his death, and the French National Institute, of which he was a member, caused a mass to be celebrated in honor of his memory. On this occasion he pleasantly remarked "If these gentlemen had given me notice, I would have gone myself to beat the time to the fine mass of Mozart's, which they had performed for me." The following is an account of the actual decease of this eminent musician, which took place in 1809.

"The war broke out between Austria and France. This intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the remnant of his strength.

He was continually inquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang, with the small thread of voice which he yet retained,

'God preserve the emperor!'

The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, on the night of the 10th of May, having reached Schonbrunn, half a league's distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired,

the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon-shot, within two yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him, full of terror. The old man, rousing himself, got up from his easy chair, and with a dignified air, demanded: 'Why this terror? Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is.' A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. On the 26th of May, his strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano forte, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able,

'God preserve the emperor!'

It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and, at last, expired on the morning of the 31st, aged seventy-eight years and two months." p. 199.

The Life of Mozart, contained in the present work, is a translation from the German of a short biographical notice published by Mr. Schlictegroll, which, like the Life of Haydn, will be read with interest by the lovers of music.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart was born at Salzburg on the 27 h of January 1756. His father, who was a music master and sub-director of the prince's chapel, began to teach him music when he was only four years old; and such was the rapidity of his progress that he was justly regarded as a prodigy.

"His father, returning from the church one day with a friend, found his son busy in writing. 'What are you doing there, my little fellow?' asked he. 'I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost got to the end of the first part.' 'Let us see this fine scrawl'—'No, I have not yet finished it. The father, however, took the paper, and shewed his friend a sheet-full of notes, which could scarcely be deciphered for the blots of ink. The two friends at first heartily laughed at this heap of scribbling, but, after a little time, when the father had looked at it with attention, his eyes were fastened on the paper; and, at length, overflowed with tears of joy and wonder, 'Look my friend,' said he, with a smile of delight; 'every thing is composed according to the rules: it is a pity that the piece cannot be made any use of, but it is too difficult: nobody would be able to play it.' 'It is a concerto,' replied the son, 'and must be studied till it can be properly played. This is the style in which it ought to be executed.' He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he had intended. At that time, the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a concerto was about as easy as to work a

miracle, and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctly placed, but presenting so many difficulties, that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it." pp. 215, 216.

His father was so delighted with the talents and acquirements of the infant musician, that as soon as he entered his sixth year, he set off with him on a tour through Germany with the view of exhibiting him at the different courts.

"On his return from Vienna to Salzburg with his parents, he brought with him a small violin, which had been given him during his residence at the capital, and amused himself with it A short time afterwards, Wenzl, a skilful violin player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart, the father, to request his observations on six trios, which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachner, the archbishop's trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his own words:

'The father,' said Schatchtner, 'played the bass, Wenzl the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested permission to take this last part; but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing, that as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this, that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. Well, said he to Wolfgang, you may play with M Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard: otherwise I shall send you out directly. We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was not long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight.—The child played all the six trios in the same manner. The commendations we gave him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humour him, we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast." pp. 218, 219.

In 1763, when he was in his seventh year, he accompanied his parents to Paris, and the next year went with them

to London. In both those cities he performed at public concerts, and delighted and astonished the most skilful musicians. In 1765 he returned to France, passed through Flanders and Switzerland, and in 1766 again reached his native town. In 1768 he performed at Vienna, in presence of the Emperor, and in 1769 his father took him to Italy, where he continued, travelling from city to city, and astonishing wherever he went, till the year 1777. He then proceeded to Paris, but not being pleased with the French music of that time, returned in 1779 to Germany, and fixed his permanent residence in Vienna.

Mozart was more fortune than Haydn in his matrimonial connection. He was ardently attached to his wife, who seems to have been an excellent woman, "and often gave him useful advice." Her health however was very delicate, and during a long and tedious illness, Mozart attended her with great assiduity and kindness.

"In the course of this illness, he occasionally took a ride on horseback early in the morning, but, before he went he was always careful to lay a paper near his wife, in the form of a physician's prescription. The following is a copy of one of these: 'Good morning, my love, I hope you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed you: be careful not to take cold, or to hurt yourself in stooping: do not vex yourself with the servants: avoid every thing that would be unpleasant to you, till I return: take good care of yourself: I shall return at nine o'clock."

p. 248.

During the last years of his life, his own health also rapidly declined. His close application to business, and his melancholy temperament, combined to debilitate and depress him. Sometimes indeed so excessive was his gloom, that he appeared to be deranged: he could enjoy nothing, and only looked forward with terror to his approaching end.

"His wife, uneasy at these singular habits, invited to the house those persons whom he was most fond of seeing, and who pretended to surprise him, at times when, after many hours application, he ought naturally to have thought of resting. Their visits pleased him, but he did lay aside his pen; they talked, and endeavored to engage him in the conversation, but he took no interest in it; they addressed themselves particularly to him, he uttered a few inconsequential words, and went on with his writing." p. 249.

The circumstances connected with his death are remarkable. A stranger called upon him to compose a *Requiem* or

funeral service for some unknown deceased. The air of mystery attending this application, his ignorance of the person by whom he was visited, as well as of the individual in whose honor the music was to be employed, induced him to imagine that there was something supernatural in the transaction. He believed the applicant to be a messenger from the world of spirits, commissioned, in this mysterious manner, to announce to him his approaching dissolution. Engrossed with this idea, he determined if possible to complete the *Requiem*, applied himself with enthusiastic ardour to the work, and finished it within the allotted time. While engaged upon it however, he was seized with fainting fits, and died before the stranger returned, at whose request it was composed. He thus fell a victim to intense application, and superstitious terror, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

"Mozart never reached his natural growth. During his whole life, his health was delicate. He was thin and pale: and though the form of his face was unusual, there was nothing striking in his physiognomy, but its extreme variableness. The expression of his countenance changed every moment, but indicated nothing more than the pleasure or pain which he experienced at the instant. He was remarkable for a habit, which is usually the attendant of stupidity. His body was perpetually in motion; he was either playing with his hands or beating the ground with his foot. There was nothing extraordinary in his other habits, except his extreme fondness for the game of billiards. He had a table in his house, on which he played every day by himself, when he had not any one to play with. His hands were so habituated to the piano, that he was rather clumsy in every thing beside. At table he never carved, or if he attempted to do so, it was with much awkwardness and difficulty. His wife usually undertook that office." p. 236.

We have not room to introduce any comments on the remaining articles in the work before us. We shall merely add, that the lover of music and the man of taste cannot fail to be pleased with the enthusiasm they display, and the lively manner in which they are written.

MISCELLANY.

The following lines were extemporaneously written in a lady's Album, among a great vari ty of light and agreeable effusions, whose object was amusement and compliment. The play upon the name of the fair owner is ingeniously followed up through a series of associations. The lady resides in a distant part of our country, which she illumines and adorns.

IN THE ALBUM OF MISS ANNA CLAY.

'Tis said that *all* are made of CLAY:
If so, how variously hath Heaven,
Whose will, material shapes obey,
Deformity, or beauty given!
Some are as coarse as *Charleston*(1) ware,
Made rough and strong for common use,
With scarce a thought, still less a care,
If honour greet them, or abuse:
While some, as *Wedgewood's*(2) art may show,
With service a plain taste combine;
Yet there no rays of beauty glow,
No touch is felt of grace divine.
Some, as in old *Confucius'* school,(3)
In *imitation* only dare,
From foreign fashions take the rule,
And dazzle with a stupid glare.
In France, the land of brilliant dashes,
Where pure transparent *Seve*(4) is found,
In pride of porcelain, beauty flashes,
While tea its fragrance spreads around.
But we have far a lovelier mould,
Where heaven's own image loves to play,
Whose magic powers the form unfold
Of PSYCHE'S VASE(5) in ANNA CLAY.

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1. This town bestows its name on the common earthen of its pottery.
2. The usual ware of this man's manufacture is neat and good, but with no claim to elegance.
3. Every one knows the highly coloured but unmeaning figures on china.
4. Seve-china is delicate, transparent, pearly, and beautiful.
5. The perfection of symmetry in form associated with the idea of consecrated love. See an interesting and ingenious description of the mythological and moral meaning of the celebrated *Portland Vase* in Darwin's Botanic Garden, and the story of Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius.

A SUPPLEMENT.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

Who, that can read, will dare to say,
We have not moulded every way
The MYSTIC(6) name of Anna Clay?
Let all declare,
That wit so rare
Can not be met with every day.

THE ADIEU.

When parting is past, and ADIEU the heart moves,
And the traveller is gone from the friend that he loves,
How grateful to know, that he yet may be gay,
For he still has her prayers, as he holds on his way.

And though 'tis illusion, a dream that beguiles,
To his heart it is sunshine, and gilds it with smiles;
For who would be sad, or suspect it untrue!
So sweet is the dream, that he's *thought of by you.*

Oh, no! it is real! the doubt—let it perish;—
'Tis a bright beam of hope, he will ne'er cease to cherish;
For the tongue can't be false, nor the heart insincere,
When "GOD BLESS YOU, MY FRIEND," is pronounc'd *with a tear.*

And whilst over mountains and waters I roam,
Distant far from that bosom, whose heart is my home,
Full often will fancy return to the scene,
Where time was too fleeting to say—*it has been.*

For, O, 'twas a choice little group, that I found,
Where wit, mirth, and sentiment, ceaseless went round;
So swift were the moments, so wing'd with delight,
'Twas a *death-toll* to feeling, to hear a—"*good night.*"

Oh, soft be your slumbers, and sweet be your rest,
Your heart never anguish'd, nor ruffled your breast;
'Till the sad *kiss of parting* shall cease to give pain,
Forgotten in that one of MEETING AGAIN!

X.

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6. The lady lived on the banks of the *Mystic* River, a charming stream.

PASSION AND REASON.

Sweet is the morning's blushing ray
Just kindling into glowing day,
And every dewy field and flower
Smiles in the brilliant, happy hour.
Delightful then with health to rove
O'er mountain, or through verdant grove,
And scent the buds that opening blow,
And see the bright horizon's glow.
Then how sweet the blooming vale,
Fann'd by the gentle summer gale;
While nature rests, in peace reclin'd,
With beauty, joy, and love, combined!
But soon the angry tempests rise,
And thickly cloud the troubled skies;
The threatening storm is heard to roar,
And the loud billows lash the shore.
Ah! then too late the sun appears,
To dry distorted nature's tears:
The rifted oak, the broken flower,
Can feel no more his fostering power;
And the wash'd vales unsightly seem,
Their beauty but a morning's dream.
So youthful life, though fresh and fair,
Is early prone to pain and care;
Plung'd in the world, in hour mature,
Life's storms and tempests come too sure.
What raging passions wreck his peace!
Nor do they with his vigour cease.
Then reason comes to aid: in vain!
For uncontroul'd and fierce they reign.
His powerful rays too late appear
To dry the ever flowing tear.
Curs'd from his birth, man feels the power
Of each vile passion of the hour.
Why, cruel fate, impart the thorn,
To love and reason yet unborn?

G.

The following lines were written by one of the Lunatics in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and sent to a distant friend.

Mary, the world will say I'm mad!
For me, I care not what they say,

All the charm that life once had,
Like a dream has passed away!

Form'd in nature's kindest mood,
I had pity for each stranger's woe,
Oft, to promote another's good,
My own advantage I'd forego.

To my lov'd fair my heart was true,
Soon to your worth it did surrender,
Attach'd to all that's found in you,
A *mind informed*—a *soul that's tender.*

Had dame Fortune prov'd more kind,
Given of her gifts a larger store,
Haply might I my Mary bind,
To share my all, nor wish for more.

What Nature formed I then shall be,
No butt for dull insensate fools,
But now, from every motive free,
I'll act just as the whim controuls.

Branded with a *Maniac's* name,
Revenge alone supports my mind;
They who dared to fix that shame,
The fury of revenge shall find.

Whate'er my fate, Mary, on thee
My mind in harmony loves to dwell:
Let fortune do her worst with me,
'Tis nought to bidding thee "farewell."

HENRY.

Philadelphia, September.

The following Impromptu was addressed to a gentleman who frequently occupied his leisure moments in writing for a periodical work.

The candle light
Appears as bright,
As our Author's genius;

And we are stark
Left in the dark,
When objects stand between us.

RALPHO.

This attack drew forth the following sprightly reply.

TO THE IMMORTAL BARD,

beneath the Sunshine of whose potent Genius the preceding flower of Wit and Song budded and blew to perfection.

To song sublime
In Rhunic rhyme,
Attune thy *matchless* lyre!
Bid worlds around
Thy tones rebound,
And wing each thought with fire.

In deathless lay,
The God of day
Thine be the task to sing:
The splendid theme
Will gild thy dream
Of wit, and fledge thy wing.

Not Homer's fame,
Nor Pindar's name,
Shall more resound in song;
But thine, great Bard!
Anon be heard
From every warbling tongue.

When ruthless death
Shall claim thy breath,
Swift shall thy spirit rise;
Things earth-born spurn,
And soar and burn,
A cracker through the skies.

The God of song,
With hallowed tongue,
No more shall Bards invite,
But drink thy fire
With wrapt desire,
Then like a Ralpho write.

ROMEO.

Addressed to a Young Lady who wished to know what books to read.

Would you then, so fresh and ruddy,
Wanting of perfection nought,
Dull that eye of light with study,
Cloud that brow of love with thought?

Fie! oh fie, 'twere profanation,
You for pastime may read *books*,
If you seek for information,
My lovely girl! you must read *looks*!

ROMEO.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The idea has long since been exploded, if it ever was seriously entertained, among the liberal and enlightened, that the female sex is inferior, in point of intellectual capacity, to the other half of the human family. Woman, it is now universally admitted, was formed to be the companion, and should not therefore be regarded as the inferior of man. Her mental, like her physical constitution, may be less vigorous than his, but what is wanted in strength is more than made up in sprightliness and activity. If the stretch of thought is not quite so extended, the flights of imagination are more bold and excursive: if the perception is not equally acute, the faculty of invention is more creative and lively. Yet even in these enlightened days, when the elevated rank and high destination of woman are so generally acknowledged, how comparatively small is the attention paid to the cultivation of her powers, and the enriching of her mind! Those who are willing to use every exertion and to make every sacrifice for the education of their sons, scarcely think it necessary to bestow a thought upon the solid instruction of their daughters. If these last can acquire what are esteemed the elegant accomplishments, if they can learn to dance at a cotillion party, to play a tune, after a half-hour's persuasion, on the piano forte, and to draw some wretched imitations of natural scenery, their education is too often considered as sufficiently complete. We do not mean to intimate that we have not well educated women in the western country. We are confident we have

some among us, who would not suffer in comparison with the best informed ladies in our country. But have our opportunities for the education of females been such as we ought to wish them? Have we devoted to this important object any thing like the attention it most obviously deserves? We have had occasionally good instructers, who, upon a small scale, have attempted the proper cultivation of the female intellect, and who, to a certain extent, have been eminently successful. But it is time to see an effort not only zealously and judiciously made, but promptly and adequately encouraged, to raise the standard of female educat on, to afford something more than a superficial glance at the extensive fields of literature and science, and to qualify the females of our country, at least eq ally with the men, for the important and interesting duties of their highly responsible stations. We mean not to undervalue the efforts which have heretofore been made, or the success which has already been attained. We are grateful to those instructers who have done so much in forming the female mind and storing it with valuable learning. But we think the period has arrived when still more vigorous efforts ought to be made, when higher attainments ought to be expected, and a larger field of study laid open. We hail therefore with our most cordial congratulations the prospect afforded us by the intended establishment, in Lexington, of an institution, upon a more extensive scale and of a more liberal construction than any heretofore erected among us, for the education of the Females of the west. That those of our readers, who have not otherwise become acquainted with it, may no longer remain ignorant of the principles upon which it is to be constructed, and the advantages it is destined to afford, we here insert the prospectus entire.

"THE Subscriber, having devoted about ten years of his life to Academical instruction, and the last five, principally, to that of YOUNG LADIES, in the *Windsor Female Academy*, in the state of Vermont, an institution commenced solely by himself, and supported, thus far, by his individual exertion, has determined to extend his views, and enlarge the field of his labors, for the benefit of the rising generation, by establishing a Seminary devoted, exclusively, to the education of *Females*, on a more extensive plan, than any yet attempted in this country.

From the growing wealth and honorable enterprise of the state of Kentucky, as well as from its well known liberality in the cause of science, he is induced to offer his services to its citizens, and to the inhabitants of the Western Country generally, and respectfully to solicit their co-operation, in support of a NURSERY for the female mind, to be located in the *healthy* and central town of Lexington, to which place he has been

invited, under the most flattering circumstances, and to be called the

Lexington Female Academy.

As the object of this institution embraces a complete and systematical course of liberal and polite education for YOUNG LADIES, the following are the branches proposed to be taught.

1. Reading and Writing in the handsomest style.

2. English Grammar, with particular attention to Etymology, and Pronunciation.

3. Rhetoric, with particular attention to Practical Composition, Taste, and Criticism.

4. Geography, ancient and modern, with the use of the globes, the projection of maps, and History.

5. Arithmetic, Mathematics, Logic, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, and Chemistry; and generally, the various branches of Natural and Moral Philosophy.

6. The Languages, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish; and, in short, the whole circle of Polite Literature.

7 Drawing in perspective, Painting in water colours, or in oil, and Music.

8. Manners and Morals will form a prominent object of attention, throughout the whole course of studies.

While carefully inculcating, as every teacher of youth is most solemnly bound to do the principles, the precepts, and the practice, of the *Christian Religion*, as the basis of virtuous and useful education, special care will be taken to impress upon the minds of the pupils, those acknowledged truths of *Divine Revelation*, in which all Christians agree without fettering them with the dogmas and prejudices of any sect or party.

Suitable Instructers, male and female, of known talents and reputation, will be employed in the Seminary, and no exertions wanting, on the part of its projector, to render it worthy of public patronage, honorable to the state, and, eventually, the favourite place of resort, for female education, from every part of the Western Country.

As an easy, elegant, and polished style of writi g, can be acquired only by long and frequent practice, *Compositions* will be required, at least, weekly; and, if practicable, a *dia y*, or journal, should be kept, by each pupil, subject always to the inspection of the teachers.

TERMS

1. For the accommodation of those, who might not be thought old enough to enter the Academy, there will be, by particular desire, a PREPARA ORY DEPARTMENT, where instruction will be given, in the *Elements only* of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, and Arithmetic, at *eight dollars* a quarter.

2. The various branches of an English education, comprised in the five first articles, will be taught, at *twelve and a half dollars* a quarter, equal to *fifty dollars* per annum. In this department, lectures in Chemistry, Botany, and Experimental Philosophy, will be given, without an additional charge.

3 Each of the various branches, comprised in the 6th and 7th articles, will be subject to an *extra charge*, as follows;—

Latin and Greek, - -	$10 a quarter.
French, Italian, and Spanish, each,	10
Drawing and Painting,	10
Music, : :	10

4. Payments will be required quarterly, and *in advance*.

Study Terms, or Sessions.

The Academical year will consist of *forty four weeks*, to be divided into *two study terms*, or *sessions* of *two quarters each*, leaving two vacations of four weeks each, at such times, as may be found most convenient to the patrons and pupils; to commence, without fail, on Monday the second day of July next.

Discipline and Study.

A system of regular & strict discipline will be adopted, as indispensably necessary to the success of the Seminary; while exemplary deportment, and diligence in study, will be encouraged and rewarded, by every means calculated to excite a virtuous and honorable emulation.

In order to improve every hour, as far as may be found consistent with the health of the pupil, the studies of each day will be diversified, and under the direction of different teachers, so that both body and mind may be sufficiently relaxed, without loss of time, or cessation of improvement. The happy result of such a constant, though varied application, cannot fail to produce, in the pupils, a just appreciation of the value of time, and an habitual industry, which may attend them, in the future cares and concerns of life.

Public Examinations

Will be holden, and compositions, drawings, paintings, maps, and other specimens of improvement, exhibited, annually, or at the end of each session, that parents, and patrons of science, may have an opportunity of witnessing the progress of the pupils; at which time, *premiums* will be awarded, to such as excel, in order to stimulate all to exertion, in whatever is calculated to improve the mind, to amend the heart, and to embellish the manners.

Visiters and Diploma.

Although it can hardly be expected that each pupil will complete the course of studies here proposed, yet, so far as circumstances may favor, it would certainly be desirable; and those who remain to complete their education, will, on leaving the institution, receive from the Principal, with the advice, and at the direction, of the Visiters, such honorary *Certificate* or *Diploma*, as they may be found, on examination, entitled to by their merits. These Visiters are, the Hon. Lt. Gov. Barry, the Rev. President Holley, Robert Wicklifle, Esq. Dr. Charles Caldwell, James Haggin, Esq. Dr Elisha Warfield, Charles Wilkins, Esq. the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, the Rev. Dr. Fishback, and the Rev. George T. Chapman, who have been appointed to this office, at a numerous and respectable meeting of the subscribers and friends of the institution, and whose duty it will be, occasionally to visit the school, examine into the progress of the pupils, and give from time to time, such advice, with regard to its discipline, course of studies, and the general management of its various concerns, as they, in their wisdom, may deem best calculated to guaranty to its patrons and the public, its permanency, usefulness, and respectability.

To Conclude,

Such is the outline of a plan of *Female Education*, which the subscriber has been long contemplating, and which, on a small scale, he has carried into effect, in Vermont, with a success beyond his most sanguine expectations. From a thorough conviction of its complete practicability, he has concluded to transfer it, to where its operation may be witnessed

in a larger field. But to enable him to succeed, *he must have liberal and enlightened patrons.*

And who, that has DAUGHTERS, who, that is alive to the powers, the attractions, of female excellence; who, that duly appreciates the irresistible influence of the mother on the infant mind, and the extent, to which early impressions will reach, in forming the character of the rising generation, can shut his eyes to the utility of the object, or refuse to lend a fostering hand to so laudable and benificent an enterprise?

But he forbears to enlarge. The numerous advantages resulting to society from a more liberal system of Female Education might fill a volume, and would, more properly, form the subject of an *Inaugural Address.* To the citizens of Kentucky, and of the West, the whole is, therefore, most respectfully submitted, by

Their obedient, and
Very humble servant,

J. DUNHAM.

Lexington, Ky. Feb. 5th, 1821."

Such is the outline of a plan, which we hope in a short time to see successfully carried into effect. It is neither our province nor our intention to say any thing, in anticipation, of the qualifications of Col. DUNHAM for the arduous and responsible task he has undertaken to perform. It may be proper, however, to add the following statement, signed by gentlemen, who are generally well known throughout the western country.

"The undersigned, in common with many other gentlemen, have read and duly considered the numerous and emphatic testimonials, in favor of Col. Dunham, which have been received from individuals, of the first literary distinction, in the Eastern States, in which his character and qualifications are asserted to be, in all respects, peculiarly suited to the object, detailed in his *Prospectus,* and which are now deposited in their hands, and open to inspection.

Among the names, are those of the Rev. Presidents, KIRKLAND of Harvard University, DAY of Yale College, DAVIS of Hamilton College, N. Y. ALLEN of Bowdoin College, Maine; and BATES of Middlebury College, Vermont; Professors SILLIMAN, SMITH, HEDGE, PERKINS, and HALL; the Hon. DUDLEY CHASE, Chief Justice, and the Hon. WILLIAM SLADE, Jun. Secretary of the State of Vermont; the Hon JOHN LEVERETT; Captain PARTRIDGE, Superintendent of the American Military Academy; Chancellor KENT of the State of New-York, and the Right Rev. Bishop GRISWOLD, of the Eastern Diocess.

These testimonials afford the best pledge, that suitable patronage must secure to Kentucky and the West, a *Female School,* of as high an order, and with as good a system, as any other in the United States.

VISITERS.

Robert Wickliffe,
James Haggin,
R. M. Cunningham,
James Fishback,
G. T. Chapman,
William T. Barry,
Horace Holley,
E. Warfield,
Charles Wilkins,
Charles Caldwell,

Lexington, Ky. Feb. 9, 1821."

We may perhaps be told, that the standard of education here erected is too high, that the course of studies marked out is too extensive, and their nature too abstruse, for those who are destined only to adorn the domestic circle Young ladies, it may be said, have something more essential to attend to, than storing their minds with Latin and Greek, and making proficiency in science. It is their province to become good housewives, to acquire skill in domestic economy, and to form habits of active industry. They cannot therefore, consistently with the ideas of these objectors, devote their time to mental improvement. If they must read books, such persons would recommend to them Mrs. Glass' Art of Cookery, as far more worthy of their attention than any of the various studies pointed out by Col. Dunham. We beg leave however, to enter our decided protest against this too prevalent doctrine, which would exclude women from the refined enjoyments of intellectual improvement, and confine them to the insipid drudgery of overseers or upper servants. We would not wish to see them neglect the duties of the family or the social circle, nor would we have them aspire to an education totally unsuited to their province in life. We are fully aware that the female is not destined to appear as an advocate at the bar, to take part in the deliberations of the senate, to assume the responsibility of the physician, or to undertake the elevated office of preacher of the gospel. But we should not forget the duties and responsibilities of her more retired, but not less important sphere of action. It is the mother, by whom the pliant mind of the hopeful youth is chiefly formed and directed. To her judicious guidance is often attributable the course of usefulness and honor, by which the statesman, the hero, or the divine is rendered a blessing to his country and to mankind. How powerful too, in other ways, is the influence of the enlightened female, not only upon the happiness of families and neighborhoods, but even upon the destinies of states and empires! Why then should women be excluded from the best means of increasing their influence, and enabling them to exercise it with judgment and propriety? Nor should we lose sight of the important consideration, that the enlargement and cultivation of the mind multiply the sources and increase the power of enjoyment. As man is susceptible of more happiness than the brute, so are those, whose faculties are improved and whose knowledge is extensive, capable of enjoying a higher and more

refined degree of felicity than the illiterate and uncultivated. Shall the female then be deprived of the richest sources of intellectual happiness? Shall she be always incapable of relishing those sublime speculations, or of engaging with delight in those profound investigations, which call out, and try, and exalt the faculties of the human mind? Shall she be the mere drudge to toil for the happiness of man, or the thoughtless trifler to be pleased only with frivolity and mirth? Shall she take no interest in all that most deeply concerns the present condition, future prospects, and ultimate destination of the human family? Surely such assertions will not seriously be hazarded by any, who have the slightest pretensions to intelligence or judgment.

Yet the liberal education of females has its opposers. Without denying the expediency of what is said to be a *competent* degree of information, there are those who assert the inutility of storing the female mind with any thing more than the absolute essentials of solid learning, and who will therefore regard with contempt, or something worse, the effort of Col. Dunham to teach young ladies the higher and more abstruse branches of knowledge. That they should be able to read and write their own language correctly, and that they should be sufficiently versed in arithmetic to make ordinary calculations and to protect their own interest, all will probably admit. To these essentials most persons would be willing to add the accomplishments of Drawing, Painting, and Music, with perhaps a smattering of French and Italian. But when we contend for the importance of Rhetoric, ~~Logic,~~ Astronomy, Geology, Botany, and Chemistry; when we urge the utility of a familiar acquaintance with the leading principles of Natural and Moral Philosophy; when we point out the value of minute Geographical and Historical knowledge; and especially when we suggest the expediency of studying the Latin and Greek languages, and of thus drawing, for amusement and instruction, upon the rich treasures of ancient learning, we are frequently met with a contemptuous sneer. We are told that females need not be made philosophers, and that an attempt to render them classical scholars will be calculated rather to make them pedants. (To such objections we shall merely reply, that there is not a single branch of study mentioned in the above prospectus, which the accomplished lady will not find to be as useful as it is interesting; nor is there one, a familiarity with which will not amply repay the time, labor,

and expense devoted to its acquisition. Can Rhetoric be deemed unimportant to her, who is to engage in conversation with the intelligent and refined, and who may frequently be required to express her thoughts in writing, not only in the familiar epistolary style, but perhaps on occasions of great responsibility and interest? Can Logic, or the art of using reason well, be despised by any one who is gifted with that noble faculty? The Logic of the schools, such as was taught by the ancients, may indeed be pronounced despicable, but the genuine art, such as is worthy the attention of men, cannot be otherwise than valuable to the aspiring female. Shall Astronomy, that heavenly science, which opens to our view the wonders of the immense creation, and teaches us to form some humble idea of the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the divine creator—shall this sublime and exalted science be pronounced unworthy of the regard, or considered as above the comprehension of the female student? Shall Geography and History be regarded as useless? Shall we be content that our young ladies should remain ignorant of the globe on which they dwell, and of the lessons of wisdom to be derived from the experience of other times? Shall we feel no desire to see them versed in Geology, by which they may become acquainted with the nature and structure of the earth? Shall they neglect Botany, which opens to the acute observer so large and fertile a field of investigation and delight; or Chemistry, which satisfactorily accounts for so many interesting and important phenomena? Is it not important to the female who values her intellectual powers, that they should be strengthened and disciplined by a course of mathematical studies? Shall our ladies be content to remain profoundly ignorant of those valuable truths and delightful experiments, which are unfolded by the lecturer on Natural Philosophy? Shall they take no interest in the investigation of those sublime principles of Morality, by which the conduct of intelligent and responsible beings ought always to be regulated? For ourselves, we cannot find room for a reasonable doubt as to the proper answers to these several questions. We would not attempt to make females either lawyers, physicians, politicians, or divines; but we would make them intelligent and accomplished ladies, capable of relishing literary and scientific conversation, capable of sympathising with their husbands, their fathers, or their brethers, in the discussion of questions, which may concern the interests of the state, affect the conflicting claims of individuals, or regard the

great principles of truth. We would have them judicious and enlightened mothers, versed in the nature of the human mind, and skilled in all the intricacies of the human character. We would have them persuasive and eloquent, with well disciplined and well stored minds, but without affectation or pedantry.

As to the study of the ancient languages, we know there are those, who would exclude them from our Academies and Universities, pronouncing them unworthy the attention of liberally educated men. With such persons we shall not now undertake to reason, but in relation to this branch of the subject, we shall merely observe, that the same arguments, for the most part, may be used in favour of the study of the classics by females, as are employed, with so much force and justice, in behalf of their cultivation by youths of our own sex. Indeed, those who would understand correctly their own language, and know how to use it with propriety, should zealously devote their attention to the study of other languages, and especially of the Latin and Greek.

But our principal object at present, is to vindicate the right of the female sex to a liberal education. We shall not undertake to decide what degree of attention ought to be paid to each of the several branches of learning. We only hope that the people of the west will feel the value of an enlightened mind, and will therefore be disposed to extend to their daughters, as well as to their sons, the means of acquiring useful knowledge and of qualifying themselves, not only to be good housewives, but to be intelligent mothers, judicious instructresses, accomplished ladies, and agreeable and enlightened companions.

PHILADELPHIA AND LEXINGTON,

With the opinion of the former concerning the Medical School of the latter.

We have been pleased with reading the Philadelphia Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences, edited by Dr. Chapman. It is able and interesting, and contains original speculations of great value to the general student, as well as to the student of Medicine in particular. The opinions

of its conductors are entitled to very high regard, and must carry with them very great weight. As inhabitants of Lexington, and promoters of the interest of every department of Transylvania University, we are eminently gratified with the following notice of our institution, and the judicious caution to rival towns against every attempt to divide and paralyze the literary and scientific strength and patronage of the west. We most cordially wish success to all the valuable labors and institutions of Cincinnati, and we only ask as liberal a spirit toward ourselves. We cannot be considered as interfering with Dr Drake's college, since ours was established long the first, and he was once a Professor in it. If two cannot be supported at present, and if either is premature, let the youngest and smallest cease its efforts till the time arrives for both to succeed. This is but fair on every principle of justice and policy. The success, however, of Transylvania is no longer a problem. It is now settled and sure, whatever may be the fate of Dr. Drake's enterprise.

But we will not keep our readers from the extract, which we have promised, and which the public will be pleased to read. It is from the 445th page of the 1st volume of Dr. Chapman's Medical Journal of Philadelphia, published for February 1821.

EXTRACT.

"By one of our correspondents, on whom we can implicitly rely, we are informed, that the medical class in the University of Transylvania, this season, amounts to *ninety students.*(93.) To us, this intelligence is exceedingly gratifying. Embracing in its professors some of the best talents of our country, and *located* among a people prompt to the perception of its utility, as well as liberal to sustain it, there is no reason why this school should not succeed. *Of this, our friends who are embarked in the enterprise, may be persuaded, that our good wishes are with them; and that so far as this Journal, or our exertions in any shape, may be thought capable of promoting its fortunes, they shall be employed.*

Not without regret, we have noticed the indications of more than one rival institution starting up in the western country. *There is indeed, at present, a pruriency of this sort pervading the United States, which, if not timely restrained, must be productive of consequences fatal to the hopes which are indulged of elevating the character and condition of medicine among us.* Why, in particular, do the medical men of the west desire to dilute, by such diffusion, the talent, which, properly

concentrated, promises the most useful and brilliant results. Be it their ambition, on the contrary, to sacrifice petty interests and local prejudices, and harmoniously co-operate to rear up ONE GREAT SCHOOL, which may be creditable to themselves, beneficial to the profession, and honourable to that section of the country. In an enterprise of this nature, we should delight to find the name of Drake associated, than which, there is scarcely one more advantageously known in every part of the United States."

Having given this extract with a few preliminary sentences, we would further observe, by way of preventing a misapprehension of our meaning, that we do not consider the literary interests of Kentucky and of Ohio as in the least at war. The more facilities for learning, that each state may have, the better it will be for the prosperity of both. Indeed, this is true in regard to all the states of the west, and of the Union too, and even of the world. We shall most cordially rejoice in the successful patronage of letters in each of our sister states. It is possible, that Dr Drake has not chosen the best time for pushing his enterprise, and that he may, in some measure, retard the growth of our Medical School, without establishing his own happily or without even benefitting his own town or state ultimately. By exertions at such a moment, he may postpone the period of final success, and certainly *will* postpone it, if his exertions are not signally prospered, although they should not absolutely fail. We are pretty well persuaded that each state will attempt to have a University, or something like a University, and that this attempt will be at least partially, carried on to the proposed accomplishment. We have no idea that each state will ever be able to have a complete and successful University in operation, when this word is understood in its full and proper meaning. Each state may easily have a college, and ought to have one; for a college, like most of those in our country, is but a High School, and a vestibule to a University These two terms are so often confounded, that those who wish to be exact in the use of language, are not unfrequently misunderstood by others who talk largely without a corresponding extent of meaning. That the tendency of every thing among us is too much to diffusion there can be no doubt. We want concentration more than any thing else, but it will be long before this conviction becomes so general and so lively as our real interests require. We are condemned to have a multitude of

small and poorly endowed institutions with great names, and must suffer under the evils of such a state of things till experience shall teach us better, and force us into a reformation. But a few great and splendid Universities can ever be supported in any country. The others will be Colleges or High Schools, whatever their titles may be; and they will do good, although they will not meet their pretensions, and although some ridicule may attach itself to the incongruity between the name and the thing. Cincinnati is so commercial a place by its situation and connexions, that its literary interests and glory will always be subordinate. As it extends its population, and multiplies its commerce, its inhabitants will know less and less of its college, and will scarcely hear of its Exhibitions or Commencements. The college of the city of New York is quite forgotten in the hurry, and bustle, and competition, of its merchants. Notwithstanding this, we believe the college of New York to be a valuable and useful institution, though not a splendid one, and though never destined to arrive at this character. We also believe that the college of Cincinnati is creditable to the town, and ought to be encouraged more effectually than it is, although it can never be the chief object of sympathy or solicitude with the mass of its population. The Medical School, which seems to be a separate establishment, may at last succeed, notwithstanding its present size and discouragements It is not at this moment wanted in the west, nor will the public interests suffer, if it should not become a great establishment for some years hereafter. We cherish no jealousy in regard to it, and shall be ready to congratulate it on its prosperity, whenever that prosperity shall be worthily obtained and secured. The existence of such a rival school in our neighborhood may do us much good, for it is undoubtedly calculated to call out our efforts and to make our own institution more efficient and valuable. We hope that the competition may affect our patrons as it affects us, and produce *means* in proportion to our accumulation of duty and responsibility. Let our Legislature remember, that the oldest and best Medical School in our country, that at Philadelphia, bids us "*God speed*," and looks to the munificence of the State for the more effectual patronage of our labors Let the Legislature also remember, that the University is a *whole*, a *unit*, a *single institution*, and must be fostered as such. Let no division of interests, means, or capital, be attempted. The union of resources,

of talents, of numbers, and of patronage, is indispensable to its complete success. Schools for graduates are contemptible unless those for undergraduates are ample, well endowed, well supported, and well conducted.

WEDGEWOOD.

In the 42d page of this number, there is a reference to the late useful and distinguished artist of England, Mr. Josias Wedgewood. That reference is liable to an interpretation, which would do injustice to its object, and which would not be consistent with the truth. The 2d note on that page is directed to the "*usual* ware" of Wedgewood's manufacture, which, so far as it has been brought to this country and has become generally known, is characterized by neatness and utility, rather than by elegance. It is to the ware of this description, which is commonly called Queen's ware, that the allusion in the poetry is made. Had it been to the productions of this artist in the higher departments of his genius and skill, the allusion would have been altogether incorrect. In *cameos*, *medallions*, and *vases*, he went beyond any of his contemporaries in his powers of invention and execution, and in the perfection, to which he carried his art. It would be difficult to praise him more than he merits, when we consider the services that he rendered, not only to his own country, but to the world, in a career of improvement most intimately connected with the comfort of mankind, the gratification of taste, and the increase of enjoyment Some of the most beautiful forms were imitated, or originally conceived and produced, by Mr. Wedgewood. His copies of the Portland Vase were purchased at great prices, and are highly esteemed by those, whose judgments are most valuable on such subjects.

In regard to the 5th note, which is intended to furnish a clue to the meaning of the text, wherein the lady, who is the object of the compliment in the poetry, is represented, by a transformation, as "Psyche's Vase," it may be remarked, that the allegorical application is easy and natural, when the story of Psyche and of some of the antique vases is recollected. Dr Darwin observes, (Bot: Gard: Part I, Note 22,) that "The Psyche of the Egyptians was one of their most favourite emblems, and represented the *soul*, or a fu-

ture life. It was originally no other than the aurelia, or butterfly; but, in after time, was represented as *a lovely female child*, with the beautiful wings of that insect." Psyche, however, is not always a child. The delightful fable of the attachment between her and the son of Venus, and of their final marriage, with the *symposium* of the gods on the occasion, has furnished subjects for some of the finest productions both of the poet and the painter. Dr. Darwin supposes, that the second compartment of the Portland Vase, in which "Divine Love, or Eros," is introduced, contains an allusion to this fable. If his conjecture be right, however, there is some confusion in the personages, since the soul is here personified in a male form, and Immortality is a female sitting under an evergreen, stretching out her arm to receive the soul. Without going further into this mythological inquiry, it may be briefly said, that the phrase, "Psyche's Vase," is naturally suggested by the "*various forms of clay*," which constitute the subject of the impromptu in the Album, and combines the very interesting and elevated ideas of immortal youth and beauty in the enjoyment of divine love, a compliment peculiarly suited to a young, accomplished, and refined woman.

The 16th line of the Impromptu, though having, as it now stands, the same signification, would be better thus:

"And dazzle with *unmeaning* glare."

KENILWORTH, *by the Author of Waverley.*

A new novel, entitled "KENILWORTH," by the prolific Author of *Waverley*, has reached the United States, and will soon be published in Philadelphia. It is said to be a most able and interesting work, "worthy of being associated with IVANHOE." So soon as we can obtain a perusal of it, we shall lay before our readers, at some length, our ideas of its merit, with a minute account of its story and several specimens of its style and manner. Its scene lies in England, and its narrative, as usual, is closely interwoven with history. Queen Elizabeth constitutes one of its most prominent characters, and her favourite the Earl of Leicester, is the hero of the story. This nobleman is represented as having clandestinely married a daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, who had been affianced to Mr. Tresillian, and as being

exceedingly anxious to conceal his marriage, lest it might interfere with his ambitious views, by losing him the favour and patronage of the Queen. The embarrassments and awkward situations, in which he is placed, in consequence of this anxiety, give interest to the narrative, and form the groundwork of its most striking incidents. The following extracts from the first chapter may gratify our readers, as a foretaste of the work itself, and may afford a pretty correct specimen of its strong and graphic manner of representing scenes in humble life.

"The village of Cumnor, within three or four miles of Oxford, boasted, during the eighteenth of Queen Elizabeth, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person, and of somewhat a round belly, fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter. Since the days of old Harry Baillie of the Tabard in Southwark, no one had excelled Giles Gosling in the power of pleasing his guests of every description; and so great was his fame, that to have been in Cumnor, without wetting a cup at the bonny Black Bear, would have been to avouch one's self utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveller. A country fellow might as well return from London, without looking in the face of majesty. The men of Cumnor were proud of their Host, and their Host was proud of his house, his liquor, his daughter, and himself.

It was in the court-yard of the inn which called this honest fellow landlord, that a traveller alighted in the close of the evening, gave his horse, which seemed to have made a long journey, to the hostler, and made some inquiry, which produced the following dialogue betwixt the myrmidons of the bonny Black Bear.

'What, ho! John Tapster.'

'At hand, Will Hostler,' replied the man of the spiggot, showing himself in his costume of loose jacket, linen breeches, and green apron, half within and half without a door, which appeared to descend into an outer cellar.

'Here is a gentleman asks if you draw good ale,' continued the hostler.

'Beshrew my heart else,' answered tapster, 'since there are but four miles betwixt us and Oxford.—Marry, if my ale did not convince the heads of the scholars, they would soon convince my pate with the pewter flagon.'

'Call you that Oxford logic,' said the stranger, who had now quitted the rein of his horse, and was advancing towards the

inn door, when he was encountered by the goodly form of Giles Gosling himself."

'The landlord, with much semblance of hearty welcome, ushered his guest into a large low chamber, where several persons were seated together in different parties; some drinking, some playing at cards, some conversing, and some, whose business called them to be early risers on the morrow, concluding their evening meal, and conferring with the chamberlain about their night's quarters.

The entrance of a stranger procured him that general and careless sort of attention which is usually paid on such occasions. from which the following results were deduced:—The guest was one of those who, with a well-made person, and features not in themselves unpleasing, are nevertheless so far from handsome, that, whether from the expression of their features, or the tone of their voice, or from their gait and manner, there arises, on the whole, a disinclination to their society. The stranger's address was bold, without being frank, and seemed eagerly and hastily to claim for him a degree of attention and deference, which he feared would be refused, if not instantly vindicated as his right. His attire was a riding-cloak, which, when opened, displayed a handsome jerkin, overlayed with lace, and belted with a buff girdle, which sustained a broad sword and a pair of pistols.

After some further conversation, the stranger enquires of Gosling if he has any friends in foreign countries of whom he would be glad to hear.

'Troth, sir, not I,' answered the host, 'since ranting Robin of Drysandford was shot at the seige of the Brill. The devil take the caliver that fired the ball, for a blither lad never filled cup at midnight. But he is dead and gone, and I know not a soldier or a traveller who is a soldier's mate that I would give a peeled codling for.'

'By the mass, that is strange. What, so many of our brave English hearts are abroad, and you, who seem to be a man of mark, have no friend, no kinsman among them?'

'Nay, if you speak of kinsmen,' answered Gosling, 'I have one wild slip of a kinsman, who left us in the last year of Queen Mary but he is better lost than found'

'Do not say so, friend, unless you have heard ill of him lately. Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed,—His name I pray you?'

'Michael Lambourne,' answered the landlord of the Black Bear, 'a son of my sister's; there is little pleasure in recollecting either the name or the connection.'

'Michael Lambourne!' said the stranger, as if endeavouring

to recollect himself—'what, no relation to Michael Lambourne, the gallant cavalier who behaved so well at the siege of Venlo, that Grave Maurice thanked him at the head of the army? Men said he was an English cavalier, and of no high extraction.'

'It could scarce be my nephew,' said Giles Gosling, 'for he had scarce the courage of a hen-partridge for aught but mischief.' 'O, many a man finds courage in the wars,' replied the stranger.

'It may be,' said the landlord; 'but I would have thought our Mike more likely to lose the little he had.'

'The Michael Lambourne whom I knew,' continued the traveller, 'was a likely fellow—went always gay and well attired, and had a hawk's eye after a pretty wench.'

'Our Michael,' replied the host, 'had the look of a dog with a bottle at his tail, and wore a coat every rag of which was bidding good day to the rest.'

'O, men pick up good apparel in the wars,' replied the guest.

'Our Mike,' answered the landlord, 'was more like to pick it up in a frippery warehouse, while the broker was looking another way; and for the hawk's eye you talk of, his was always after my stray spoons. He was a tapster's boy here in this blessed house for a quarter of a year; and between misreckonings, miscarriages, mistakes, and misdemeanors, had he dwelt with me for three months longer, I might have pulled down sign, shut up house, and given the devil the key to keep.'

'You would be sorry, after all,' continued the traveller, 'were I to tell you poor Mike Lambourne was shot at the head of his regiment at the taking in of a sconce near Maestricht.'

'Sorry!—it would be the blithest news I ever heard of him, since it would ensure me he was not hanged. But let him pass—I doubt his end will never do such credit to his friends; were it so, I should say—(taking another cup of sack)—Here's God rest him, with all my heart.'

'Tush, man,' replied the traveller, 'never fear but you will have credit by your nephew yet, especially if he be the Michael Lambourne whom I knew, and loved very nearly, or altogether, as well as myself. Can you tell me no mark by which I could judge whether they be the same?'

'Faith, none that I can think of,' answered Giles Gosling, 'unless that our Mike had the gallows branded on his left shoulder for stealing a silver caudle-cup from Dame Short of Hogsditch'

'Nay, there you lie like a knave, uncle,' said the stranger, slipping aside his ruff, and turning down the sleeve of his doublet from his neck and shoulder; 'by this good day, my shoulder is as unscared as thine own.'

'What, Mike, boy—Mike,' exclaimed the host;—'and is it

thou, in good earnest? Nay, I have judged so for this half hour; for I know no other person would have ta'en half the interest in thee. But, Mike, an thy shoulder be unscathed as thou sayest, thou must own that Goodman Thong, the hangman, was merciful in his office, and stamped thee with a cold iron.'

'Tush, uncle—truce with your jests. Keep them to season your sour ale, and let us see what hearty welcome thou wilt give a kinsman who has rolled the world around for eighteen years; who has seen the sun set where it rises, and has travelled till the west has become the east.'

'Thou hast brought back one traveller's gift with thee, Mike, as I well see, and that was what thou least didst need to travel for. I remember well, among thine other qualities, there was no crediting a word which came from thy mouth.'

'Here's an unbelieving Pagan for you, gentlemen!' said Michael Lambourne, turning to those who witnessed this strange interview between an uncle and nephew, some of whom, being natives of the village, were no strangers to his juvenile wildness. 'This may be called slaying a Camnor fatted calf for me with a vengeance.—But, uncle, I come not from the husks and the swine-trough, and I care not for thy welcome or no welcome; I carry that with me will make me welcome when and where I will.'

So saying, he pulled out a purse of gold, indifferently well filled, the sight of which produced a visible effect upon the company. Some shook their heads, and whispered to each other, while one or two of the less scrupulous speedily began to recollect him as a school companion, a townsman, or so forth. On the other hand, two or three grave sedate looking persons shook their heads, and left the inn, hinting that if Giles Gosling wished to continue to thrive, he should turn his thriftless, godless nephew adrift again, as soon as he could—Gosling demeaned himself, as if he were much of the same opinion; for even the sight of the gold made less impression on the honest gentleman, than it usually doth on one of his calling."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Dream, which appeared in our last, was supposed at the time of its insertion, both by us and the correspondent from whom it was received, never to have been published before. We have since ascertained that it has previously been in print, which circumstance can only be accounted for by supposing, that a friend, to whom several years since a copy was given in manuscript, has, either directly or indirectly, communicated it for the press. As we intend our work to be a depository of *original articles*, we feel it to be a duty to notice this circumstance, although the intrinsic beauty of the piece referred to might have been an apology for copying it, had we been in the habit of selecting articles previously published.

THE

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AND

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Travels in Brazil, by Henry Koster, in the years from 1809 *to* 1815. In two volumes, 8vo. pp, 340, 323. *Philadelphia,* M. Carey & Son, 1817.

We are now becoming every day more and more interested in the condition and prospects of South America. That delightful country has already remained too long in obscurity. It deserves to be better known and better treated. We have already expressed the deep interest we feel, as Americans and friends of liberty, in the struggles which a portion of its inhabitants have long been and still are making for independence and freedom, and have furnished, in our notice of the letters of Don Pazos, a detailed account of the situation, the difficulties, the views, and the hopes of those among them who are subject to the dominion of Spain. Fortunately their prospects appear to brighten, and we may now perhaps reasonably anticipate a more speedy and thoroughly successful termination of their sanguinary contests, than our remarks heretofore might indicate that we then expected. Without undertaking to predict with confidence, we have at least good ground to *hope*, that the day is not far distant when we may hail as SISTER REPUBLICS the *United Provinces of South America*, and behold their inhabitants not only independent of all foreign controul, but united at home, and capable of enjoying, with equanimity and prudence, what their valour will then so hardly have won, rational and well defined liberty. Yet, much as we in the United States profess to be, and really are, interested in their ultimate and speedy success, how little do we generally know of the country they occupy, or the manners which prevail among them!—How confused and inaccurate are the statements frequently given of their battles, and the movements of their armies! How crude are the ideas

prevalent among us of their wants, their efforts, their success, and their prospects! How often do our newsmongers bring together armies hundreds of miles apart, and confound the Patriots of Caraccas with those of Monte Video! We are however daily becoming more attentive to these subjects. We begin to feel the importance of more accurate and well defined views, and as our curiosity becomes more intense and our sympathies more strong, we shall strive to acquire and diffuse more satisfactory information. Having already endeavored to assist our readers in this important enterprize so far as relates to the colonies of Spain, we propose now to occupy a few pages with some notice of the Portuguese dominions in South America. Our remarks on this subject must indeed be general, and our statements brief, but we can, with confidence and pleasure, recommend to those of our readers who are anxious for a more full and satisfactory account, a perusal of the very instructive and entertaining volumes, whose title we have prefixed to the present article. They are written in a plain unaffected style, bringing home to the view, with sufficient clearness, and yet without a painful or disgusting minuteness of detail, the scenes in which the author bore a part, and conveying a distinct and definite idea of the manners and customs prevalent in the country through which he travelled.

The Portuguese dominions in South America embrace a tract of country as large as these United States, being about twenty five hundred miles long and seven hundred broad. They are composed of three grand divisions, viz: the northern, which contains the provinces of Para, Marignan, Siara, Petagues, Rio Grande, Paraiba, Tamara and Pernambuco; the middle, which contains five provinces, Seregippe, Bahia, Isheos, Porto Seguro, and Spirito Sancto; and the southern, which contains Rio Janeiro, St. Vincent and Del Rey. We shall confine our remarks chiefly to the first division, in which alone Mr. Koster travelled.

The climate of this extensive country is, of course, various, but it is generally pleasant. In Pernambuco, Mr. Koster says,

"The heat is seldom very oppressive; the sea-breeze, during the whole year, commences about nine o'clock in the morning, and continues until midnight. When exposed to it, even standing in the sun, the heat is so much alleviated by its influence, as to make the person so situated forget, for a moment, that in the shade he would be cooler. At the time this subsides, the

land-breeze rises, and continues until early in the morning: and the half hour in the forenoon which occasionally passes between the one and the other, is the most unpleasant period of the day. In the rainy season, just before the commencement of a heavy shower, the clouds are very dark, dense, and low; the breeze is suspended for a short time; there is then a sort of expectant stillness, and the weather is very sultry."

At night the atmosphere is frequently so cool as to render fires necessary for the comfort of the inhabitants. The soil is fertile, and well adapted to the productions which its inhabitants are most anxious to cultivate. Sugar, cotton, rice, mandiocs, cocoas, castor, Brazil wood, fustic, maize, bananas, coffee, potatoes, ipecacuanha, ginger, pepper, &c. are easily cultivated and raised in abundance. Tea is also said to be indigenous in Brazil. Sugar plantations occupy the principal part of the soil. Cotton, in favourable years, affords the largest profit, but the risk is greater, and the loss in case of failure, is always considerable, sometimes ruinous. Mr. Koster furnishes us some very interesting details respecting the agriculture of this country. He speaks of it like a practical farmer, and enters into particulars as if he intended to render his reader as familiar with the subject as he evidently is himself. He describes minutely the operations necessary for the successful cultivation of the soil, and particularly the several processes in raising and manufacturing Sugar, from the preparation of the ground to the claying and drying of the sugar and the distilling of the molasses. He teaches us how land may be procured for the purpose, what credit may be obtained, what amount of capital is required, what number of hands may be usefully employed, what stock is sufficient, how the lands are to be appropriated, what buildings are needed, &c. and gives us an estimate of probable expenses, with a statement of the ordinary profits. This minuteness of detail renders his work peculiarly valuable, while the liveliness of his narrative, and the variety of incidents he describes tend to give it an interest not inferior to its utility.

Before we enter upon a regular account of the character of the population of Brazil, the several classes of which it is composed, and the manners and customs which prevail among them, it may be well to occupy a few pages with a brief notice of the most interesting occurrences related in the volumes before us, which may tend to elucidate these points, and to instruct while they amuse the reader.

Mr. Koster set sail from Liverpool on the 2d of November 1809 bound to Pernambuco, in quest of health. After a voyage of thirty five days he reached the place of destination, and safely arrived in the harbour of Recife. On his approach to land he was delighted by the appearance of the town, which being composed of white-washed buildings, scattered among gardens and trees, and illuminated by the sun, had a most brilliant and beautiful appearance. But, he tells us,

"Nothing this day created so much astonishment on board our ship, amongst those who had not been before upon this coast, as the *Jangadas*, sailing about in all directions. These are simply rafts of six logs, of a peculiar species of light timber, lashed or pinned together; a large latine sail; a paddle used as a rudder; a sliding keel let down between the two centre logs; a seat for the steersmen, and a long forked pole, upon which is hung the vessel containing water, the provisions, &c. These rude floats have a singular appearance at sea, no hull being apparent even when near them. They are usually managed by two men, and go closer to the wind than any description of vessel.

A large row boat at last made its appearance, doubling the end of a reef near the small fort, which was declared to be that which brings off the pilots. The *patram-mor*, harbour-master, in his naval uniform, likewise came on board. A large launch followed the pilot, manned chiefly by negroes, almost naked. The colour of these men; the state in which they were; their noise and bustle, when certainly there was no occasion for it, and their awkwardness, were to me all new. This very first communication with the shore gave me an idea, for the moment, that the manners of the country at which I had arrived, were still more strange than they actually proved to be. These visitors were followed by others of a very different description; two boats came along side, manned by Englishmen, and conveying several English gentlemen. The former belonged to British ships loading in the harbour, and the latter were young men who had come out to Pernambuco to settle as merchants."

pp. 11, 12.

The town of St. Antonio do Recife, or as it is sometimes called from the Province of which it is the capital, Pernambuco, is represented as a thriving, pleasant place, containing at that time, upwards of 25,000 inhabitants, which were rapidly increasing. This population was composed of white persons, mulattoes, and negroes, and contained a considerable number of slaves. Finding the city rather

uncomfortable during the hot weather, Mr. Koster removed to a village several leagues distant, there to pass the summer months He found the little place full of people, who had deserted their splendid habitations in town, to dwell, during the summer, in very small cottages.

"Here the ceremonious manners of the town are thrown aside, and exchanged for an equal degree of freedom. Our mornings were filled up, either with riding to the Recife or to some other part of the country, or in conversation at the houses of any of the families with whom we were acquainted; and the afternoons and evenings with music, dancing, playing at forfeits, or in dining with some of the English merchants, a few of whom had also removed to this place and its neighborhood. At many of the Portuguese houses I found the card-tables occupied at nine o'clock in the morning; when one person rose, another took his place; and thus they were scarcely deserted, except during the heat of the day, when each man either returned to his own home to dine, or, as is much less frequent, was requested to remain and partake with the family." p. 26.

On the last day of the year, which is observed as a festival, Mr. Koster visited Olinda, the former capital of the province.

"At this time the whole city presented a scene of bustle and amusement. The church, particularly decorated on this occasion, stands upon the highest point: the assemblage of persons was great; the church was lighted up, and a few individuals of both sexes were kneeing promiscuously in the body of it: but the service was over.

This is the season of cheerfulness and gaiety, and we were likewise to have our festival at the Poço da Panella. These festivals are always preceded by nine evenings of hymn-singing, and music, in honor of the Virgin, or the saint whose day is to be thus celebrated. On this occasion the performance for the *novena*, or nine evenings, consisted of a piano-forte played by a lady, the wife of a merchant, and a guitar, and some wind-instruments, played by several young men of respectability. The vocal music was also executed by the same persons, assisted by some female mulatto slaves belonging to the lady. I was somewhat surprised to hear the airs of country dances and marches occasionally introduced. However, on the day of the festival, the performers were professional men, and in the evening fireworks were displayed. Every house in the village was crowded this day with people from all parts. My friend and I had several persons to dinner: but before we had half finished, some of *their* friends appeared, and without ceremony came in and

helped themselves; soon all idea of regularity vanished, and things were scrambled for. In a short time both of us left our own house, and tried to gain admittance to some other: but all were in the same confusion. We were invited to a dance in the evening, at which the Governor was present; and although he is himself desirous of making every person feel at ease, still such is the dreadful idea of rank, for I know not what else to call it, in this country, that the behaviour of every one was constrained, and the conversation carried on almost in a whisper." pp. 27, 28.

The following extract likewise is so interesting, and so strongly depicts the religious customs of the country, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying it, although it is longer than we can conveniently admit. The theatrical representation it describes as having taken place in the church, is so grossly inconsistent with our ideas of solemnity and propriety, that we can scarcely avoid regarding it as an actual profanation of holy things. Making a due allowance however for the difference of custom and feelings, we are bound to believe that it was designed for the best purposes, and made upon the spectators a solemn and useful impression.

"On Holy Thursday, accompanied by two of my countrymen, I sallied forth at three o'clock, to see the churches, which are, on this occasion, lighted up and highly ornamented. The whole town was in motion; the females too, both high and low, were this afternoon parading the streets on foot, contrary to their usual custom; many of them were dressed in silks of different colors, and covered with gold chains and other trinkets, a general muster being made of all the finery that could be collected. The blaze in some of the churches, from great numbers of wax tapers, was prodigious; the object apparently aimed at was the production of the greatest quantity of light, as in some instances mirrors were fixed behind the tapers. The middle of the body of these churches is completely open; there are no pews, no distinction of places; the principal chapel is invariably at the opposite end from the chief entrance, recedes from the church and is narrower; this part is appropriated to the officiating priests, and is railed in from the body of the church. The females, as they enter, whether white or of colour, place themselves as near to the rails as they can, squatting down upon the floor of the large open space in the centre. The men stand along either side of the body of the church, a narrow slip being in most instances railed off lengthways; or they remain near to the entrance, behind the women; but every female, of whatever rank or color, is first accommodated.

On the following day, Good Friday, the decorations of the churches, the dress of the women, and even the manner of both sexes was changed; all was dismal. In the morning I went with the same gentlemen to the church of the Sacramento, to witness a representation of our Saviour's descent from the Cross. We entered the church by a side door; it was much crowded, and the difficulty of getting in was considerable. An enormous curtain hung from the ceiling, excluding from the sight the whole of the principal chapel. An Italian Missionary Friar of the Penha convent, with a long beard, and dressed in a thick dark brown cloth habit, was in the pulpit, and about to commence an extempore sermon. After an exordium of some length, adapted to the day, he cried out 'behold him;' the curtain immediately dropped, and discovered an enormous Cross, with a full-sized wooden image of our Saviour, exceedingly well carved and painted, and around it a number of angels represented by several young persons, all finely decked out, and each bearing a large pair of out-stretched wings, made of gauze; a man dressed in a bob wig and a pea green robe, as St. John, and a female kneeling at the foot of the Cross, as the Magdalen; whose character, as I was informed, seemingly that nothing might be wanting, was not the most pure. The friar continued, with much vehemence, and much action, his narrative of the crucifixion, and after some minutes, again cried out, 'behold, they take him down;' when four men, habited in imitation of Roman soldiers, stepped forwards. The countenances of these persons were in part concealed by black crape. Two of them ascended ladders placed on each side against the Cross, and one took down the board, bearing the letters I. N. R. I. Then was removed the crown of thorns, and a white cloth was put over, and pressed down upon the head; which was soon taken off and shown to the people, stained with the circular mark of the crown in blood; this done, the nails which transfix the hands, were by degrees knocked out, and this produced a violent beating of breasts among the female part of the congregation. A long white linen bandage was next passed under each arm-pit of the image; the nail which secured the feet was removed; the figure was let down very gently, and was carefully wrapped up in a white sheet. All this was done by word of command from the preacher. The sermon was then quickly brought to a conclusion, and we left the church. I was quite amazed; I had heard that something of this kind was to be done: but I had no idea of the extent to which the representation would be carried." pp: 29—31.

On Easter Sunday, the abstinence of Lent is usually exchanged for rich and luxurious feasting. Mr. Koster on this occasion dined with a large party, among which were several friars and missionaries.

"A long table was laid out, loaded with victuals. Several ladies were present, notwithstanding which enormous quantities of wine were drank, until the whole company began to be riotous; but still the ladies did not move. At last no order was left among them, bottles and glasses were overturned and broken in the vehement wishes expressed for the prosperity of the whole family of our host, both old and young; when in the midst of this, I escaped about nine o'clock, accompanied by a Franciscan friar. We had a journey in contemplation for the next day, and thought it high time to get away. Parties of this kind are not frequent, and in a general way these people live in a very quiet manner." p. 32.

After proceeding to Iguaracu, a small town about seven leagues from Recife, and there witnessing the ceremony of admitting a novice into the order of St. Francis, Mr. Koster set out, in company with five friars, and several laymen on horseback, some palanquins with ladies, and a number of negroes to carry them, and returned by night to Recife.

"The moon was bright, and the sky quite clear. . The scene was very strange; the road made in places abrupt turns, so as to give to those who were rather in advance, on looking back, a view of the whole procession at times appearing and at times concealed among the trees; of this the friars formed an extraordinary part, in their robes tucked up round the waist, and tied with the long yellow cord of flagellation, and with their enormous white hats. At Olinda several persons remained, and the rest arrived at Recife about seven o'clock in the morning." p. 35.

Soon after his return Mr. Koster dined with a Brazillian family *on Sunday*, and he tells us that before dinner, notwithstanding the sacredness of the day, the company amused themselves with *backgammon and cards*, and that a large party assembled to tea, and did not take their departure until a very late hour. Yet it is a custom among these people to carry the sacrament, with great ceremony, to persons dangerously sick, and it is required of every one by whom it passes, to kneel, and continue in that posture till it is out of sight. This is regarded as the performance of a great and binding religious duty, by those who esteem it no breach of decency or propriety to play cards on the Sabbath. Such is the strange inconsistency of human nature!

From Recife Mr. Koster went to Goiana, a town fifteen leagues distant, containing about 5000 inhabitants. At a dinner here with a rich Portuguese, he partook of excellent

fare, but was denied the company of the ladies; and the sons of his host, who were present, acted as servants, waiting upon the table, and not sitting down themselves till their father and his guest had finished their dinner. These customs however of unnatural seclusion and subjection, are not generally prevalent, either among the Portuguese or native Brazilians.

Our traveller next went to Paraiba, a city, thirteen leagues from Goiana, containing between two and three thousand inhabitants. The houses here are generally of two stories, the lower one being occupied as a shop, and it is mentioned as an uncommon thing that "*a few of them* have glass windows."

"The late governor, Amaro Joaquim, brought the captaincy into great order, by his necessary severity. A custom prevailed, of persons walking about the town at night in large cloaks, and crape over their faces; thus concealed, to carry on their irregular practices. The governor; not being able to discover who these persons were, gave orders one night for the patrole to take into custody all who were so dressed. This was done, and some of the principal inhabitants were found the next morning in the guard-house. A man of the name of Nogueira, the son of a black or mulatto woman, and of one of the first men in the captaincy, had made himself much dreaded by his outrageous proceedings. He had carried from their parents' houses, the daughters of some persons of respectability in the captaincy, murdering the friends and relatives who opposed his entrance. The man was at last taken. Amaro Joaquim would have had him executed: but he found this was not to be done, from the interest which the family made for him, and therefore ordered him to be flogged. Nogueira said, that being half a *fidalgo*, a nobleman, this mode of punishment could not be practised upon him. The governor then ordered that he should be flogged upon only one side of his body, that his *fidalgo* side might not suffer, desiring Nogueira to say which was his *fidalgo* side. He was accordingly punished in this manner, and after remaining some time in prison, was sent to Angola for life. The city of Paraiba still enjoys the good effects of Amaro Joaquim's strict government." pp. 73, 74.

From Paraiba Mr. Koster returned to Goiana, and thence proceeded to Rio Grande. On his way he stopped at the sugar plantation of Espirito Sancto.

"The house is in the usual style of the country, having only the ground floor, and no ceiling, the tiles and rafters being in full view. Supper of dried meat, and the flower of the man-

dioc made into paste, and called *piram*, was placed before me; also, some hard biscuits, and red wine. I was not then sufficiently a Brazilian to eat *piram*, and took the biscuits with the meat in preference, which much astonished my host. Sweetmeats were afterwards brought in, which are always good in the houses of persons of his rank in life; the opulent people of Brazil taking as much pride in their *aoces*, as an English citizen in his table or his wines. The cloth was laid at one end of a long table, and I sat down by myself, while the Capitam-mor placed himself upon the table, near to the other end, and talked to me; and some of the chief persons of his establishment stood around, to see the strange animal called an Englishman. We adjourned from the supper-room into another spacious apartment, and each of us took a hammock, of which there were several in the room, and swung and talked until we were half asleep. One of his men supposed, that as I spoke Portuguese, either I must be an Englishman who did not speak English, or that any Portuguese, on going to England, would immediately speak the language of that country, as I did Portuguese. The Capitam-mor seldom leaves his estate to go to Recife, or even to Paraiba, and lives in the usual style of the Brazilian gentry, in a kind of feudal state. He had several young men about him, some of whom were employed by him; neither his wife, nor any of his children appeared. The principal apartments of this house are two spacious rooms, having a great number of doors and windows; in one, were several hammocks and a sofa, and in the other, the long table upon which I supped; there were a few chairs in each of them; the floors were of brick, and the shutters and doors were unpainted. The owner of this mansion wore a shirt and a pair of drawers, a long bed-gown, called a *chambre*, and a pair of slippers. This is the usual dress of those persons who have no work to perform. When a Brazilian takes to wearing one of these long gowns, he begins to think himself a gentleman, and entitled, consequently, to much respect." pp. 80, 81.

The following night, being unable to reach any house on the road, Mr. Koster and his party slept in open the air. Being unused to scenes of this nature, he could not readily sleep, but was engaged in meditation, when his thoughts were interrupted by the frequent repetition, at no great distance, of the name "Jesus." On enquiry he learnt that it was a custom, when any one was dying, for some friend to stand by, and exclaim in this manner, that the expiring sufferer might not forget his saviour, or perhaps as a charm "to keep the devil off."

After passing through the village of Mamanguape, which

contained about three hundred inhabitants, and spending the night in the out houses of some sugar-works in preference to "running the risk of being obliged to remain half the night awake, for the purpose of giving news," he visited the sugar plantation of colonel Andre d' Albuquerque do Maranham, where he was hospitably received and splendidly entertained. He was shown to a private room, and, he says,

"When I had dressed myself, I expected to be called to supper, but to my amazement, I waited until near one o'clock, when a servant came to summon me. I found in the dining room a long table laid out and covered with meat of several kinds, and in quantity sufficient for twenty persons; to this feast the colonel, his chaplain, another person, and myself sat down; when I had eaten until I was quite tired, to my utter dismay another course came on, equally profuse, of fowls, pastry, &c. &c. and when this was removed, I had yet a third to go through of at least ten different kinds of sweetmeats." p. 85.

Upon this estate there were about one hundred and fifty slaves, and the lands belonging to it were sufficiently extensive to employ four or five times that number. From this place Mr. Koster passed on to Papari, a little village about five leagues distant, containing near three hundred inhabitants. Here, he says,

"I went down to the edge of the lake to see the fishermen arrive, the people of the valley had all assembled to receive them; it was quite a Billingsgate in miniature—*save that the Portuguese language does not admit of swearing.*" p. 89.

This. if true, would be a very fortunate circumstance for the Portuguese, as it would save them from much folly and guilt. We cannot however assent to the correctness of the assertion; there is, unfortunately, no language which will not admit of vulgar and profane oaths. There is no language in which the thoughtless and irreverent may not take the name of the Deity in vain, and treat serious things with unbecoming levity. At Papari Mr. Koster and his party dined in "Brazilian style," reclining upon mats around a table raised six inches from the ground, without forks and with only one or two knives, which were passed from one to the other, to cut the larger pieces of meat. Hence they went on to Natal, a city of two or three hundred inhabitants, situated upon the banks of the Rio Grande or Potengi. Here Mr. Koster was introduced to the Governor, a man of talents who was zealously devoted to the good of the people,

"When he was appointed to Rio Grande, there was scarcely a well-dressed person in it: but he had succeeded in persuading one family to send for English manufactured goods to Recife. When once these were introduced they made their way; one would not be outdone by another; and, in the course of two years, they had become general. We visited the church in the evening—all the ladies were handsomely dressed in silks of various colours, and black veils thrown over the head and face. A twelvemonth previous to this period, these same persons would have gone to church in petticoats of Lisbon printed cottons, and square pieces of thick cloth over their heads, without stockings, and their shoes down at the heels." p. 97.

From Natal Mr. Koster proceeded to Acu, and on the way fell in and travelled with a man whom he ascertained to be a major of militia. Respecting this man, he says,

"I had become very intimate with my friend the major—he learnt from me that we had horses, and cows, and dogs in England, and he liked me the better for this. At first, he wondered how it happened that I could ride. He thought that I must be an apt scholar to have learnt since I had gone over to Brazil. He was much surprised to hear that we had churches in England, which he had never understood before. He said he should not believe henceforwards that the English were *Pagoens*, heathens. I told him that one chief point upon which our religion differed from his, was in ours not enjoining us to confess. He thought confession a great annoyance: but he could not doubt its propriety." p. 107.

After travelling through a sandy desert and encountering many difficulties, the principal of which was the scarcity of water, the travellers arrived at St. Luzia, where an incident occurred which is thus related by Mr. Koster.

"About twelve oc'lock, I saw some men employed in milking goats. I sent Julio with a half-gourd for some, desiring him to offer payment; the guide cautioned me not to do so; but still I ordered Julio to present the money. The milk came, but the money was not taken: and soon afterwards, three of the men came down towards us. I thanked them for the milk; and they addressed me, saying, that they wished to know if I had intended to insult them, by offering payment, as such things were not customary in their country. The guide had told me that I should affront them, and therefore I had brought this upon myself. But I put them in good humour, by answering, that they would pardon my mistake, when I told them, that I belonged to a country, in which we were obliged to purchase the sand with which we scoured our houses. They then said, that the boy,

on going for the milk, had mentioned that there was an Englishman in company, whom they wished much to see, as it was a *bicho*, an animal, they had never seen. I said that he was gone with the horses, and would soon return. I meant John,—however the guide soon told them that I was an Englishman. Their countenances shewed much disappointment, when they were persuaded that this was true; they had expected to see some strange beast. John soon came, and he certainly was a curiosity; for he did not speak Portuguese; and when any thing went wrong, he swore away in English, at which they were all astonishment. They said, 'He speaks the negro language.' They sat upon the ground near to my hammock, and asked me of the news from Pernambuco, for they cared about nothing more distant. I was acquainted at Recife with the owner of the place, which I made them confident was the case, by describing his house and garden, and they asked me after him, &c. The conversation concluded by an offer of horses to proceed; and on their return to the house, a present of dried meat was sent. Thus I was in the end a gainer, by offering to pay for the milk; but I was more careful ever after." pp. 120, 121.

The following account of a description of priests with which we are not familiar in this country, but which may perhaps be compared to the itinerants among the Methodists, will no doubt be interesting to our readers.

"I heard of a strange custom existing in these parts of the country that are so thinly inhabited, which arises from this state of things. Certain priests obtain a license from the bishop (of Pernambuco,) and travel through these regions with a small altar constructed for the purpose, of a size to be placed upon one side of a pack saddle, and they have with them all their apparatus for saying mass. Thus with a horse conveying the necessary paraphernalia, and a boy to drive it, who likewise assists in saying mass, and another horse on which the priest himself rides, and carries his own small portmanteau, these men make in the course of the year between 150 and 200*l*.—a large income in Brazil, but hardly earned, if the inconveniences and privations which they must undergo to obtain it, are taken into consideration. They stop, and erect the altar wherever a sufficient number of persons who are willing to pay for the mass is collected. This will sometimes be said for three or four shillings: but at other times if a rich man takes a fancy to a priest, or has a fit of extreme devotion upon him, he will give eight or ten *mil reis*, two or three pounds: and it does happen, that one hundred *mil reis* are received for saying a mass, but this is very rare;—at times an ox or an horse, or two or three, are given. These men have their use in the world; if this cus-

tom did not exist, all form of worship would be completely out of the reach of the inhabitants of many districts, or at any rate they would not be able to attend more than once or twice in the whole year; for it must be remembered that there is no church within twenty or thirty leagues of some parts; besides, where there is no law, nor real, rational religion, any thing is better than nothing. They christen and marry, and thus preserve these necessary forms of religion, and prevent a total forgetfulness of the established rules of civilized society; a sufficient link is kept up to make any of those people, if they removed into more populeus districts, conform to received ideas."

pp. 115—117.

At length the travellers reached Acu, and were delighted once more to behold a thickly settled, although rather uncomfortable town.

"When," says Mr. Koster,

"We were a little settled, and I had dressed myself, I sallied forth to visit the vicar, who resided in the best, or rather least miserable looking habitation in the town. It was about the size of the cottages of laborers, or small farmers in England, but not nearly so comfortable, though the floors were bricked. It is true, that this climate does not demand, as much as those of bleaker regions, that necessary of an English dwelling, of English growth, that undefinable something, called comfort."

p. 128.

They then went on, through St. Luzia and Aracati, two inconsiderable towns, to Seara, a place containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. Here they were received with great hospitality, visited the governor, and witnessed a military parade in honour of the birth day of the Queen of Portugal. After remaining a few days, they set out on their return to Recife, and found a part of the country over which they had to pass, in a situation quite the reverse of what they had witnessed before. The extreme drought had been succeeded by excessive rains, and in some places where they had suffered for want of water, the country was so completely inundated, that they were compelled to travel whole days without seeing the ground. The water was sometimes up to the waist, and frequently knee deep. At night they slept in hammocks hung upon the trees, and fed their horses from bags tied round their heads.

After spending a few days at Recife, Mr. Koster embarked for Maranham or Marignam. After a prosperous passage of seven days he arrived at St. Louis or St. Luiz the

capital of the province, a city containing about 12000 inhabitants.

"The streets are mostly paved, but are out of repair. The houses are many of them neat and pretty, and of one story in height. The lower part of them is appropriated to the servants, to shops without windows, to warehouses, and other purposes, as at Pernambuco. The family lives upon the upper story: and the windows of this reach down to the floor, and are ornamented with iron balconies. The churches are numerous: and there are likewise Franciscan, Carmelite, and other convents. The places of worship are gaudily decorated in the inside. But no plan of architecture is aimed at in the formation of the buildings themselves, with the exception of the convents, which preserve the regular features appertaining to such edifices."

p. 222.

This place was most oppressively governed. Every person who passed the palace or residence of the governor was compelled to pull off his hat and remain uncovered till he had gone by the building: and the bells of the cathedral rang every time His Excellency rode out. Men of wealth and influence however, were objects of dread even to this tyrannical magistrate. An anecdote is related by Mr. Koster of a gentleman who owned between one thousand and fifteen hundred slaves.

"On one occasion the mulatto driver of his carriage, though ordered by his master to stop, that the governor might pass, refused so to do. The following day an officer came to the old gentleman's house with orders to arrest the man. The colonel sent for him and said, 'Go, and I'll take care of you,' adding to the officer, 'tell His Excellency I have still several other drivers.' To the surprise of every person about the prison, two servants made their appearance in the evening with a tray, covered with a cloth which was handsomely embroidered, and filled with the best kind of victuals. Sweetmeats, &c. were not forgotten. All this was for the driver; and was repeated three times every day until the man received an order for his release."

p. 232.

The ignorance of the people respecting foreigners is astonishing, as is exemplified by the following statement:

"An English gentleman with whom I was acquainted, arrived at Maranham, a short time after the opening of the trade to British shipping. He was riding in the vicinity of the city one afternoon, when he was accosted by an old woman, who said that she had heard of the arrival of an Englishman, and wished to know if it was true, as she was going to St. Luiz, and much

desired to see this *bicho,* or animal. After some further conversation upon the subject, he told her that the *bicho* she was speaking to, was the Englishman himself. Of the truth of this, some difficulty was found in persuading her; but when she was confident that it was so, she cried out, '*Ai tam bonito,*' O, how handsome. She expected to have been shown some horridly ugly beast, which it was dangerous to approach; and was consequently agreeably surprised to find that she was mistaken, and to see flesh and blood in human form, handsomely put together." p. 236.

A pretty correct idea of the manners and customs of the people of Maranham may be obtained from the following extract.

"I was introduced by my friend to a respectable family of St. Luiz. We made them a visit one evening without invitation, as is the custom; and were ushered into a tolerably sized room, furnished with a large bed, and three handsomely worked hammocks, which were slung across in different directions. There were likewise in the apartment a chest of drawers and several chairs. The mistress of the house, an elderly lady, was seated in a hammock, and a female visitor in another, but her two daughters and some male relations sat upon chairs. The company, which consisted of two or three men besides ourselves, formed a semicircle towards the hammocks. There was much ceremony: and the conversation was carried on chiefly by the men, and an occasional remark was made by one or other of the old ladies. An answer was given by the daughters to a question asked, but no more: and some of the subjects touched upon would not have been tolerated in mixed society in England. A part of the formality might perhaps have worn off on further acquaintance. The education however of women is not attended to, which of necessity curtails the possibility of their entering into conversation upon many subjects, even if so to do was accounted proper. Still the ladies of St. Luiz cannot be said to be generally thus reserved; for gaming among both sexes is much practised, and is carried to great excess. A young lady in one instance, when going out with her mother to some evening company, passed through the apartment in which her father was at play with several of his acquaintance. He spoke to his daughter, and asked her to take a card, which she did. She went on playing until she had lost three hundred *mil reis*, about 80*l.* and then said she had no more money. A fresh supply was afforded to her: and she accompanied her mother to their party, where most probably play was likewise the entertainment of the evening. Dancing is amusement much too violent for the climate; and is only resort-

ed to on some grand occasion. The love of gaming may be easily accounted for, where there is little or no taste for reading, and great sums of money are amassed without any means of expending them. Living is cheap; a fine house, a carriage, and a number of servants may be had for a small sum. The opening of the trade has, however, given to these people a new turn of expenditure, in the facility of obtaining articles of dress and furniture." pp, 241—243.

After spending a few weeks at St. Luiz, Mr. Koster returned to England, but the next fall, fearing the influence of a severe winter upon his health, he again visited Brazil. On arriving at Recife, he found the place and its inhabitants considerably improved, the houses altered and European customs much more prevalent than heretofore. Being invited by a *Capitam-mor* or captain major to accompany him on a tour through his district, Mr. Koster readily accepted the invitation, and met him at his own house, where he supped and passed the night.

"At five o'clock in the morning, the *capitam-mor*, my friend, myself, and three servants, proceeded to the distance of three leagues without any addition to our party. But we were soon joined by the adjutant of the district and several other officers, in uniforms of dark blue with yellow facings most monstrously broad—the gay cuffs reaching half way up to the elbow. They wore round hats with short feathers, straight swords of most prodigious length, and very loose nankeen pantaloons and boots; the former were thrust within the latter, which caused the higher part of the pantaloons to appear to be of preposterous width. We dismounted at a sugar plantation, being the third we had passed through this morning. Here we were invited to stay to breakfast, but this we could not do, and were therefore regaled with pine-apples and oranges." p. 262.

They proceeded to Santa Cruz, passed several sugar plantations, and in the afternoon reached Pindoba, an extensive cotton plantation. Here they stopped and spent the night with its proprietor, of whom Mr. Koster observes,

"He received us in his dressing-gown, under which he wore a shirt, drawers, and a pair of stockings. After the first greetings were over, he brought out a small bottle of liqueur made in the country, to which he himself helped his guests; one solitary glass, which was filled, and then emptied by each person, being made use of by the whole party. After supper a guitar player belonging to the house entertained us until a late hour, whilst our host sat upon a table smoking from a pipe full six

feet in length. Several hammocks were slung in two large apartments: and each person either talked or went to sleep, or occasionally did one and the other, no form or ceremony being observed." p. 263, 264.

The next day,

"At dinner, the great man took the head of the table: and the owner of the house stood by, and waited upon him. Every thing was served up in enormous quantities, for the party was large, and this is the custom. There was no sort of regularity observed. Every man helped himself to the dish which pleased him best: and this was oftentimes done, with the knife which the person had been making use of upon his own plate, and by reaching across two or three of his neighbours for the purpose. *A nice bit was not safe even upon one's own plate, being occasionally snatched up, and another less dainty given in return.* Much wine was drank during dinner, and the glasses were used in common. We soon rose from table: and the party, generally speaking, took the accustomed *sesta* or nap after dinner which is usual in warm climates." pp. 265, 266.

They then went on to the village of Bone Jardin, which contained about five hundred inhabitants, and thence set out on their return. At the plantation of captain Anselmo, where a large party, principally of military officers, and magistrates of distinction, had assembled, they determined upon amusing themselves with what they called the *intrudo*, a game, the nature of which will be learnt from the following extract.

"On the day subsequent to that of our arrival, dinner was scarcely over, before the *farinha*, the bananas, the rice, and other dainties upon the table, were hurled at each other's heads. Soon the smart uniform coats were taken off, and in his shirt sleeves each man began this civil war with heart and soul. Every thing was borne with perfect good humour: and at last, fatigued and bedaubed, all of us retired to the hammocks which had been provided for the party. But as our evil stars would have it, a brave captain closed quietly all the shutters (as the moon was shining very bright into the room) and then he placed himself near to an enormous jar of water, which stood in one corner of the apartment, and with a small pitcher in his hand soon dealt around him its contents, awakening us with repeated showers, and obliging us to take shelter under the chairs and tables. This and other jokes allied to it, continued until the break of day, when we prepared for a continuation of our journey." p. 269, 270.

After proceeding about a league they stopped at the house of captain Paulo Travasso:

"At this place the *intrudo* was continued more violently than before; for even the blackened pots and pans from the kitchen were introduced to besmear each other's faces." p. 270.

"One man whom we met in this place, had all along begged of those who were in the sport, that they would not wet him, because he was unwell; however it was seen that he did not observe towards others that forbearance which he entreated from them towards himself. One of our party seeing this, attacked him with a large silver ladle filled with water. The man ran out of the house, and the other followed. But when they were at some distance from it, he turned upon his pursuer, and drawing his knife, stood at some distance, threatening to stab him if he advanced. The other, striking his left side at the place in which knives are usually carried, likewise threatened him: and without delay advanced towards him, having picked up a thick stick as he approached. But his adversary did not like the thoughts of a close combat, and soon set off at full speed, with his knife in his hand. In this manner, he entered the back door of the house, whilst he of the silver ladle took the front door. They met in the apartment from which they had started, when the latter opened his waistcoat and shewed that he had not a knife; thus proving before the whole party, that he with the knife had run away from one who was unarmed. This was quite sufficient: the women made a general attack upon him. He went to the stable, mounted his horse, and set forth: but his misfortunes had not yet ended, for the path by which he must retreat lay under two of the windows of the house, and as he passed, two large tubs of water drenched him and his steed, which immediately quickened its pace, amidst the hooting of every one present." pp. 271, 272.

We have been hitherto thus minute in our notice of the adventures of Mr. Koster, in order to furnish a tolerably accurate idea of the character, manners, and customs of the people of Brazil. But as we find we are in danger of extending this article too far, we must glance more cursorily over the remainder of the volumes.

We soon find Mr. Koster settled down at Jaguaribe, a place about four leagues from Recife, as a sugar planter. Here he encountered many difficulties from the misconduct of his numerous slaves, and the ferocious and turbulent manners of his neighbours. He was sometimes in danger of assassination, was once reduced by fever to the confines of the grave, and at length left the plantation in consequence

of a variety of disagreeable occurrences. We have not room however for a detail of many particulars, which the reader will find to be peculiarly interesting in the narrative of Mr. Koster.

After leaving his plantation, he removed to Itamacura, a little island about three leagues long and two broad, which he found a place of comparatively agreeable residence, but shortly afterwards, in consequence of advices received from England, he abandoned his design of residing permanently in Brazil and suddenly returned to Europe.

Having given this outline of the travels of Mr. Koster, we now return to our original design of furnishing a brief but more regular statement of the situation of Brazil, the classification of its inhabitants, the nature of its government, &c.

A considerable proportion of the population is composed of slaves, who have been brought into the country in immense crowds by dealers in that infamous traffic. The free citizens are made up of a variety of classes, viz: Emigrants from Europe; Brazilians, or descendants of Europeans born in Brazil; Mulattoes; Mamalucos,ordescendants of Indians and Whites; Mestizos, descendants of Indians and Negroes; Caboclos, or domesticated Indians; Tapuyas, or Indians in a rude and uncivilized state; Negroes born in Brazil, and manumitted Africans.

The European emigrants are generally proud and overbearing. Filling the offices of dignity and influence, both civil and military, they regard themselves as a peculiarly favoured class, and look down with contempt, not only upon the slaves and free people of colour, but also upon the white natives of the country. Instead of endeavouring to conciliate the favor of the Brazilians, and thus forming a combination against the assurance and forwardness of the Mulattoes and Mamalucos, they cherish a peculiar jealousy of the former, whom they regard as more in the nature of rivals than the people of color. Those, among them, who are not in office or attached to the military, are commonly adventurers seeking a fortune, which, if they obtain it, gives them a portion of insolence and pride, and induces them to look forward with the confident hope of adding to their monied dignity the rank and influence of some official station.

The Brazilians, despised as they are by the Europeans, are not far behind them in self complacency, and in elevated notions of their own dignity and importance. Many of

them, abounding in wealth, surrounded by dependants, and tracing their descent from large land holders and slave owners, regard themselves as of a superior order, and feel in no respect inferior even to the lordly Europeans. They are usually however a noble, generous, high-minded class of people; and where they have received a tolerable education, are just in their views, candid and liberal in their feelings, and as fearless in the expression of their own opinions, as they are indulgent in listening to those of others. Unfortunately very few among them are well educated, although the means of acquiring knowledge have multiplied, and the disposition to avail themselves of them has greatly increased. But they are decidedly the best informed and the most respectable among the natives of the Provinces, and detest the emigrants from the mother country as much as they are detested by them.

The mulattoes are nominally subjected to many disabilities, but if they are wealthy, they commonly succeed in passing for whites. There are large regiments of militia composed entirely of mulattoes, both officers and privates, and mulattoes are frequently intermingled in the regiments officered by whites.

"In the white militia regiments," says Mr. Koster, "the officers ought to be by law white men. But in practice they are rather reputed white men, for very little pains are taken to prove that there is no mixture of blood." Vol. 2, p. 176.

Marriages between white men and women of colour are not uncommon nor discreditable. The rich mulattoes are indeed considered by many of the poorer whites quite a desirable connection, and the mulattoes in their turn are pleased to marry their daughters to white men, even though they may be entirely destitute of property. The mulattoes generally are poor, but some of them are immensely wealthy, owning large numbers of slaves, and cultivating very extensive plantations.

The Mamalucos have more independence and elevation of character than the mulattoes. They are considered a remarkably brave, enterprising class, and regard themselves as very nearly upon a level with the whites. "They have the brown tint of mulattoes; but their features are less blunt, and their hair is not curled."

The Mestizos are a very degraded class, being spurned by all the others, although they attempt to associate with

the mulattoes. Indeed they are sometimes hardly distinguishable from them, especially from some of the darker varieties. But so much are they despised, that the name is considered a term of indignity and reproach, and the worst formed, dark complexioned men are usually called Mestizos.

The Caboclos or domesticated Indians reside in villages under the government of two *Juizes Ordinarios* or Mayors, one of whom is a white man, and the other an Indian. They are professedly Christians, though many of them are said to practice secretly heathenish rites. Each village has a priest, who is usually a white man, although the office is open to Indians. The administration of justice among them is very bad, money being sure to purchase indemnity from punishment, and to furnish the means of the grossest oppression. These Indians are however, generally speaking, quite inoffensive, without much fidelity, but with little disposition to injure. They have not entirely thrown off their attachment to a roving life, but are still peculiarly fond of fishing and hunting, and have seldom patience to cultivate the soil on their own account. They are bad mechanics, if they attempt to follo v a trade, and never amass property. Their common employment is that of day laborers for planters and others. They are also useful as guides through obscure forests or difficult paths; as they appear to have a sort of instinct by which they find their way without any obvious means of direction. They have great independence of feeling, and always refuse to address their employers by the title of *Senhor*, though it is used by the whites towards each other, because it is the term by which the negro slaves address their masters. Yet the mulattoes and free negroes look upon them with great contempt, and when they mean to express themselves in the most reproachful terms possible of any one, they exclaim, "he is as paltry as an Indian."

The Tapuyas or wild Indians are almost extirpated. But wherever they are found, they are exceedingly troublesome, committing depredations upon houses and gardens, and sometimes upon lives.

The creole Negroes are a numerous and useful class of citizens, principally mechanics. Closely attached to each other, and without any pretensions to an alliance with either of the other classes, they feel their independence, and are ever ready to assert their rights. There are several regiments composed entirely of blacks, who devote themselves

with great zeal to the cultivation of the military art, equipping themselves in handsome uniform and maintaining very tolerable discipline. Indeed they constitute the best body of soldiers in the country, and are treated with respect even by the whites, who are so jealous of their influence. Some of them are men of education and talents. Mr. Koster tells us,

"The best church and image painter of Pernambuco is a black man, who has good manners, and quite the air of a man of some importance, though he does not by any means assume too much." p. 184.

The negroes however are subject to many disabilities. They are excluded from the priesthood and from the civil offices of government.

Slaves are numerous in Brazil, but their condition is generally comfortable and easy. The many holidays required by the Roman Catholic religion afford them frequent opportunities for relaxation, or for laboring on their own account. By this means every one who is frugal and industrious, may in a few years accumulate enough to purchase his freedom. They are commonly strict in the observance of religious ceremonies, are almost invariably baptised, "and indeed they are not considered as members of society, but rather as brute animals, nntil they can lawfully go to mass, confess their sins, and receive the sacrament." They are required to be married regularly according to the established forms of the Roman Catholic church. The banns are published, and the ceremony is performed by the priest, with the same formality and solemnity as in the case of whites. This has a most beneficial tendency, and we see no reason why the same practice should not be observed in all slave countries. The vast utility and importance of the institution of marriage must be felt and acknowledged by all. Why then should the unfortunate slave be excluded from its benefit? No slave in Brazil can marry without the consent of his master, but the connection, when once formed, is considered as sacred and inviolable. The owners of slaves sometimes set them free in old age or time of sickness, when they are incapable of providing for themselves or being any longer useful to their masters. This shameful conduct is not prohibited, as it ought to be, by law, and cannot fail to be productive of much misery.

The extracts we have made from Mr. Koster's book are sufficient to show what luxurious and dissipated habits pre-

vail among the higher orders in Brazil. All classes howevever are excessively ignorant. They have little acquaintance with the world, and still less with books. In the populous city of Recife, there is not a bookstore or printing press, and scarcely one is to be found in the whole country. Matters however in this respect are improving. A few years since, to be able to read, write, and keep accounts was thought a wonderful degree of advancement, but now those who have not this skill are looked down upon, and are by no means numerous. Free schools have been recently established in many places, and have been productive of much advantage. There is also a public seminary at Olinda. Still there is great room for further improvement; and the people of Brazil can never attain either prosperity or freedom until they become more generally enlightened. The bigotry and superstition of the Brazilians are as remarkable as is their practical disregard of the essentials of religion. They attend mass, and observe fasts and festivals with the strictest scrupulosity and exactness; but unfortunately they seem to think that this regard to ceremony will atone for the grossest violation of the most obvious and binding duties of morality. This of course is not universally the case, but the remark is too generally applicable.

The government of Brazil is principally military. The whole male population between 16 and 60 years of age is regularly enrolled, and under the inspection and government of the respective officers. The *Capitaens-mores*, or Commanders in chief of the several provinces, who are appointed for three years, have great power, civil as well as military. In a criminal cause, they may, if they please, act as judge, and decide without appeal. The number of officers is great, far beyond what is necessary; the taxes are enormous, and not equitably imposed; peculation and bribery are common; and although the salaries are small, the means for amassing money in the numerous public offices are excessively great, and few are found able to resist the temptation. There are some monastic institutions, and many lazy friars; but there are no nuns. The Inquisition has never been tolerated in Brazil, but sometimes persons have been sent to Lisbon from Pernambuco, to be subjected to its jurisdiction and become victims to its odious and unjust decisions. The police of the country is bad, the prisons are rare and in a most wretched condition, and the criminals, who are chained in couples and attended by a guard, go

about the streets as labourers. The regular soldiers are miserably paid and poorly disciplined; and the mulatto and negro regiments of militia are the best governed, most skilful, and finest looking part of the military establishment.

Such is the present condition of Brazil. It contains the requisite materials for a prosperous and powerful nation, and we perhaps may live to witness it such. Freedom is on the march both in Europe and America. The rapid strides it has made in those recently benighted and degraded countries, Spain and Portugal; the fair prospects now afforded, for its ultimate triumph, in the neighboring provinces of South America; the recent proclamation of the new Portuguese Constitution in the Island of Madeira; all afford encouragement to hope for the liberation, improvement, and political prosperity of the inhabitants of Brazil. The electric shock must and will extend its influence. Mankind have learnt the value of freedom, and appear determined every where to enjoy it. The people of every nation are becoming more and more enlightened, and consequently more and more capable of sharing the blessings of liberty without being intoxicated by its influence. The population of Brazil is indeed composed of rather discordant materials, and much remains to be done before they can amalgamate and constitute a free and well poised republic. But a gradual advancement towards this state of things may perhaps be anticipated, and will, no doubt, be the most successful. The adoption of the present improved Constitution of Portugal will probably be the first step. The people will then begin to think they had better become independent. A struggle, but not a severe one, provided they are united among themselves, will be the natural consequence. When they have succeeded in establishing their independence, they will have examples enough before them,—if they are sufficiently enlightened to profit by them—to teach them the means of securing their freedom and of diffusing and perpetuating its blessings. The several classes will acquire, in their common struggle, a sense of their common interest: they will learn to respect and esteem each other; and each class will probably assume the station and pursue the course, best adapted to its capacities, and most eminently calculated to promote the common good. These, it may be thought, are too sanguine anticipations. Our hopes and expectations, we admit, as well as our wishes, are apt to lean to the side of freedom. But we think our conclu-

sions are warranted by experience, and, if they be a delusion, it is too pleasing a one, to be unnecessarily abandoned for the gloomy forebodings of the misanthrope.

"*Speech of* MYRON HOLLEY, ESQ. *on the Canal Bill in the Legislature of New York*, at Albany, February 7th 1821, in answer to the call for information made by MESSIEURS BURT and BORLAND, of Orange county."

WE know not when we have been more gratified with the perusal of a speech in any of our Legislative Bodies than with the one now before us. We are accused of being a talking nation, and it is certainly true, that our law makers have too often sacrificed the important business of the country at Washington to the mischievous habit of loquacity. But we have the pleasure to introduce, in this article of our Review, a speech, which is an admirable specimen of the best common sense acting upon facts and calculations, industriously collected, luminously stated, and convincingly presented, for the specific purpose before the Legislature, without a word lost, an attempt made in vain, or a single topic foreign to the point brought in for ornament or rhetoric. It is a brief, pithy, forcible, and practical account of the unquestionable importance of the canal, and of the sure results which arithmetic shows it will unfold. It is preeminently a speech for *business*, and marks a mind thoroughly fitted for legislation in a country like ours. Information was called for, and the call is here completely answered in the most unpretending, but effectual manner. The data must have been obtained by great attention and industry, and must have been long in the possession of the speaker, since they are evidently not got up for the occasion, or for display, but have been familiarly studied and digested for action and utility. We only wish, that our legislators generally would understand the subjects, about which they speak and legislate, as this gentleman understands the case, upon which he was required to furnish information.

We find from the statements of MR HOLLEY, that this grand enterprise of New York, by which an empire will be made to contribute to the wealth of that state and its commercial capital, is not to cost the sum at first contemplated, but will fall considerably short of $4,000,000. Uncom-

monly good management must have been employed to produce a result so different from that which generally and almost universally, attends public measures of this kind. The credit of this is well known to belong to the gentleman, whose speech we have now under review. It is peculiarly grateful to have at least one instance to show unequivocally that public business may be conducted in as good faith, and with as good economy as private.

Some of the facts in this document are new to us, and probably will be so to our readers. We had no idea of the strength of the water, from which salt is made in New York. The town SALINA, which is mentioned in the following extract from MR HOLLEY's speech, is on the Onondaga Lake, and contained, in 1812, *eighty houses* for the manufacture of this article.

"The salt springs are inexhaustible. No progress, yet made in the manufacture of salt there, has ever shown the least diminution of salt water; and there is no reason to believe that salt may not be made there sufficient for the whole U. States. It is an interesting fact, and worthy of notice, that the waters there are stronger than any other discovered in this country, or in England. A pint of pure water is capable of holding in solution *six ounces* of salt A pint of the water at Salina actually contains about *three ounces*, and *a bushel of salt is actually produced from between fifty and sixty gallons of water*. In Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, where extensive manufactories of salt have been established, *springs are deemed valuable which afford a bushel of salt from three hundred gallons of water*."—"We have also important advantages in the facility and economy, with which our water is obtained. At Salina, a well is sunk a few feet into soft earth; a curb is placed in this excavation, and a pump inserted into the curb, and then the apparatus for obtaining any quantity of the water is complete. In the regions to the west of our state, it is necessary to bore from 150 to 5 or 600 feet in depth through solid rock for the water."—"Another fact, materially in our favour, is, that all their salt waters are said to contain a greater admixture of foreign matter than ours, which renders their salt, when manufactured, less valuable. Hence the people in the valley of Ohio, and along the shores of the western lakes, prefer the Onondaga salt to any within their reach, and will give a higher price for it than for any of their own manufacture."

All the calculations are made to bear immediately upon the question before the legislature, which was the extent of

the appropriation of money for carrying on this enterprise of the canal. The decision was to be regulated by the probable value of the canal, when completed; and this value was to be ascertained by a comparison of a great variety of details concerning the products and trade of the interior of the state, and the contemplated use of the canal for transportation. The result, at which Mr Holley arrives, after his detail of facts and calculations, is, that the canal, when finished, will give an annual return to the state, in toll, of $525,000. After this wonderful specimen of internal improvement in New York, a canal of 350 miles, we hope that our fellow citizens in Kentucky will not shrink from the works of public utility, which were recommended by our governor at the last session of our legislature.

MISCELLANY.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY AND GOOD ŒCONOMY.

We have been much pleased with an article in the Argus of Frankfort upon the catalogue of Transylvania University, published for February of the present year. This article from the pen of the editor does him much credit, and is almost an atonement for some paragraphs of a very different complexion, which appeared in his paper a few weeks previous.

The Argus states, that there are FORTY SIX students in all the classes, who are from our sister states. The number is FORTY SEVEN, one of the members of the law class, whose place of residence is not noted on the catalogue, being from New Orleans. TEN states contribute these FORTY SEVEN, while Kentucky contributes TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE. Allowing but three hundred dollars a year to each student, the young gentlemen from other states bring

into Kentucky $14,100 annually. The money saved at home by those, who would otherwise go out of the state, or not be educated, is annually $70,500. The aggregate value of the University, therefore, is to our commonwealth, for the present year alone, according to a bare arithmetical calculation of profit, independently of all those benefits of education, which freemen so highly prize, EIGHTY FOUR THOUSAND AND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Let the members of our next Legislature look at this, and reflect upon it, and make a fair use of it as an irresistible reason for a munificent endowment of the University. Virginia gives annually to her University at Charlottesville $15,000. This sum is about the amount, which Transylvania now brings into Kentucky from abroad, and which she will soon increase, and probably double. This sum then ought at least to be given to our University, on every principle of justice and policy, without taking into the argument the motives, which are furnished by magnanimity and the love of true glory. The PEOPLE of the commonwealth are evidently far before their late *representatives* on this subject, and are prepared, with a very general feeling of unanimity, to approve and support their public servants in placing our University on as high ground for advantages as any in the United States. We have ourselves been in various parts of Kentucky during the last year, and we know, from personal observation, that the remark we now make, is correct. The conduct of the legislature at their last session, in regard to the interests of learning, was by no means satisfactory to the people. One of the best measures of RELIEF for the state is to endow the University, and thus to introduce double of the present number of students from abroad. Let all the apparatus of a thorough education be purchased, and the best talents of the country called to fill the vacant professorships. Let our young men be made sound scholars and accomplished statesmen, and be qualified to act upon the enlightened principle, *that true economy does not consist in reducing the expenses of a government to the smallest sum, but in making the sum, whether large or small, produce the most and the best fruit.* Very often indeed, the smallest sum is the worst economy, or rather, it is absolute profligacy. The people will not suffer themselves to be imposed upon by the false theories of narrow minds, but are already beginning to call upon their representatives, in a tone of dignity and authority, to act with an enlightened

liberality, and to furnish the only University of the West with means answerable to its reputation, its usefulness, its responsibility and its wants.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND ROBERT WALSH, ESQ.

In the number of the North American Review for January, 1821, the following work is selected for the third article: "*Vie Privee de Voltaire et de Madame du Chatelet pendant un sejour de six mois a Cirey; par l' auteur des Lettres Peruviennes, suivie de cinquante lettres inedites, en vers et en prose, de Voltaire.*" Mr Walsh, in the National Gazette, offers a variety of remarks upon this article, and says something in relation to the general character of the Journal. His opinion of the Review agrees, in the main, with our own, and is such as can hardly fail to be gratifying to the conductor of that valuable periodical work. A part, however, of the comments in the National Gazette upon the critic's notice of the "*Private Life of Voltaire*" we do not approve. Had we not a very high respect for Mr Walsh's talents, learning, and taste, we should not put these strictures of ours upon paper for the inspection of the public. This gentleman has afforded us so much instruction and entertainment, and has done so much for the honor of American Literature, that we are peculiarly sorry to find him, in any instance, yielding to the prejudices of the day in regard to the religious character of the contributors to the North American Review. We think that he was inconsiderate in censuring the article upon Voltaire, and in throwing out a suspicion against the Journal as a whole, on the score of a laxity in its religious tone. We do not believe that he designed, for a moment, to give himself to the service of those narrow minds, whose representations have been so industriously employed to bring under odium the independent course of inquiry and criticism pursued in Cambridge and its vicinity. He must, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a christian, rejoice in the freedom and ability, with which the literary and professional men of Harvard conduct their investigations concerning the history, progress, and condition of the religion taught in the Scriptures. He knows very well the number and variety of corruptions, which have become associated

with christianity, and which have poisoned the intercourse of men professing the same general faith. We consider Mr Walsh, not merely a *Roman* Catholic, but a *Catholic* in the large sense in which we are Catholics, a catholicism which embraces *Protestants* as well as Romanists, and which excludes not from its sympathy good and benevolent men in any age or country. The North American Review is not devoted to religious discussions, and does not even permit itself to interfere with the points of controversy between the different sects of christians. According to its avowed object, nothing more was required than a general intimation, that the readers of the work reviewed should be on their guard against any immoral tendency in the facts and examples which its pages display. This intimation is plainly given, and even the general condition of European society is held up as a warning to our countrymen. The Review ends thus:

"In conclusion we have to observe, that we have not so far distrusted the moral sentiment of our readers as to imitate the example of some of the most distinguished of our brethren abroad, and fall into passionate exclamations upon the immorality disclosed by this work, as well in the state of society as in the individuals, whose names occur in the article. No person needs to be told, that many in the higher circles abroad, (we are not aware that any considerable exception is to be made of one country over others,) are scandalously corrupt in the article of private morals. We read their works, recognize their talents, do justice to their accomplishments, mingle as one may say in their company with this exception, and are on our guard in this point. We indeed in this country, where the suspicion of laxity in the sacred relations of domestic life fixes a stigma on its subjects, might claim a right to bear loud testimony, did it serve any good purpose, against European corruption. But we would gently hint to our English brethren to abstain from any similar denunciations of French society, till that great scandal of the civilized world, now under the consideration of the peers of the British realm, shall have been disposed of."

To us, this is better, and much more forcible, than a sermon would have been in its place. We have become exceedingly fatigued with the common place anathemas against Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, and D'Alembert, and are glad to be relieved by such a style of monition on this subject as that which we have just quoted from the North American. We believe our religion to be too firmly fixed

in everlasting truth, and to have too strong a hold upon the interests of immortal minds, to stand in need of the miserable declamation, which has been so long repeated against French philosophers, French wits, and French poets.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WORKS OF MORAL FICTION.

There has been an immense amount of idle declamation against this class of writings. The same fanatical spirit, which led weak or prejudiced people to attack the cheerful and agreeable affections of our nature, and to denounce the exercise of them as irreligious, has directed itself against works of moral fiction, and has declared a *novel*, as well as a "*play book*," to be "*the primer of Beelzebub.*" It is the same sort of perverted feeling and of false and unnatural reasoning, that makes religionists of a certain description condemn ornamental dresses and all decorations of the person, the amusements of dancing and social parties for mutual entertainment, the play of wit and fancy in conversation, the elegant and refined pleasures of the drama, the delightful emotions derived from the fine arts, and all the charms of taste and imagination. This war upon *nature* always has been kept up, and always will be, by the bigotted, the superstitious, the artificial, the morose, and the fanatical. It is so easy to misapply the fair mode of reasoning from the constitution of human nature, and to make it justify vices, that a considerable advantage is given to the uncandid and perverse, when the argument is addressed to a tribunal which is without talent and without philosophical discrimination. There is a sense, in which all that is natural is right; and another, in which a great deal that is natural is wrong. Weak or designing men find no difficulty in confounding these two views of what is natural, and in thus bringing both into discredit with given sects and parties. Abuses are substituted for uses, and all sink together. A Quaker proscribes poetry, music, and complaisance, for the same purpose that he cuts off the collar of his coat, and puts himself in drab. The mob cap of the daughter, and the formal *thee* and *thou*, are the fruits of the same temper that gravely and devoutly transfers the works of moral fiction from the hands of the saints to the circles of the depraved and the heirs of perdition.

But this hostility to beauty and elegance, to fancy and accomplishment, is as inconsistent with true religion as it is with philosophy and common sense. Let us look at the real character of works of moral fiction, and ascertain how many kinds of writing are included under this title. It is not, with any propriety, limited to novels and romances, in the common acceptation of the terms, but extends to parables, fables, pastorals, dramatic productions, epic poems, and all other works which are not scientific, historical, biographical, or devoted to an account of facts and events as they have actually happened in the course of things. The parables of the Bible are beautiful specimens of works of moral fiction, and are designed to illustrate truth and duty, as they do, in a manner which is more forcible than that of any direct address. Jotham's Bramble, Nathan's Ewe Lamb, the Good Samaritan, Dives and Lazarus, the Prodigal Son, and many others, might be selected from the Sacred Scriptures as among the most impressive and effectual means of instructing and elevating the human mind. They are unanswerable examples for the justification of this species of writing, in all ages and nations, if any justification from acknowledged *authority* were wanting. The Fables of Æsop, the Idyls of Theocritus and Gessner, the invented scenes of Homer and Virgil, the pastorals of ancient and modern days, the Telemachus of the pious Fenelon, the Partheneid of Baggessin, the Fairy Queen of Spenser, the Utopia of Moore, the Corinna of de Stael, the admirable productions of Miss Edgeworth, and the unrivalled novels of Walter Scott, afford as lawful a kind of reading as do the avowed works of science and philosophy, or the pages of ethics and devotion. Religion does not exclusively consist in direct acts of worship, nor does instruction confine itself to the sober forms of discussion and argument, the severe and rigid application of analysis and synthesis to the subjects of human thought.

It is a miserable idea of poetry, that makes its essence consist in deception. It is an equally miserable idea of works of imagination, that deprives them of the soul of truth, and assigns to them the office of deluding the mind and the heart. The pleasure which is derived from such works has its foundation in the best part of the nature of man. Were it not right and useful, it would not have been made essential to the mind. Religion itself calls out the same sort of emotion, and carries our hopes and anticipa-

tions to a still higher point. A state of existence now ideal, but which we are able to fancy, and which we love to follow out into all the necessary details, is presented to us, both in novels and in sermons. A perfection of character, which we have not yet witnessed, is described to us in both kinds of works, and is held up as a standard, at which we are bound to aim. We are, at some future period, to reach this point of perfection, and to enjoy this finished state of society. It is absurd to suppose, that our imagination can delineate a mode of existence, which is superior to what the Deity can actually accomplish. Who will dare to say, that our Maker has given us powers of conception beyond his own? But if his *conceptions* are superior to ours, his *works* must be also, for his plans are as perfectly *executed* as they are *contrived.* It is a radical error in our faith to think that *reality* must finally fall short of *imagination.* Reality is continually exciting imagination. No man studies nature and its laws much, without finding his admiration growing upon him as he advances in knowledge, and as he discovers the wonderful unity of design in the midst of the infinite variety of means, by which the design is effected. Tell me that a cold and lifeless statue is better than a living man with soul, sentiment, feeling, and friendship, and I will ask a place for you in some Lunatic Asylum. It is equally maniacal to tell me, that the wonders of God's works are not as great as the meagre productions of a human fancy.

The lively interest excited by the perusal of well written books of moral fiction, is itself a boon, and calls for our gratitude in return for the constitution of nature, by which we are made capable of receiving this pleasure. Many persons seem to be afraid to be happy. They cannot keep their consciences at ease, except in a state of suffering. There is wickedness in smiles and good fortune. A soft bed is one of the tricks of Satan to lull the soul into a fatal security. In this mode of thinking, a happy human face is a book of most alarming heresy. Beautiful and sweet children are LITTLE FIENDS, and have embryo claws growing in secret to tear out the eyes of those who love and protect them.

Follies of this extent are capable of being implanted under the direction of an artificial education in religion, or in that which is called by this sacred name. To have a lively interest excited is a good thing. The world need not be at all frightened on this score. There is no necessity of put-

ting out our eyes, because a beautiful landscape is before them. There is, after all, no such terrible wickedness in the prismatic colours, and in the pleasure they give. The Maker of beauty does not hate it; the Author of elegance is not shocked at it; and the Painter of the flowers of the fields is no quaker to censure them for vanity and levity, and to excommunicate them from the ranks of the faithful. There is no more virtue in drawing down the corners of the mouth than there is in allowing them to rise up in a smile. Coarse linen has no more religion in it than fine. A taste for nauseous liquors, bad music, hobbling poetry, nasal sounds, or books without genius and interest, is not necessary to piety, nor to any of the christian graces. An accomplished and elegant man may be a saint, as well as an awkward and clownish one. Yet, this is at times disputed, or appears to be so. If however any reader insists upon believing, that taste and enjoyment are criminal, let him remain in his boorishness and suffering. He is scarcely worth the pains necessary to his conversion.

Works of moral fiction furnish better views of life and character than can be found in any other kind of writing. History and biography must be a detail of facts, but novels, comedies, allegories, fables, can make just such personages, as the author wishes, and as his object demands. Incidents may be selected, scenes may be invented, occasions may be summoned, and characters drawn out, as the plan of the work requires. Comedy is a cure for a multitude of follies that no other treatment can remedy. Ridicule is sometimes the best of all weapons, and is an admirable mean of discrimination between truth and falsehood. Superstition is capable of being *laughed* down, where argument would be ineffectual. Innumerable are the defects of temper and of life, which an apologue or a story would far more successfully attack than a sermon would. Both kinds of influence are good in their places.

When it is said that false representations of human nature are drawn out in works of moral fiction, it is not true of the majority of them, at least of the majority of those which are read by intelligent persons. The books of this character, which are now offered to the world, are remarkable for *holding the mirror up to nature.* One of the most decided advantages of modern literature over ancient is the improved form of novels, and the admirable fidelity of our good comedies to the actual state of society and to the va-

riety of character and manners. A discriminating reader of these classes of productions from the different countries of Europe may acquire a wonderfully accurate knowledge of manners, customs, modes of thinking, virtues, vices, and peculiarities, without the expense of travelling. Indeed, if any thing can supersede the necessity of travelling for the purpose of liberalizing the mind, it is this sort of reading. The prescription, which I would offer to the prejudiced, the narrow, the superstitious, the formal, and the tedious, to cure their faults, would be, next to travelling, that of reading good novels, good comedies, and good satires. Nonsense and artifice cannot stand against such a remedy, if it be followed up with perseverance. The disguises which patients of this description put on, and by which they are kept from a knowledge of themselves, are stripped off, and their diseases of character are brought out in symptoms that cannot be mistaken. A selfish formalist, a perverse religionist, a canting hypocrite, could not read a series of such comedies as the Tartuffe of Moliere, without soon becoming convalescent. Quixotism was not more successfully assailed by Cervantes than *Cameronianism* is by the author of Waverley. How admirably is manœuvring cut up by Miss Edgeworth, and the slang of selfish puritanism exposed in Maturin's "*Pour et Contre!*"

The most interesting analogies of nature are in favor of the pleasure derived from the charms of fictitious writing. What more splendid picture can be found in the world of fancy than that which is presented by the thousand hues of an autumnal evening sky! Was the pencil that painted the clouds, employed in levity and sin? Who sprinkled such exquisite colours upon the plumage of birds? Who poured fragrance and beauty over the fields and the groves? Who dyed the rose and the violet, and pencilled the carnation and the lily?—Before the surly nakedness of the fanatic can be defended as the taste of the Deity, the face of creation must change, and all, that now gratifies the senses and the mind, must be converted into flatness and stupidity. If the Author of nature chooses to dress his works in brilliancy, his servants may be allowed to follow his example, without the charge of heresy or impiety. The flowers of the meadows are as wicked in their ornaments as young men and young women are in theirs. Lambs, that skip on the hills, are as irreligious in their redundancy of spirits, as a choir of dancing youths in their liberality, activity, and grace. A pea-

cock is the concentration of all that depravity which consists in colours, proportion, and elegance. It is astonishing, that the Controler of all things should permit such a piece of ostentation to live. A "*true Blue*" ought to shoot every beautiful bird that he sees, pull up every brilliant and fragrant flower, throw ink over all the golden hues of evening, and put a quaker's drab suit upon every form of nature. A Shaker too, who means to be consistent throughout, should preach his doctrine against marriage, not only to men and women, but to all the males and females among the domestic animals about his house, and to all the stamens and pistils of the vegetables that he raises. He should eat no mutton and beef, for these are the fruit of the violation of those rules which he holds sacred; and even his eggs, his chickens, and his bread, are all produced by conformity to those wicked laws of nature which are prohibited to the Shaker saint. Even water contains animal life, and is therefore impious in its character, and should not be drank by a Shaker.

This nonsense however, is not confined to professed simpletons. All sorts and degrees of artificial religionists are, so far as their artificial faith is concerned, essentially absurd and perverse. The peculiar glory of the sound philosophy of Newton, Bacon, Locke, Smith, and Stewart, is this leading principle, "FOLLOW NATURE." A great object of present learning and science is to drop the artificial measures and institutions by which the operations of nature have been so long embarrassed, and to give to the organization and tendency of the system of things fair play. Medicine, Politics, Ethics, Religion, are equally benefitted by this mode of investigation and of action. It would not be more absurd to breakfast, dine, and sup on drugs and medicines, for the promotion of health, than it is to make war upon nature for the improvement of government and the welfare of the soul. The maxim is not indeed to follow nature without cultivating it, but it is to make the cultivation blend with and promote the original object or purpose of nature. Narrow minded persons are constantly proposing and urging measures, which interfere with the natural course of things, and which are excessively troublesome and offensive. Such artificial and false views are exposed, with great efficacy, in the best works of moral fiction, and are held up to public censure in a manner too striking to be disregarded, or forgotten. The immense variety of able

books in this class, and for this end, may well excite our gratitude, while they aid in reforming our creeds and our policy.

The language of genius, taste, and sentiment, in this form, to a greater extent than in any other, enlivens, refines, and diversifies conversation. It warms the heart, excites the sympathies, expands the understanding, and elevates the principles of the human race. Poetry and novels ought especially to be read by old people, and by all such as are in danger of losing their interest in the persons and affairs of the society about them. This kind of reading renews youth and all the more generous and amiable affections. It is a correcter of selfishness and spleen, and offers a mirror to the fancy of each individual, in which he may discover his true likeness. All the virtues, especially the social and domestic virtues, are called out and strengthened. As it regards the common objection, that this kind of reading unfits the mind for severe study, and prevents a good education, it is easily answered. The objection rests upon the idea, that novels principally are read, and read excessively. The higher and stronger poets are forgotten, works which constitute a well known part of the severe discipline of a classical and thorough education. This essay is not intended, and any reader must be very stupid who thinks it is intended, to recommend an excessive or indiscriminate perusal of works of moral fiction. This kind of literature is to be mingled with other kinds in its just proportion, and is to receive only its due regard. There is no more difficulty in accomplishing this, than there is in accomplishing any good and important object. Abuses are not vindicated, nor are they permitted, or presumed to be permitted, in this dissertation, to be substituted for uses, and then the whole subject be placed under sentence of condemnation. The doctrine of this article is to be taken just as it is, and not for what a perverse opponent may choose to make it by a false construction, or a malicious interpretation according to his own prejudices. The doctrine is, that works of moral fiction, when mingled with other works, and when selected with ordinary judgment, constitute a very excellent and useful part of education and enjoyment, and afford a suitable excitement and recreation for the mind, by which its powers and affections are invigorated, exalted, refined, and in all respects improved. Our sympathies need cultivation as much as our intellects. Indeed, the well known

tendency of business, and of the competitions of life, to harden the heart and to nurse selfishness, shows the peculiar utility and importance of reading works of moral fiction as a countervailing influence. Avaricious and morose people should be especially urged to this course of reading; and those, who have not formed their characters, should attend to it as a precaution against sourness and contraction. The education of many minds, within our own knowledge, has been so conducted as to blend, with the happiest effect, the influence of this class of works with the more sober and calculating spirit of severer studies. Wherever the case is otherwise, there has been some fault on the part of the parents or instructers, or some peculiarly unhappy combination of circumstances as it regards the pupil.

One of the great advantages of works of moral fiction is their tendency to extend and improve the imagination, a department of the mind which is of the first importance, whether we consider its nature and uses in reference to intellectual, or to moral greatness. This view of our subject is ordinarily very much undervalued. The imagination is often represented as a trifling faculty, as intended only to amuse and cajole, as fit for none but poets, painters, and deceivers. A thorough attention to the nature of the mind, and a full knowledge of its most honourable and useful achievements, are necessary to point out the real value of the imagination. So far from being a trifling faculty, or a mere instrument of sporting and deluding, it is employed in the most important operations of the mind in regard to the future, and is essential to the illustration of truth and to the exercise of the great and disinterested virtues. It is by the power of imagination, by the lively pictures of this faculty, that our sensibility is awakened with respect to scenes not present, and that rewards for good deeds, and punishments for bad, when retribution is far removed into time before us, have their peculiar influence in exciting to virtue, or deterring from vice. Imagination is necessary to science, to literary cultivation, to political economy, to oratory, and all the arts, and to religion itself. Without imagination to lead the mind forward in the course of discovery from one phenomenon to another, and from analogy to analogy, how could physical knowledge have advanced as it has done, since the days of D'Alembert and Bacon? How could Newton have ascertained those universal laws of nature, by which it is now known that the whole planetary system is governed? How

could Burke have predicted the effects of revolutionary principles begun in his day, and developed in ours? How could the results of the past be applied to the future? How could even our holy religion make its promises support and animate the soul? Take away imagination, and what have you left, upon which illustrations of things not seen, and hopes of glories yet to come, are to be founded? Take away imagination, and how can the mind ascend from this world to the next, from the society and events of time to the society and events of eternity? Induction, analogy, the glow of moral sentiment, the animation of feeling, the aspirations of magnanimity, the rewards of present sacrifices and disinterestedness, the promises and pictures of the heavenly world, all demand the most interesting and constant services of imagination. This faculty improves all the virtues, and elevates all the intellectual and moral powers. The strongest men have it most; the best men best know its value, and the worst men cherish it least. To the good, it is perpetual light. To the bad, it is incessant torment. The cold and selfish hate it, for it is their enemy. The benevolent and magnanimous are its favourites, and it multiplies all their rewards and future triumphs.

For the cure of narrowness, selfishness, and prejudice, two methods may be pointed out. The first is, "*Travel.*" The second is, "*Read well chosen works of Moral Fiction.*"

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON, ODE 1st.

By the late George Beck Esq.

I would Atrides' glory tell,
I would to Cadmus strike my shell;
I try the vocal chords—in vain!
Love, only love, breathes through the strain.
I strip away the truant wire,
And string with deeper chords the lyre,
Then great Alcides' toils would sing:
Soft love still sighs through every string.
Hence, themes of Glory, hence! adieu!
For what have I to do with you?
My heart and lyre in union move,
Resounding LOVE and ONLY LOVE.

The subject of the following Oration, although trite, can never fail to interest Americans. Too much cannot be said of the virtues and services of the illustrious WASHINGTON, nor can we too frequently call to mind the wonderful occurrences of that revolutionary struggle, which gave birth to American liberty. These considerations have determined us to comply with the request of a correspondent to insert in our pages the following handsome tribute to the memory of our political father, written and pronounced by a Citizen of Kentucky.

AN ORATION,

Commemorative of the virtues and achievements of GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, pronounced in Glasgow, Ky. on the 22d of February, 1821. BY HENRY MILLER, JR.

IT is an observation which frequent repetition has rendered almost proverbial, that merit, during the existence of the personage to whom it is attached, seldom meets with that encouragement to which it is entitled by its beauty and excellence. Vanity and self love, jealousy and envy exert their malignant influence to detract from modest and unassuming worth; actuated perhaps by interested motives, as the quantity thus abstracted may be transferred to the individuals concerned in its degradation. But when the desolating hand of time has performed its office, when death transports the soul of the great and good man from the Divine Fountain from which it emanated, his actions are delineated in the impartial page of history, and posterity is enabled *duly* to appreciate their value. Indeed an exaggerated estimate is too apt to be the result of the contemplation of antiquated greatness. Seen through the mist of time, objects appear beyond their real magnitude, and in casting our eyes up the dark current of ages,

> "Distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And clothes the" hero in his dazzling "hue."

If history or tradition furnishes a single exception to these observations, it is in the illustrious character whose memory we are this day assembled to commemorate. Eighty-nine years have now rolled around, since America gave birth to the most eminent statesman and hero the world ever produced, GEORGE WASHINGTON, the philanthropist, the benefactor of the human race, who was the idol of his contemporaries, whom we revere, and whose memory will be dear to millions yet unborn, long, long after that of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Bonaparte, shall have been consigned

to merited oblivion. Whilst the hearts of Americans shall continue to be animated by one ray of gratitude, the momentous achievements of their beloved hero will be green in their recollections, and each revolving year will present a day like this, on which he will be recognised as the founder of an extended and happy Republic, and on which devout and fervent acknowledgements will be returned to Almighty God for the nativity of the noblest being, merely human, that ever adorned the sphere of humanity. Other men have been brave, others have been virtuous, others have been prudent and disinterested, but is to Washington we must revert, if we wish to see, concentrated in one mind, *all* those splendid qualities, which enoble, dazzle, and command our admiration. He was gallant and enterprising, without ferocity or cruelty; victorious without ostentation; vanquished without desperation; dignified, with condescension; grave, but with affability and pleasantry; and an Idol, without ambition.

On such a character as this we delight to dwell; we survey all his actions with peculiar interest and attention: "our emulation is roused, while we behold him steadily pursue the path of rectitude, in defiance of every obstruction; we rejoice that we are of the same species, and thus self-love becomes the hand-maid of virtue."

It does not appear that the education of the youthful Washington, was co-extensive with the subsequent vigour and activity of his understanding. It seems to have been particularly calculated to qualify him for that profession which, if it did not constitute, at least laid the foundation of, his future greatness. But native genius does not stand in need of the adventitious polish of education; on the contrary, it recoils from its sullying touch, and, unassisted, bursts forth in all its splendour, in all its brilliancy; whilst education, by diverting it from its destined course, paralyzes its actions, and militates against the intention of nature. Were it not for fear of incurring the imputation of superstition, we would say that Washington was designed by the Supreme Disposer of all things to move precisely in the sphere which he so much admired: accordingly, we find him very early manifesting a decided predilection for the profession of arms. Gifted with a disposition masculine and aspiring, which had attracted the attention of all his acquaintance, he was at an early age called into the service of his native country.

After the discovery of the Western Hemisphere by Columbus in 1492, the different European powers took possession, by conquest, without paying any regard to the rights of the Aborigines, or native proprietors of the soil; proceeding upon the absurd principle, that priority of discovery gave the exclusive right of occupancy to *Christian* nations. In a territory so unbounded, the geography of which is so imperfectly understood, many disputes must arise in settling the boundaries of the conflicting claims of individuals and nations. Accordingly, in the year 1753 was laid the foundation of a war between England and France, which, after it had raged for nearly eight years, with the expenditure of an immensity of blood and treasure, terminated in the cession of Canada to his Britannic Majesty. Previous to this treaty, the French were in possession of Canada and the country on both sides of the mouth of the Mississippi. The formation of a communication between her two territories became, therefore, an object of primary importance, to the attainment of which the free navigation of the Ohio, and its tributary streams, was essentially necessary. But a grant of 600,000 acres of land in that region to a corporation, denominated the Ohio company, interfered with this favourite project. To repel the incroachments of the British, they erected fortifications on different parts of that river, and at length began to molest his majesty's subjects, trading with the savages, and plunder and devastate the frontier inhabitants. The royal Governor of Virginia, at the reiterated instances and solicitations of the inhabitants, thought it expedient to take effectual steps for the security of his master's interest, and finally determined on despatching a suitable person to demand of M. de Villier, the French commandant, a dereliction of his hostile proceedings, and the immediate evacuation of the forts, which had been constructed. There could be no doubt as to the wisdom and policy of this resolution, but it was for some time doubtful, whether any person could be found sufficiently enterprising to carry it into execution. At length, Major Washington appeared and volunteered his services. Previous to this time, he had never given any unequivocal indications of his future glory and eminence; hitherto the gigantic oak was concealed in the diminutive acorn. We now, for the first time, behold our beardless hero, accompanied by a single friend, commencing his tedious route of

four hundred miles, through a dreary wilderness, whose solitary wilds were rendered vocal by the hissing of serpents and the din of savage yells. Notwithstanding the impediments imposed by the inclemency of the season, and the necessity he was sometimes under of packing his provisions on his back, he executed his commission with the most prompt celerity, and, though unsuccessful in its main purport, acquired no small share of the applause and confidence of his countrymen.

As if his comprehensive mind foresaw the result of his embassy, and the necessity of a final appeal to arms, in his laborious peregrination he examined the geography and resources of the country with a soldier's eye, and particularly designated, in his luminous journal, the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegany as an eligible situation for a fort, and maintained that on the possession of it depended the safety of the western frontier and the success of expeditions into that quarter. The truth of these predictions we see confirmed in the sequel.

In consequence of the obstinate pertinacity of the French in the scheme, Governor Dinwiddie determined to resort to arms for the decision of the contest. Pursuant to this determination, Virginia raised 300 men, the command of which eventually devolved on Col. Washington. Without delay he marched for Fort Du Quesne, and surprised a party of French, on their way to the Great Meadows, which surrendered after the loss of M. Jumonville their commander.

He now retired to the Great Meadows, where after being reinforced by regulars from New York and South Carolina, he erected a temporary fortification, which, from the hasty manner in which it was thrown up, was called Fort Necessity. Encouraged by his late victory, Washington now determined to prosecute his favourite object, the reduction of Fort Du Quesne; but, after having taken up the line of march he was obliged to retire to his former position, where his little army, amounting in the whole to 400, were soon attacked by 900 French with Indians. Taking into consideration the disparity of the opponents, there never was perhaps a more obstinate and bloody conflict. Through the whole of the action, which lasted about eight hours, Washington displayed the utmost coolness and intrepidity: the French commandant, exasperated at the death of his brother, was no less resolute and determined.

"Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor these can keep, nor these can win the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
The very ramparts drop with human gore."

An interview was at length demanded by M. de Villier, which resulted in the most honorable terms of capitulation; and Washington, with his little band of trusty warriors, marched victorious for the inhabited parts of Virginia.

Hitherto the war had been carried on by the provincials; but the dispute becoming, every day, more serious and alarming, Great Britain determined to take part in the opposition. Accordingly, General Braddock was despatched to America with a select army, consisting of 2,200 men. Having received the most favourable intelligence of the military skill and daring intrepidity of Col. Washington, that brave, but imprudent and unfortunate officer appointed Washington his aid de-camp, in the ensuing campaign. In this capacity he rendered the most important and conspicuous services: and when the British general fell into an ambuscade of French and Indians, by whom he was defeated and mortally wounded, Washington saved the shattered remnant of his dauntless army from impending ruin, by covering their retreat with his Virginia blues. In this memorable action, the badges of distinction were no security against the deadly and destructive aim of a sheltered enemy; on the contrary they were the passports to death, so that in a short time Washington was the only surviving active officer on the field of battle. The utmost consternation now prevailed; one solid sheet of fire blazed forth on all sides, from an ambushed enemy; the plain was crimsoned with the reeking blood, which gushed in torrents from the extensive lacerations of his countrymen; nothing could be heard but the groans and lamentations of the dying; and the din of battle resembled the distant roar of tremendous peals of thunder.

"Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide."

Amidst all this carnage, amidst all this devastation, Washington preserved the most perfect composure and self-possession. We must ascribe his miraculous preservation to the interposition of Providence, who thought proper to re-

serve him for future and greater deeds, to be the father of Columbia, and build up a mighty republic, which, extending with the lapse of time, will be circumscribed by the Atlantic on the east, whilst its western boundaries are washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean.

However fatal and disastrous this day might have been to the Americans, it did not at all diminish the confidence which his countrymen were disposed to place in the military address of Washington. On the contrary, it was the universal sentiment, that if he had been entrusted with the command, the catastrophe of the day would have been very different. A more vigorous prosecution of the war was now resolved upon, and Washington was appointed commander in chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised in Virginia. The French and Indians, encouraged by their late success, overrun the whole country as far as the Allegany mountains, spreading terror, rapine, and murder in their course. The old, the young, the healthy, the diseased, males and females, were indiscriminately subjected to the merciless tomahawk and scalping knife. The intelligence of these cruel outrages pierced the manly breast of Washington and compelled his pen to give expression to the agony of his noble soul. "The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, meet me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." How pure must have been the patriotism of that breast which could sacrifice its own tranquility to the public safety! How unextinguishable the glow of virtue, which, animating his heart, could induce him to welcome death, when it would spare the lives of his fellow beings! How devout and unalloyed should be the gratitude to so magnanimous a benefactor! Truly delicate and responsible was the situation of Washington. His little army was entirely inadequate to the protection of such an extended frontier, and nothing like subordination and discipline could be established among men accustomed to range the forests, *free* and unrestrained as the savage in his native wilds.

Hence only a very inefficient and uninteresting warfare was carried on for some time: but at length he had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing his earnest suggestions attended to; fort Du Quesne was taken by the Americans; peace and happiness were restored to the frontier inhabit-

ants; and a Treaty of Amity entered into with the Indians. The object of the campaign thus accomplished, Washington retired to the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life, carrying with him the thanks and approbation of his country. Military were exchanged for rural scenes, which always had charms for his beneficent mind, and the possession of which was the aspiration of his heart. He was now honored with a seat in the Legislature of his native colony, and regularly presided as judge of the court, in the county in which he resided. He discharged these functions with no less honor to himself, than satisfaction to his constituents.

In this manner he quietly passed fifteen years of his life, when reclining under the shade of a spreading tree, inhaling the balmy sweets of an odoriferous atmosphere, the symphonious warblings of the Sylvan songster are *suddenly* exchanged for the distant roar of war in the east, wafted by Atlantic waves to the beatific shores of his native country! A diabolical and intriguing ministry were forging chains to oppress her inoffensive sons! Taxation without representation was claimed as the prerogative of an insignificant, but haughty Island, over three millions of *free* people, whose ancestors fled to Columbia's mountains for an asylum from tyranny and church hierarchy! These privileges they claimed over a people, planted by their persecution, whose minds were still farther estranged by the intervention of 3000 miles of ocean, and the relaxation of the ties of consanguinity by the distance of three or four successive generations! This abject submission they delusively hoped to exact from a people, whose minds a free and pure religion had impressed with the most exalted ideas of the natural equality of man! Against this arbitrary and unnatural usurpation of power, the colonists humbly petitioned and remonstrated. They declared that they were willing the mother country, as before, should dictate for them, in their external and commercial relations, but finally maintained that their internal legislation was the prerogative of their own legislative assemblies. They appealed to the high sense of liberty, which warms every English bosom; and which they must suppose them, as their immediate descendants, to possess. They appealed to their mercy, to their happiness, to their honor, and to their interests. But all these forcible representations were of no avail. The project of raising an American revenue was too favourite an idea of the British ministry, to be relinquished by the airy force of words—

the repeal of one act only paved the way for the passage of another, more insidious, equally oppressive, but less glaringly tyrannical: until the Bostonians, irritated by such reiterated incroachments on their liberties, emptied several hundred boxes of their odious tea into the ocean. This gave origin to the Boston port act, and the transportation of a royal army to compel obedience to its iniquitous demands. A defensive war on the part of the colonists ensued and on the plains of Lexington and Concord, the blood of Americans and British *first* mingled in hostile strife. During the transpiration of these important events, Washington was not supine or inactive.

The love of country and an ardent desire to restore and defend her violated rights, accelerated every pulsation of his noble heart. In the legislature of Virginia, he early took a decided part in the opposition; he exerted all his talents and influence to counteract the resolutions of parliament; and when a general impulse, operating on the minds of the colonists, pointed out to them the necessity of union and concert in their actions and induced them to form a new and distinct legislative body, composed of delegates from each state, Washington was clothed with this important trust by his grateful countrymen. We now behold our hero in the cabinet; a member of an assembly, by whose decisions the *nation* is to be governed, to whom all anxiously looked up for protection and support, and whose suggestions they cheerfully obeyed. The ruling passion of his soul does not forsake him here; Washington is still an admirer, and active and zealous defender of liberty: he was honored with the most important and conspicuous seat which that distinguished body could then bestow: he was chairman of every committee for making arrangements for defence. But a higher and more difficult task yet awaited ed him. As soon as Congress, in the plenitude of their wisdom, had determined to make a common cause with Massachusetts, he was unanimously elected "commander in chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised for the defence of the colonies." As his election was accompanied by no competition, it was followed by no envy. The same general impulse which induced the colonies to union, now pointed to him, as the most proper person for presiding over their armies, and conducting their cause to a glorious and prosperous issue. Washington entered upon the duties of his new and momentous station, with all the unfeigned and

heart-felt diffidence, which could be inspired by a consciousness of inability to execute an arduous and responsible task. His ingenuous mind, superior to every thing like sordid gain, disclaimed any remuneration for his services, as no such motive could induce him to resign the peaceful enjoyments of domestic life, to embark on the tempestuous ocean of public. Considerations like these, though powerful and persuasive, could not influence the hardy and determined texture of the mind of Washington. Accustomed to brave all the dangers, privations, and hardships of a military life, with a heart stimulated by the love of country, and a firm conviction of the righteousness of his cause, after having appealed to Almighty God for the vindication of his conduct, the commander in chief set out for head quarters, at Cambridge. On his way thither, he received the most flattering assurances of the unbounded confidence his countrymen were disposed to place in his abilities and integrity. The provincial congress of New York presented him an address, in which they expressed their joy and satisfaction in his appointment, congratulated him upon the prospect of a speedy reconciliation, and concluded with expressing their fullest assurances, that "after the consummation of that desirable object, he would cheerfully retire to the peaceful enjoyments of rural life, in the bosom of a free and happy country." The highest honors every where attended him. He was escorted by large collections of volunteers, and a committee of the Massachusetts congress conducted him to the American army, where he was welcomed by the joyful shouts and acclamations of a vast multitude, who looked up to him as the father of his country and the instrument of Heaven to defend its violated rights against the usurpations of a transatlantic tyrant and the machinations of a relentless ministry.

But the situation of the army called for immediate vigilance and active exertion. To establish subordination, which is the *soul* of an army, is a task of no small magnitude, and always of difficulty. But this difficulty was here increased by the nature of the materials to be operated upon. Accustomed to range at large in their native forests, the provincials, but more especially the inhabitants of the New-England states, knew no distinction. A similarity of laws, religion, and manners bound them together with the ties of consanguinity, whilst the privilege of worshiping their God, according to the dictates of conscience, which they inherit-

ed from their ancestors, filled their minds with just conceptions of the natural equality of man. Subordination required a dereliction of the prerogative, for the maintenance of which they had taken up arms. But this was not the only difficulty to be encountered. The whole American army at that time, amounted to little upwards of 14000 men, and these fresh from the plough and the hoe, with all their domestic affections "clinging round their hearts." They were raw and undisciplined, with scarce the conveniences of life, much less the accoutrements of the soldier; they were entirely destitute of commissaries, for the regular supply of provisions, these were packed by individuals on horseback, from the adjacent country; powder, bayonets and clothes were scarce, and of practical engineers, they had not one. To add to the embarrassments of Washington, when he had just begun to establish order and discipline, the term for which enlistments had been made was nearly expired, and the British, by the issue of the late, and to them the memorable battle of Bunker's hill, were in possession of that desirable eminence.

These difficulties, which to a less dauntless mind might have appeared insurmountable, could not paralyze the determined resolution of Washington. Under their ponderous pressure he faltered not, but observed, that he "had the materials of a good army; that the men were able-bodied, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage." By those who were unacquainted with the real effective strength of the American army, the propriety of an immediate attack on Boston was strongly advocated, and Washington was even accused of interested motives, in declining it. But although he was equally ardent, prudence and an intimate knowledge of the resources of his army, induced him to sacrifice his own immediate reputation for the prosperity of his country. At length being reinforced by several hundred militia, he determined to fortify the heights of Dorchester, by which the enemy were reduced to the alternative of hazarding a general action, or evacuating Boston. The latter was eventually effected. This circumstance, though desirable to the inhabitants, was not productive of general joy and tranquillity. Like the clear sunshine on a rainy day, it portended a more serious subsequent shower.

The next object of the British was the possession of New-York. This movement had been anticipated by General Washington, who had, previous to the evacuation of Boston,

detached General Lee, to put that important mart and Long-Island in a posture of defence. He now followed, himself, with the main army, and fixed his head quarters in New-York. Nothing transpired in this campaign, indicative of the future greatness and glory of Washington: on the contrary, he was assailed by the poisonous darts of calumny and detraction, for adopting a course, which eventually rescued American liberty from the grave. The Americans seemed to have forgotten the superiority of their prowess on the ensanguined declivities of Bunker's hill, and to have given way to their old opinion of the irresistible impetuosity of British arms. Hence they could not be brought to face an inferior force, although urged by the persuasive eloquence and animating example of their beloved Washington, but precipitately fled in all directions; retreat followed retreat in such rapid succession, that in a short time Long Island, New York, Fort Lee, and Washington were evacuated; nor could a permanent stand be effected, until the army had landed on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. Here, Americans, pause and contemplate your invincible hero. Georgia and the Carolinas were at this time overrun by a victorious army; the hell-hounds of Britain are now in full pursuit of the despairing Americans, through Jersey, tracing their footsteps by the warm blood, which gushed from their naked feet; the frighted inhabitants flocking in herds to the royal standard, whilst provisions are only to be obtained at the point of the bayonet. Under all these accumulated difficuties, amidst all this fearful anxiety and trepidation, whilst the air was resounding with the chilling shrieks of captive virgins, Washington remained firm and unshaken; he still presented to his desponding army the same serene and cheerful countenance; he was still consoled by the encouraging hope that at no distant period, he could retrieve the present shock which his cause sustained. American liberty was now at its lowest ebb. A series of successes every where flowed in upon the British arms, and nothing but unconditional submission and cruel oppression, were presented to the gloomy imaginations of the sons of Columbia. In this state of general desperation we may imagine the Goddess of Liberty winged her way to the imperial court of Heaven, and thus addressed the sire of gods and men:

"O first and greatest God! by Gods adored!
We own thy might, our father and our lord!
But ah! permit to pity human state:
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding, mourn Columbians slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove."

Her suit is approved, and now triumphant she waved her star-spangled banner over the drooping heads of the Americans.

"No more they sigh inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge and for the combat burn."

After the evacuation of New Jersey, the British cantoned their army in Burlington, Bordentown, Princeton, and Trenton, hoping to cross the Delaware in a few days by means of the ice, which generally forms at that season; this they were now prevented from effecting by the precaution which the Americans had taken, to secure their boats on the opposite shore. Flushed with their then late successes, they were careless and inattentive; and they supposed it entirely impossible that a retreating, naked, and famished army should wheel about and attack them. But these calculations were delusive and of short duration. Washington, being reinforced by 1500 Pennsylvania militia, formed the bold and daring design of recrossing the Delaware and attacking the British and Hessian forces posted at Trenton. Accordingly, on the night of the 25th of December, he made a vigorous and desperate charge on that town, and with such effect that of about 2500 of the enemy, only 600 escaped; the remainder being either killed or made prisoners. So great was the surprise and panic of the British, that it was some time before they could be brought to believe that they were contending with mortals; and in the security of conquest at the time of the attack, they were either slumbering or absorbed in riotous revelry and licentious festivity.

The British commander having collected his forces, marched on from Princeton in great spirits, "hoping by a vigorous onset to repair the injury his cause had sustained by his late defeat." His progress being impeded by some pieces of cannon which were planted on the opposite side of the Spanish, he encamped for the evening, hoping by the light of the rising sun, to be conducted to glorious victory. Sweet, but delusive hope! That day opened to his view a prospect more gloomy than the one which he came to remedy!

This was a most important crisis to the Americans. The success or failure of the revolution depended, if not entirely, at least materially, on the movements of Washington. Truly delicate and trying was his situation: to risk an action with a river in his rear would appear like madness; and to retreat would damp the exhiliration of his troops, produced by their late success. In this embarrassment, with a vigour of resolution which was exceeded only by his celerity of execution, he determined on attacking the enemy's forces at Princeton, which he rightly supposed were enfeebled by the advance of the British under Lord Cornwallis. To impress the minds of his soldiers with a just sense of the importance of their present enterprise, he represented to them in lively colours the consequences depending, and the motives which should stimulate them to active exertion.

"O friends! be men; your generous breasts inflame
With equal honor and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame from you;
They their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost if you desert the day."

These words infused renovated life into their torpid limbs; exultingly grasping their firelocks, and stamping their naked feet on the hard frozen ground, they marched off for Princeton.

The British commander at Trenton was awakened from his pleasing slumber by the din of battle, and expressed his astonishment at hearing thunder in the dead of winter! But he soon corrected his mistake: the Americans had decamped, and were *thundering* upon and cutting to pieces his forces at Princeton. From this time the prospects of America began to brighten: success every where crowned her arms, until the British were compelled to retreat from New Jersey.

The real intentions of Lord Howe were now completely enigmatical. General Washington exerted the utmost vigilance to penetrate into his designs, and took such a middle position as would enable him, with equal promptitude, to move to the north or south as occasion might require. At length, the British general departed from Sandy Hook with an army of 16,000 men, with the view of capturing Phila-

delphia by the way of the Chesapeake. The destitute condition of his army prevented Washington from effectually opposing his progress, so that his lordship made his triumphant entry into the capital, and obtained a comfortable winter's lodging for his soldiers. Their revelry was however embittered by the recollection of Brandywine and Germantown.

When Sir Henry Clinton thought it prudent to evacuate Philadelphia, and commenced his march through Jersey to New York, he was pursued by Washington with no less celerity and with better effect than he himself had been, in his memorable retreat through the same state in a different direction; and at Monmouth court house the British were reminded that they were not far distant from Trenton and Princeton, and that they were molested by the same supernatural being who had before caused it to thunder in the dead of winter. They were now taught to respect the arms even of an inferior force, when wielded by men whose determined motto was, "give me liberty or give me death."

Passing over circumstances of inferior moment, we haste with pleasure to contemplate our Washington on the plains of Yorktown, where was struck the blow which decided the contest between Great Britain and the Colonies; where was manifested that military address and prowess "which taught the proud British lion to cease his roar," and acknowledge the superiority of the American Eagle, which obliged them to "acknowledge America as terrible in arms as she had been humble in remonstrance;" where the high-minded Cornwallis, after having pleased his imagination with the speedy conquest of the colonies, bowed his head in humble submission to the Hero of America.

Shortly after this memorable event, the ears of the Americans were saluted with the glad tidings of peace. The Sun of Freedom, whose majestic approach had been announced by his illuminating irradiations, now rose resplendent as the

"King of Day, rejoicing in the East."

But in the moment of universal exultation and festivity the spirit of mutiny made its unwelcome appearance in the army, and became so alarming as to threaten the subversion of the liberties of the new-formed states. The soldiers who had waded through a bloody war of seven years, who had spent the prime of their lives in defence of the injured rights of their country, were not yet remunerated for their services. If Congress had left their grievances unredress-

ed while their exertions were necessary for the safety of the country, it was presumed they would turn a deaf ear to their supplications when it was no longer dependent on them for protection. In this state of distrust and irritability an anonymous address was industriously circulated among the officers of the army, exhorting them no longer to submit to the injustice and ingratitude of their country, but with arms to seek a redress of their wrongs.

This address was particularly calculated to operate on the sensibilities of men labouring under the bitter pangs of penury and want, and might, if not timely and judiciously contravened, have resulted in a combustion which would have withered the laurels of the army, and converted our infant republic into one broad and destructive scene of civil discord and contention.

But the whole confederacy was discovered and happily nipped in its bud, by the personal influence and active exertions of the commander in chief. He convened the officers of his army, and after having adverted to the anonymous summons, he conjured them, in their present determinations to be guided by the voice of reason, and removed from the impetuosity of passion, to attend alone to the cool dictates of their sober judgements He represented to them the brittle thread by which the liberties of the new states were suspended, and admonished them of the dangers of a civil war. He conjured them not to sully the glory, which they had acquired in their late long and sanguinary conflict, by the adoption of harsh measures, but to exhibit to the world "one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the most complicated sufferings." After the conclusion of his address, the venerable chief retired, when his officers, melted by the irresistible eloquence of their beloved commander, unanimously resolved "that no circumstance of distress or danger should induce a conduct that might tend to sully the reputation and glory they had acquired at the price of their blood and eight years faithful service." Thus was the storm which had been long gathering, and which had a threatning aspect dissipated in a few moments, by theadmonitions and counsel of Washington.

This perhaps even eclipsed all his former meritorious actions. Had his pure mind been contaminated by the poison of ambition, had he been actuated by motives other than that of the most sincere patriotism, the opportunity was too

favorable to be left unimproved. Under the specious pretext of seeking redress for an injured and starving army, he might have aspired to a tyrant's throne, he might have easily risen to be the monarch of America. But the love of country was paramount to every other consideration, and the secret breathing of his heart, the universal good of mankind. In reflecting upon his disinterested conduct in quelling this portentous insurrection, we are left in all the uncertainty of the poet, when he says,

> "How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier and just less than sage;
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less than all thou hast *forborne* to be!"

The object for the attainment of which he had taken up arms being thus accomplished, Washington, after issuing his farewell address and taking an affectionate and impressive leave of his officers, repaired to the shades of his own native Vernon. Following the god-like example of the illustrious Roman patriot, the instruments of death were now exchanged for the implements of agriculture. But previous to his bidding a final adieu to military scenes, to impress the minds of his countrymen with a just sense of the magnitude of the prize, for which they had so gloriously struggled, he addressed a circular to the governors of the different states, replete with wise and wholesome admonitions, with regard to the policy to be pursued for the perpetuity of the liberty, his sword had so eminently contributed to establish. Pursuing this wonderful man to the unambitious walks of private life, we still see manifested that inimitable nobleness, that elevation of soul, by which he was always characterized; we still behold that unruffled equanimity, which accompanied him, whilst floating on the boisterous waves of adversity. In him the poor had a protector, the widow a friend, the orphan a father, internal navigation and agriculture a promoter, and literature a munificent patron. A lover of morality and religion, punctual in all his engagements, strictly honest in all his transactions, and temperate in his enjoyments, he was only another name for liberality and hospitality. But he was not long to remain in possession of the congenial repose of domestic life; again his country called for his services, and he knew no pleasure superior to that of yielding obedience to its mandates. The experience of a few years exhibited defects so glaring in the articles of confederation, as to point out the necessity of

calling a convention, to delegate to Congress a greater latitude of power. Foremost in the scroll of her delegates, Virginia placed the name of Washington. No citizen had earlier perceived the inadequacy of the existing form of government to wield and advantageously employ the resources of the nation: no man, therefore more strongly insisted on the absolute necessity of a revision, or was more conspicuously influential in establishing that constitution, which, if it is not perfect, is allowed to be the best which human wisdom could have devised.

Washington was now called to occupy the first presidential chair Being unanimously chosen by the voice of three millions of freemen, after a protracted struggle between inclination and duty, he consented to become the Father, as he had been the defender of the nation. Nothing but a paramount sense of duty could have induced him to abandon a delightful rural scenery, which he had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in which he had sincerely hoped to repose his weary limbs, after the dangers and turmoils of the revolution. But preferring his country's prosperity to his own immediate ease, the President, after his election was officially announced to him, set out for New York. On his way to the seat of government he was every where received with the most flattering marks of attention and respect. The bridges over which he passed were decorated with laurels and evergreens, and his path was bestrewed with flowers and sprinkled with the tears of a grateful people, who recognized in him their deliverer and benefactor. When he arrived at New York he was inaugurated, in the presence of near ten thousand spectators, whose joyful acclamations testified the gratitude of their hearts, to their beloved chief, for this new sacrifice for their happiness and prosperity.

We judge of the administration of a government, as of every thing else, by its effects. Taking this for our criterion, we shall have abundant reason to admire the firmness, wisdom, and policy of the administration of Washington. In its commencement, from the depreciation of the continental paper and the failure of public credit, the country was under the most alarming embarrassments; but at its termination the affairs of the nation wore a very different aspect. Public credit was restored, the debts contracted in the revolutionary war were funded, our importance and reputation with foreign nations established on a solid basis, peace was

restored to the northern and south-western frontiers, and considerable advances made towards the civilization of the savages; all the contentions and feuds between England and Spain and the United States were amicably adjusted, our trade to the Mediterranean secured by treaties with the Barbary powers, and in short, as wisdom and firmness were the attributes of the supreme executive, the laws were cheerfully obeyed, and the United States increased in wealth and prosperity, in a ratio which exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. Having raised his country to that pinnacle of happiness, from which it was optional with the people whether they would progress or ingloriously retrograde, Washington began to think of bidding a final adieu to the turmoils and anxieties of life public; and this he was consoled with the pleasing conciousness that he might now do, consistently with his duty. But previous to his resuming his agricultural pursuits, he prepared, as a last and solemn memorial, his valedictory address to the citizens of the U. States, which will remain a lasting monument of the integrity of his heart, the soundness of his head, and the eloquence of his pen.

The shades of Mount Vernon again receive him: but although he had retired from the *service*, he had not lost the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen. He was still honored with the assiduous attention of both public and private characters of the greatest eminence in the nation; and even the curiosity of the exotic traveller was satiated, if in his peregrinations his eyes could be gratified with a sight of the spot which gave him existence.

When, in consequence of the failure of all attempts at negotiations with the directory, the probability of a war between France and the United States daily increased, the eyes of the whole continent were turned to the venerable Washington for safety, and President Adams appointed him commander in chief of the American army, rightly supposing that his name alone would conquer a host of mercenary and unprincipled men.

But ah! whence this insensibility to the charms of surrounding nature! Why this universal dejection and gloominess! Why this awful pause in the councils of the nation! Why are those hearts, which but now pulsated with joy, sinking under the ponderous pressure of grief and care! Why are those arms which erst were nerved in Freedom's cause, veiled in black! Why does that big tear glist-

en in the eye of gratitude! These are the knells of departed happiness! Washington is no more! Having discharged all the purposes of its divine mission, his soul has winged its way to its pure source of emanation, unpolluted as when it was fresh from the hands of its creator! But weep not America, your Washington yet lives in the hearts of the good of *all* nations! whilst his soul, disengaged from all the trammels of mortality, is feasting on ambrosial sweets, administered by the guardian hands of Angels! Cool and determined, his serene equanimity of mind did not forsake him in death! He enjoyed the pleasing hope of immortal happiness beyond the grave!

"Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tear of love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell!
If faith unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restor'd awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd,
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

FRENCH ANNALS OF SCIENCE.

We have had an opportunity to peruse a late number of a valuable scientific French work, published at Brussells in large quarterly numbers, at nine dollars per annum, under the title of "Annales Generales des Sciences Physiques." The number we have seen is devoted principally to Botany, and is embellished by several lithographic prints, among which is a portrait of Lacepede, the celebrated naturalist. It contains, among other things, an Analysis of the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and a Philosophical Treatise on the possibility of rendering man perfect by the modification of his organization. The introductory article is an "analytical and general review of periodical works devoted to the sciences." This article gives

a minute account of the principal matter contained in all the scientific journals of Europe, systematically and methodically arranged. To those who take an interest in the progress and present state of learning in Europe, this article cannot fail to be interesting. It closes with an account, of which we have given a translation below, of a most learned and laborious publication, entitled the Cyclopedical Review. Our readers may learn from this what is the nature of a Review on the continent of Europe, what an extent of research it requires, what a fund of learning it embraces, what a variety of matter it contains. Whatever may be thought by us, in the United States, of some of the sentiments advanced in this article, we cannot doubt the general correctness of the account it furnishes of this extensive Review—a Review, it seems, not of particular books, but of learning and science in every part of the civilized world. It can hardly be expected that all its statements will be strictly correct, for even if all its sources of information were pure and implicitly worthy of reliance, it is still under the controul of men liable to prejudice. We may think, for example, that the literary and scientific labours of the United States are not duly appreciated or properly described; and, when we are told that "France is always at the head of civilization," we may justly smile at the arrogance and self complacency of the French writer. Yet we can scarcely fail to be interested and instructed by the fund of learning here displayed, and the many judicious and correct remarks herein contained.

TRANSLATION.

"In closing this analysis of works upon the physical sciences, we cannot forbear giving a particular account of one collection, which is indeed in its nature quite distinct from the objects treated of in our General Annals, but which, nevertheless, from the extent and importance of its plan, the superiority of its execution, the reputation of its conductors, and the spirit of moderation and of true philanthropy which animates them, is entitled to a distinguished place in this enumeration. We allude to the Cyclopedical Review. In the seventeenth number which is just published, we observe three articles, viz: that upon the state of public education in Piedmont, by one of the most distinguished scholars of that country; that upon the state of science and li-

terature in Poland, by a Polander; and that upon the life and works of M. de Volney, who was one of the most active contributors to the Cyclopedical Review, by Mr. Jullien, its founder and conductor, with the discourse pronounced before the chamber of Peers, upon the death of M. de Volney, by Count Daru. We had previously read, with a lively interest, in the preceding numbers, up to the commencement of the present year, several articles, upon foreign societies in America, Asia, England, Spain, Denmark and Norway, Belgium and Holland; upon foreign schools in the principal countries throughout the world, compared by M. Jomard of the Institute; upon the actual condition of Greece, by a young Grecian; upon the literature of Denmark; upon the most distinguished men which Italy and the United States of America have recently lost; upon the men of science and letters in France and Germany, upon the commerce of the ancients and the moderns; upon the fine arts and the arts of life; upon the variations of temperature and their different influences, by M. Julien, with a meteorological table of the variations of temperature in 1819: upon a plan for a travelling institute, an ingenious idea happily unfolded by M Cadet de Gassicourt, a patriot as sprightly as he is enlightened.

The second section, consisting of analyses, in the same nineteenth number, contains accounts, first of the work of M. Costaz upon the products of French industry, analysed with great precision by M. Charles Dupin of the Institute; then of the travels of the same M. Dupin in Great Britain, by his highly esteemed companion, M. Lanjuinais; of Mullers Universal History, by M. Metral, who has prefixed his examination of instructive and profound remarks upon the mode of writing history, upon the utility of historical researches, and upon the principal historians of modern times. A second and last article upon M. L. Mercier's analytical course of Literature by M. Amaury Duval, furnishes an account of that truly classical work, the continuance of which is desired by all the friends of genuine literature.

The third section, entitled Bibliographical Bulletin, furnishes accurate notices of eighty-six works, French and foreign. Every one may here learn the best productions which are published upon the sciences or upon those subjects which most interest him; and the philosophical observer may ascertain and perceive the particular direction of in-

tellectual labours in every country. The United States devote themselves particularly to natural science and statistics. They constitute a rising nation, which is still engaged in discovering the riches of its vast territory, and the means of exploring them. In Asia, many laborious men have devoted their lives to philosophical researches, in the hope of discovering some vestiges of the primitive institutions and manners of those countries, in which was the cradle of the human family. The vast continent of Africa, unacquainted with the advantages of the press, groans beneath the most abject servitude, and the most shameful want of civilization. In Egypt alone, where the French expedition has left some traces of its progress, the human mind appears inclined to arouse from its long slumber. England, the mistress of the ocean, publishes, every month, new accounts of travels, and appears to explore every region for the benefit of certain editors of periodical works. Agriculture, education, history, political economy, poetry, and romance, hold each a distinguished place in their catalogues. In Poland, they often limit themselves to translating foreign works, German and French: the genius of that nation will not be reanimated until its independence shall again be established. In Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, they collect here and there many fine works upon the sciences; and the celebrated Swede M. Berzelius, has several times attracted the attention of the scholars of Europe as well as that of the conductors of this Review. We may refer to an excellent analysis of his work upon chemical affinities, by M. Flourens, a young physician of distinguished merit, and one of our co-adjutors in the General Annals of Physical Sciences.

Germany produces a sufficiently large number of physical, historical, archeological, and literary works. There, as in other countries, states the least free, are the most barren of productions of the mind. In Italy chemistry, anatomy and medicine, poetry, antiquities, and the fine arts serve to occupy minds anxious for employment, to which other researches are forbidden. Sicily affords, of late years, only naturalists, antiquaries, and a few civilians. Spain, since her regeneration, has published scarcely any thing but works upon agriculture, religious and devotional pamphets, and some philological productions. Religious writers, and those who treat of the education of the poor, are common enough in Holland.

Portugal and Turkey are looking forward to the time

when they shall awake, and Greece celebrates her regeneration by some elementary works upon the sciences, to revive the skill for instruction, and to recal those generous sentiments which the most cultivated minds ardently embrace. France is always at the head of civilization, by the universality of her language, by the active genius of her inhabitants, by her geographical situation in the midst of Europe, and by the very nature of her political institutions, which must afford at last a solution of the great social problem, union and perfect liberty. The interests of the people and of their kings must be indivisible.

In the fourth and last section, composed of *scientific and literary Intelligence*, a true *panorama* is afforded of the civilized world, where we may review, in more than six successive articles, all the nations with which we are acquainted, uniformly in the same order of classification once known and adopted; presenting recapitulations of their journals, and of the works of their literary and scientific societies; notices of subjects for which prizes are proposed and of the prizes awarded, which discover the peculiar objects of the researches of learned men in every country; a display of the actual condition of national schools and of their progress, especially among people lately organized, such as the inhabitants of the republic and of the kingdom of Hayti; extracts from letters concerning scientific voyages, or reports devoted to the public good, concerning antiquities, arts, sciences, the progress of civilization, inventions and discoveries; the formation of public establishments, universities, museums, hospitals, banks for saving and foresight, societies for assurance &c; national rewards granted by governments or by societies to scholars, artists, benefactors of mankind; monuments erected to distinguished men; phenomena of natural history or meteorology; results of domestic economy; statistics; newly discovered objects of art or ancient manuscripts; new master pieces of architecture, sculpture, or painting; the advances of vaccination and of mutual instruction, adopted by all those governments, which have taken an interest in the welfare of their people, & that of lithography; the new dramatic productions which have acquired celebrity; the direction given to the influence of the stage, which may be made a school of public spirit; and lastly, obituary notices of men whose lives have been marked by good actions, or valuable

productions. Such are the infinitely various subjects which are re-produced and multiplied under all their forms in this gallery of nations.

The Cyclopedical Review is not merely a *scientific* work, suited for men of learning; or *literary*, adapted only to scholars; or *national*, devoted to a single country: it is a methodical collection of interesting facts that prove the capacity of human genius and industry, in all the spheres open to their operation and in every part of the world: it is a philanthropic enterprise, which must be interesting to every noble mind, to every generous heart.

We intend hereafter briefly to point out, in a supplementary article of our quarterly Review, whatever this interesting miscellany shall appear to us to offer, most able and most useful."

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

In a moment of rapture, when Fancy was warm,
And life's dull realities—lost to the view—
The pictures of Hope could no longer deform,
But all that I wished, seemed delightful and true;
'Twas then that I built a rich Castle on high,
And decked it with all that my heart could desire:
Within it I placed—not a tear, nor a sigh—
But the mild warmth of Friendship, and Love's ardent fire;
Not the splendour of wealth, nor the pomp of parade,
The mere semblance of pleasures, dull, formal, and cold,
But a competence ample, by industry made,
And a circle of friends cast in Virtue's own mould,—
A gay, social circle, enlightened by Mind,
And warmed by affections devout and sincere,
With manners, though plain, yet genteel and refined,
Uncorrupted by vice, unaffected by fear.
But *one* treasure I placed there, unrivalled in worth,
A treasure, without which all else had been nought,
A treasure surpassing the wealth of the earth,
With all the enjoyments *that* wealth could have bought.
And oh! may I dare that rich treasure to name;
To point to the girl that so warmly I love,
To call her my own by an undenied claim,
Whom in fancy I'd placed in my castle above?

THE

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AND

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Travels in Canada and the United States, in 1816 *and* 1817; by Lieut. FRANCIS HALL, 14th Light Dragoons, H. P. *Boston*, Republished from the London Edition, by Wells and Lilly, 1818. 8vo. pp. 332.

THE military gentleman, who has undertaken, in the volume before us, to amuse and enlighten the world with an account of his travels and observations in Canada and the United States, would, no doubt, feel highly gratified if he knew how extensively his book was circulated, and how much interest it had excited. It has been published in London, and republished in Boston. It has furnished the groundwork of a valuable article in the North American Review, and we have now taken it up, in these remote western regions, to render it the theme of a few desultory remarks. Is it then, we shall be asked, a work of such importance? Is it worthy of republication and extensive circulation in the country to which it relates, and shall we be rewarded for purchasing and perusing it? If our readers will have patience with us, we shall probably answer these enquiries, but they must not expect us to be too direct and explicit in the expression of our opinions. They must allow us the privilege of saying a great deal which has no relation to the book or its author, of descanting upon other travels, and of furnishing at last our sentiments of Mr. Hall, not by express declaration, but as the result of inference and conjecture. According to the modern and most approved style of reviewing, it is not even requisite to allude to the work whose title is placed at the head of the article, and many a professed reviewer has thus been saved the unpleasant drudgery of reading the work he selected as his text book. We do not however pretend to such proficiency in our art, as to follow, in this respect, the example of our more illus-

trious brethren. We have always deemed it necessary to read quite through a book before we pronounced sentence upon it. We cannot lay claim to so profound a penetration as will enable us to tell all the good that a work contains, merely by a perusal of its title page, a glance at its list of contents, or an examination of its preface. We might indeed write an essay of our own upon the same subject treated of by the author of the volume, and, if we were not too modest, we might presume it much better, (having ascertained nothing to the contrary) than any thing which he had written or could write. Hitherto however, we have generally adopted the old fashioned mode of reviewing a book, by first reading it patiently through, then furnishing a brief abstract of its most prominent contents, and expressing our opinion of its merits, taking at the same time all the trouble of giving a reason, where we could conveniently assign any, for the opinion thus expressed. We have adhered to this mode, not because it is the easiest, for every body knows it is much easier to express one's own ideas, if one happens to have any, than to search after, dress up anew, criticise, and attempt to refute the ideas of others. Nor have we thus followed the beaten track of old-fashioned reviewers, because we deemed it the most popular, for novelty, we know,—notwithstanding all the reverence we pretend to feel for age, and the admiration we express for the rust of antiquity—novelty is, after all, the most generally esteemed; and the newest fashion is universally, except by a few antiquated sages whose opinions are of no value, esteemed the best. Our true reason however for following our old plan is that we are accustomed to it, and have from time to time, by the mere force of habit, almost involuntarily fallen into the beaten track. When we have taken up a book to review, it has not usually occurred to us, until we were too far advanced readily to change our plan, how much trouble we might save ourselves by replacing on it our shelf unread, instead of devoting whole hours to its patient and attentive perusal. We have seldom thought, until it was actually too late, of the variety of extraneous and inappropriate remarks we might so conveniently introduce, of the learning we might display or appear to display, by making bold and confident assertions, or of the propriety with which we might dress out our review,—not in the most valuable materials, and the best constructed, most appropriate attire,—but in the newest and most popular fashion. We may perhaps in

the present instance deviate a little from our accustomed mode. Unfortunately for ourselves, we have already taken the pains to read, quite through, the work of Lieutenant Hall, notes, appendix, and all. But, notwithstanding we have been at this unnecessary trouble, we do not intend to confine ourselves very closely to the text. We mean to try our hand at the new mode of reviewing, and we fear, that, like all beginners, we shall be rather awkward, and probably sometimes, before we are aware of it, shall deviate to our old path, and take occasional notice of the Lieutenant and his volume.

Our country has been visited by a host of travellers, who, from a disposition probably, to recommend themselves at home, and to gratify a very prevalent itch for scribbling, have published minute but notoriously incorrect accounts of their adventures and observations. These publications, fraught with the grossest slanders upon our country, have furnished the editors and pamphleteers of Great Britain with a "feast of fat things," which they have severally dressed up anew, and placed before their readers, seasoned with the spice of their own illiberality and prejudice. Luckily, Americans have not been wanting in their own vindication. Able and enlightened men have from time to time stepped forward, exposed the falsehoods and mis-representations of such writers as Ashe, Janson, Parkinson, Fearon, &c. and denounced the malicious baseness of those, who, with the means of better information, have given them currency and sanction. Yet the system of ill-natured and unfounded abuse is still kept up. The British Journalists, notwithstanding the occasional introduction of honeyed words and fair professions, are still fond of embracing every opportunity to sneer at "Brother Jonathan," and to misrepresent the character and condition of our prosperous republic. Mr. Walsh, it is true, has done them some good. He has checked the boldness of their assertions, and made them assume, in some instances, a more liberal and candid manner. He has compelled them, in spite of all their resolutions to the contrary, to respect his work, to feel the force of his remarks, and to recoil from the pungency of his recriminations. Yet they continue to maintain a haughty and often insulting air, and to treat us, or affect to treat us, as worthy of derision and contempt, rather than of respectful and serious notice. Mr. Campbell, the editor of the New Monthly Magazine, has recently taken up the cudgel, and in his

number for February last, has assailed with some warmth, both Mr. Walsh and the North American Review. In the course of his remarks, he says,

"We have had occasion to mingle pretty freely with American travellers in this and other countries of Europe, and to study their sentiments and manners with some share of attention. Among them we found several who might be compared with the best specimens of the best classes of any community that can be named—accomplished gentlemen and scholars, who had crossed the seas for the honorable purpose of enlarging their views, and travelling down their prejudices, and whose conversation afforded infinite stores of interesting information and manly speculation. They were distinguished by manners happily composed of frankness and refinement, by great ardor in the pursuit of practical knowledge, and by a deep but temperate preference for the institutions of their native country. The greater number, if not all of them, have returned to America, where their rank and acquirements predestine them to share in the conduct of public affairs, and where we sincerely trust, that their better influence will prove a corrective to the baneful doctrines of such men as Mr. Walsh and his Boston coadjutor. But others, and we must add, the large majority, were persons of a very different stamp. They were vulgar, vain, and boisterous; their acquirements were common place and limited. Their conversation was made up of violent declamations against slavery (*Americe* monarchy) and as loud assertions of the superiority of America over all the countries of the globe. This latter feeling, pushed to the utmost verge of extravagant pretension, is (according to the concurring testimony of travellers) a prominent trait in the second-rate American character, and, when encountered either by argument or ridicule, or what is worst of all, by facts, seldom fails to provoke such angry remonstrances as those of the plaintiffs in the present action of slander against the writers of Great Britain. In their own country, indeed, this national prepossession, being rarely exasperated by resistance, does not always swell beyond the bounds of a buoyant and harmless self-complacency, a little offensive perhaps to strangers, but there the matter ends: it is only when an American of this class comes to Europe, more especially to Great Britain, and finds himself daily confronted by men who resolutely contest his claims, that his admiration of himself assumes the inflammatory form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness to those who have the audacity to prefer themselves."

While this essayist professes such a familiarity with American travellers in Europe, we regret that he is not equally well acquainted with those *illustrious* Englishmen, who

have enlightened the world, and instructed the British reviewers, by the volumes they have published, descriptive of the United States and illustrative of our prevailing manners and customs. It is a pity that he is unable to inform us in which of the two classes of travellers above described, he would place the notorious Fearon, Ashe, or Parkinson; whether he would think them equal to the "accomplished gentlemen and scholars," who are "travelling down their prejudices and whose conversation affords infinite stores of interesting information and manly speculation," or rank them with such "*second rate Americans*" as "Mr. Walsh and his Boston coadjutor?" Alas! how do they shrink into insignificance, when compared with these able vindicators of the American name! How justly and appropriately might Mr. Campbell apply to *them* the epithets "*vulgar, vain, and boisterous!*" With what propriety might he pronounce *their* acquirements *common place and limited!* Yet they and men like them have taken the lead in propagating slanders, the grossest and most unfounded, against our country, and their false and scandalous tales have been circulated, commented upon, and made the text for many an illiberal and abusive paragraph, by men who ought to have been above such meanness,—by men, who like Mr. Campbell, profess to feel much "of the endearing influence of consanguinity," and who very kindly "deprecate all attempts to excite a hostile spirit in either country." We cannot but congratulate Mr. Campbell upon finding sometimes an American so accomplished, enlightened, and liberal as the first class of travellers he describes; and we will honestly confess to him we do not believe that such men constitute the mass of population, or form the majority of tourists of any country. At any rate we can confidently assure him, it has been our lot to be commonly visited by such boors as Fearon, such liars as Ashe, and such "second rate" Englishmen as Parkinson. Such characters have been received among us with a degree of hospitality and kindness of which they were unworthy, and being puffed up, in consequence of the unusual attention paid them, with an extravagant idea of their own consequence, have sought to gain renown at home, as they imagined they had already done abroad. With this view, they have published tissues of falsehood and absurdity, which would have rendered them infinitely ridiculous, even in the estimation of the enlightened among their own countrymen, had they not very cunningly catered for the appetites

of British critics and reviewers. Regardless of the obligations of truth, the dictates of gratitude, the calls of decency, and even of the claims of plausibility, they have poured out their abuse upon those at whose tables they had feasted, and of whose kindness they had largely partaken, with an unsparing hand. Yet Mr. Campbell and his coadjutors have not thought proper to stigmatize such clowns with the coarseness and vulgarity of their manners, the narrowness of their acquirements, the meanness of their ingratitude, or the baseness of their misrepresentations. No indeed, all their assertions have been taken for truth, their bold and ridiculous falsehoods have received credit and currency, and they have been praised by the literary dictators of the day for their independence and spirit. That scurrilous and contemptible fellow, Fearon, has been honored in the British Parliament with the title of *gentleman*, has been extolled for his "fairness and impartiality," and for the marks he has displayed of "an enquiring, observing, and intelligent mind." We do not mean to say that all the travellers in our country have been of this stamp. We have occasionally had such characters as LAMBERT, who have done justice to our hospitality, and repaid our attention with something different from slander and abuse.

Mr. Campbell professes to feel and we have no doubt does really feel towards this country "the endearing influence of consanguinity." Not only is he bound, in common with every Englishman, to a land inhabited by descendants from the same common ancestry, but with him the tie is peculiarly close, as it is drawn together by the cords of personal regard and fraternal affection. To him we are indebted for many expressions of liberal feeling, and while we cordially reciprocate the sentiment he has uttered against "all attempts to excite a hostile spirit in either country," we cannot suffer ourselves to be irritated at the following remarks, which appear to be rather intended as an effort of wit, and a playful sally of humour, than as a serious argumentative attack. Speaking of what he calls our national vanity, he says,

"Other nations boast of what they are or have been—but a true citizen of the United States exalts his head to the skies in the contemplation of the FUTURE grandeur of his country. With him the pride of pedigree is reversed. Others claim respect and honor through a line of renowned ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity: Others

appeal to history, an American to prophecy.—The latter modestly calls on us to discount his predictions; and, on no better security, to hand him over the full amount in ready praise. His visions are like those of the Trojan prince in Elysium, gazing with anticipated rapture on the passing forms of his illustrious descendants. You must beware how you speak of a worthy native of Kentucky as the son of a respectable planter. No, no, 'You don't catch the thing at all.' He is to be considered and duly venerated as the great-grandfather of some immortal warrior, or legislator, or poet. This system of raising a fictitious capital of renown, which his posterity is to pay off (an invention much resembling our financial anticipations) is the secret of an American's extraordinary pretensions, and of his soreness when they are not allowed. With Malthus in one hand, and a map of the back settlements in the other, he boldly defies us to a comparison with America, *as she is to be*, and chuckles with precocious exultation over the splendours which the 'geometrical ratio' is to shed upon her story. This appeal to the future is his never-failing resource. If an English traveller complains of their inns, and hints his dislike to sleeping three or four in a bed, first, he is a calumniator; and next, he is advised to suspend his opinion of the matter, until another century shall demonstrate the superiority of their accommodations. So in matters of literature and science—if Shakspeare, and Milton, and Newton be named, we are told to wait—'wait till these few millions of acres shall be cleared, when we shall have idle time to attend to other things—only wait till the year 1900 or 2000, and then the world shall see how much nobler our poets, and profounder our astronomers, and longer our telescopes, than that decrepid old hemisphere of yours could produce.'"

Mr. Campbell is perfectly welcome to his laugh at our expense, provided he will preserve his good nature, and provided too he will not attempt to fix upon us a stigma more disgraceful than this species of national vanity. For our own part we had much rather believe that our glory is all yet to come, than to consider it gone forever. We had much rather see our children growing up to be enlightened statesmen, pure patriots, noble poets, profound astronomers, and accomplished scholars, than to believe that our wisdom, and patriotism, and talents, and learning are all buried in the tombs of our ancestors. We confess, ridiculous as it may seem to Mr. Campbell and his English readers, we like this reversal of the pride of pedigree. We are not ashamed to look forward, instead of casting our eyes behind

us. We have enough of American feeling to glow with exultation at the *prospects* of our country. We can look forward with heart-felt satisfaction to the future increase of her population, to the gradual improvement and cultivation of her immense fertile territory, to the advancement of her commerce, the growth of her manufactures, the success of every branch of her industry, the preservation and increased benignity of her free political institutions, and, if it be necessary, the splendid triumph of her arms. But Mr. Campbell knows full well, that our glory is not *all* in reversion. He has himself alluded to our Washington and our Franklin. He has heard of our revolutionary contest, and has witnessed the result of our second encounter with Great Britain. America, we apprehend, is as well entitled as other nations to boast of what she is and has been. It is true, we are a young people, and have good reason to believe that the full measure of our greatness is not yet attained. But our appeals are not all to prophecy; we are not ashamed sometimes to refer to history. We are by no means backward, as Englishmen well know, in recounting the triumphs of our army and navy, in pointing to the achievements of our illustrious forefathers, in calling to mind the hardships they endured, the fortitude they displayed, the almost incredible services they rendered, and the glorious inheritance they have left to us their descendants. So far as we can trace the history of our country, from the first landing of our forefathers, to the present moment, we see no cause to blush at what we have been; and if we look still further back, our history is identified with that of our British assailants. All the glory that belongs to them as the legacy of their remote ancestors, we share with them in common; and as to the events of later date, no American, we suspect, can be found, who would wish to exchange the well earned reputation of his country for that of any other nation on earth. True it is, that our taverns may not all be as commodious and well provided, as the more extensive establishments of England. Sometimes perhaps the traveller may suffer, in the backwoods, for want of the conveniences and luxuries of a populous city, and may be disposed to curse the sluggish progress of improvement, which has not, in the space of forty years, reared up a London or a Paris on the banks of the Ohio, or in the fertile plains of Kentucky. Yet we can boast, in our turn, of blessings which Englishmen do not know. If we have less splendour, we have more

contentment: if our luxuries are fewer, so are our paupers and objects of charity: if we have sometimes to sleep, as Mr. Campbell says, "three or four in a bed," we are better off than thousands in the populous cities of Europe, who have no beds at all.

As it regards literature and science, we cannot indeed produce poets equal to Shakspeare and Milton, or philosophers like Newton; but we are not, even in this respect, ashamed of our achievements. We have statesmen and philosophers, who may challenge the world to produce their superiors; and if our scholars are less profound or less brilliant than those of Europe, they are not less useful. American genius may have been displayed in a different way, but it is not less conspicuous than that of the arrogant literati of Europe. England herself is, in many respects, tributary to the talents of Americans. She has paid homage to our superiority when she has endeavoured to pilfer from our countrymen the credit to which they were entitled, of inventing the Quadrant, and first applying steam to boat navigation; and when she has placed a native of our soil at the head of her Royal Academy. She has recently witnessed the wonders which an American artist can achieve, and will probably yet be compelled to resort to the talents of PERKINS to preserve her citizens from the countless impositions of her counterfeiters. The truth is, all things justly considered, Americans have done wonders, even in the fields of literature and science. If we have not men of leisure, devoted exclusively to the muses—if we have no regal court with unlimited means for the patronage of genius; if we have not, like our brethren in England, annuities and pensions to bestow on such poets and periodical writers as Campbell—still we have not been careless of the cultivation of the mind. We have provided means for the general diffusion of learning; and the great mass of our population is therefore enlightened. We have produced some scholars to whom Mr. Campbell has been ready to do justice; and we have produced many others, who, for want of leisure and opportunity alone, have been less conspicuous. Indeed we find, notwithstanding the sneers of Mr. Campbell, that the names of WALSH and EVERETT already command respect on the other side of the Atlantic: and perhaps the day is not far distant, when the great Indian hunting ground, which our flourishing towns, and villages, and farms now occupy, will be as illustrious for

its scholars and men of science, as it was forty years ago for its savage warriors, and uncultivated sons of the forest.

We shall be accused perhaps of vapouring and gasconading, of "displaying an expanded fretfulness as assertors of our country's reputation," but some allowances ought certainly to be made for the circumstances under which we write. We should not indeed boast of our achievements, had we not been driven to it by the obligations we are under to repel unwarranted attacks, and to refute unmerited slander. But after all, if boasting is our national failing, we have inherited it directly from our British ancestors, and have it in common with their British descendants, who are as fond of exulting in the superiority of English laws and institutions, of English scholars and philosophers, as we are of defending the reputation of our country. Far be it from us however to attempt, in vindicating ourselves, to do injustice to our assailants. We have no disposition to undervalue the just pretensions of Great Britain, and although we are sometimes compelled, in self-defence, to draw a comparison rather unfavorable to those who abuse us, we are still willing to allow all that can be fairly claimed for the country of our forefathers. We fully coincide with Mr. Campbell in the following sentiment.

"Let the name of England fade away from the list of nations—let her long line of statesmen, heroes, and scholars, and 'the many wondrous things they did in their day,' be buried in oblivion—still, as long as an empire of Americans survives, speaking her language, cherishing her institutions, and emulating her example, her name shall be pronounced with veneration throughout the world, and her memory be celebrated by a glorious monument."

A word or two we may be permitted to say, as it respects the purity of our language. English writers appear to think, that with them innovation is perfectly legitimate, that they may, without the imputation of arrogance or the fear of censure, coin new words and adopt new phrases; but that we, poor provincialists, must be controuled entirely by them, and confined to the phraseology which they pronounce pure and legitimate. Mr. Campbell tells us,

"Certainly the current language of America is to be at her own disposal; and she is as free as England to circulate as many new, or call in as many old words as she pleases. But what will be the consequence of the capricious exercise of such a right? Why, that a particular standard of the language will a-

rise in America, differing from the English standard, and which English writers and readers will not recognise to be authority. It will be in vain to tell us that the American innovations have 'good reasons in philology and common sense.' The only question we have to ask is, whether our best writers and speakers have adopted them; and, if they have not, we of necessity pronounce them to be corruptions. The utmost concession we could make in such a case, would be to imitate the courteous Parisian's observation on a phrase of Dr. Moore's: 'It is not French, but it deserves to be so.' If these innovations proceed in either country to such an extent as to cause a material difference between the languages, how idle to ask which is the better English. The better English will always be the English of the British court and senate, and of distinguished British authors: while the language of America, with all its appeals to 'philology and common sense,' must submit to be termed a dialect."

Now with all due deference to the authority of this justly celebrated writer, we must be permitted to enter our protest against a rule, that would authorise the "great writers" of England to make innovations, which equally great writers in America cannot make without being exposed to hearing them denounced as "corruptions" and "provincialisms." We are not ambitious indeed for the introduction of innovations and variations, but if they are made,—made too by great writers, and have their foundation in "philology and common sense," we see no reason why they should not be adopted and regarded as authoritative, as well if they originate in the backwoods of America, as if they are first introduced at the polished court of St. James. English writers indeed may obstinately refuse to adopt what comes from America, and may then tell us that that alone is English which is current in England. Yet it is hardly worth while to dispute about names. If our innovations are indeed improvements, the refusal of English writers and speakers to adopt them, cannot make them corruptions. The truth however is, as the North American Review has very justly stated, that there are more verbal defects in what are styled the best writers of Great Britain, than are to be found among an equal number of writers of the same relative standing in our country. Assume what standard you please and the advantage is on our side. The Edinburgh Review, with all its high and acknowledged pretensions, abounds in words not authorised by any established standard,

and if we in this country do not choose to take that work for authority, nor to receive all its newly coined terms as genuine English, we have the same right to reject them as Scotch provincialisms, that British critics have to denounce the innovations of our best writers as American corruptions. We have no disposition to accuse the English of "arrogant pedantry," because they "are determined to exclude from their lips and books every obsolete or new-fangled dialect, that may have local sway in Philadelphia or at the sources of the Missouri." We only claim for ourselves a similar privilege. We do not intend to receive as genuine English the dialect of Yorkshire or of Westmoreland, nor are we inclined to admit the authority even of the metropolis of Great Britain. We can refer Mr. Campbell to Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language for a specimen of the style of conversation in his own great city, and we will venture to say, gross as are the errors which prevail among the illiterate in our country, that they are not a whit beyond those of the populace of London.

It surely cannot be necessary, since the task has been so ably and successfully performed by Mr. Walsh, for us to attempt to prove that we have been unjustly and illiberally treated by the British reviewers. We cannot however forbear briefly to advert to the famous 61st number of the Edinburgh Review, with which Mr. Campbell thinks we ought to be satisfied. It is true an attack is there made upon the English Cabinet for treating our country with ridicule and contempt; our growth and progress are alluded to as alarming to the Old World; the vastness of our resources is pointed out; the cheapness of our government is praised; the plain style of dress of our judges and lawyers is approved; the simplicity of our manners, as exemplified by Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, is not condemned; and our fondness for titles receives no more than merited censure. But what is it to us how far the Edinburgh Reviewers choose to indulge their hostility to the British ministry? If it be evident, that what they say in our favour is intended only as one means of venting their spleen against their own administration, what gratification can we derive from their praise? They may accuse the English Cabinet of *impertinence* in ridiculing us, but what credit can we give them for sincerity or consistency, when in the very same article they indulge in language like the following?

"Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed; and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems; and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an Epic by Joel Barlow—and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come."

Do the gentlemen who conduct the Edinburgh Review suppose that we Americans are really so stupid and insensible as to consider language like this respectful and polite? Do they think that we can see no "impertinence" here? Or how insulting do they think they may be towards us, before they can be justly chargeable with treating us with ridicule and contempt? To our poor American apprehensions, the above paragraph is as insulting and contemptuous as it could well be made, and we doubt whether the able conductors of the Edinburgh Review themselves, with all their talent for insolence and abuse, could have embraced, within the same narrow compass, a greater amount of arrogance, illiberality, and contempt. If these dictatorial reviewers think we have no literature, they might say so, without insulting our most respectable scholars, and as to *their* "sense, science, and genius," they might, we think, be content to send them to us, poor provincialists, "in bales and hogsheads," without insultingly telling us how much we are indebted to them.

A great part of that review, which Mr. Campbell thinks ought to be so satisfactory, is devoted likewise to a subject upon which British writers strangely delight to dwell. After having established among us and entailed upon our posterity the curse of slavery, Great Britain is perpetually dinning in our ears its evils and its oppressions, and has the audacity to point it out as "the foulest blot upon our national character." Once more then we say, the contamination, if there be any, has been derived from our mother country. We cannot now, consistently with our peace or safety, wipe away the stain, and every British writer ought to begin and end his notice of this subject with a humble acknowledgment of his own country's guilt and shame.

But we have really entered with so much spirit into the

new mode of reviewing, that we had almost forgotten, amidst more important characters, our original companion, the Lieutenant of Dragoons. And, on the whole, we are not disposed to treat him with neglect. He has indeed taken rather too much upon trust; he is too credulous as to the tales he heard and has propagated; and enters with rather too much confidence upon what he justly calls the "bold enterprise," of undertaking "to describe the habits, manners, and dispositions of a nation, after a fifteen days journey through it." Yet after all, he is a good natured, well disposed man, with some pretensions to literature. He tells us indeed that Nantucket is inhabited by presbyterians, and overlooks entirely the great body of quakers who compose a part of its population. He asserts that the people of that Island "have, particularly the women, an old habit of taking a small quantity of opium every morning," and adds in a note "I have since heard it remarked, that this practice is very general in America." He says that our "young men have the character of being dissipated, living much apart from their families in boarding houses," as if habits of that kind were more prevalent in our country than in Europe! And he gives the very important information that "good dinners are in high esteem in the upper commercial circles." Yet he seems disposed to be pleased, and is willing to do us justice. He evidently commenced his tour under the impulse of prejudice, for, speaking of his agreeable surprize at finding every thing so comfortable on board the Steam Boat on the Hudson, he says—"Truly, thought I, these republicans are not so barbarous." But he soon lost a portion of his prejudice, and, as may be seen by the following interesting quotation, prosecuted his journey with much satisfaction.

"We started under the auspices of a bright frosty morning. The first few minutes were naturally spent by me in examining the machinery, by means of which our huge leviathan, with such evident ease, won her way against the opposing current: but more interesting objects are breaking fast on the view; on our right are the slooping sides of New York Island, studded with villas, over a soil from which the hand of cultivation has long since rooted its woodland glories, substituting the more varied decorations of park and shrubbery, intersected with brown stubbles and meadows; while on our left, the bold features of nature rise, as in days of yore, unimpaired, unchangeable; grey cliffs, like aged battlements, tower perpendicularly

from the water's edge to the height of several hundred feet. Hickory, dwarf oak, and stunted cedars, twist fantastically within their crevices, and deepen the shadows of each glen into which they occasionally recede; huge masses of disjointed rocks are scattered at intervals below; here the sand has collected sufficiently to afford space for the woodman's hut, but the narrow waterfall, which in summer turns his saw-mill, is now a mighty icicle glittering to the morning sun; here and there a scarcely perceptible track conducts to the rude wharf, from which the weather-worn lugger receives her load of timber for the consumption of the city. A low white monument near one of these narrow strands marks the spot on which the good and gallant Hamilton offered the sacrifice of his life to those prejudices, which noble minds have so seldom dared to despise. *He crossed from the State of New York to evade the laws of his country, and bow to those of false shame and mistaken honour.* His *less* fortunate adversary still survives in New York, as obscure and unnoticed as he was once conspicuous.

Evening began to close in as we approached the highlands: The banks on either side towered up more boldly, and a wild tract of mountain scenery rose beyond them: The river, which had been gradually widening, now expanded into a capacious lake, to which the eye could distinguish no outlets; flights of wild fowl were skimming over its smooth surface to their evening shelter, and the last light of day rested faintly on a few white farm houses, glimmering at intervals from the darkening thickets: Verplank's Point shuts the northern extremity of this first basin: The river continues its course within a cliff-bound channel, until, after a few miles, it again opens out amid the frowning precipices of West Point: Here are the same features of scenery as at Verplank's Point, but loftier mountains skirt the lake; and cliffs of more gigantic stature almost impend above the gliding sail. The moon was riding in a cloudless sky, and as her silver colouring fell on the grey cliffs of the left banks, the mountains on the other side projected their deepened shadows, with encreased solemnity, on the unruffled waters.

This was the land of romance to the early settlers. Indian tradition had named the Highlands the prison within which Manetho confined the spirits rebellious to his power, until the mighty Hudson, rolling through the stupendous defiles of West Point, burst asunder their prison house, but they long lingered near the place of their captivity, and as the blasts howled through the vallies, echo repeated their groans to the startled ear of the solitary hunter, who watched by his pine-tree fire for the approach of morning. The lights, which occasionally twinkled from the sequestered bay, or wooded promontory, sufficiently told that these fancies, like the Indians, who had in-

vented or transmitted them, must by this time have given way to the unpoetic realities of civilised life." pp. 16—18.

From New York Lieutenant Hall proceeded, through Albany, to Canada, and, while on his way, he tells us,

"At Kinderhook we found a militia court martial going forward. Curiosity induced us to step for a moment into the 'Hall of Justice,' where a scene presented itself on which Hogarth would have banqueted. The Colonel President sat at the head of the table; a cocked hat, equal in size to three degenerate Wellingtons of modern days, with a crimson feather, adorned his untrimmed locks, 'but redder than the plume so red,' a nose, all gemmed and carbuncled, flamed beneath it; a coloured silk handkerchief was tied loosely round his neck; before him stood a large jug of whiskey punch, and beside it the swords of his fellow judges bundled together, while their owners, in heterogeneous garb, half-farmer, half-soldier, sate round the table, posing, in quaint phrase of guessing, and mistering, the witnesses, who, to prevent discordant evidence, were all placed in court to hear one another's story." p. 23.

On the borders of Canada, he pauses to give the character of the people of the United States, and among other remarks, makes the following, the correctness of which, we apprehend, our readers will not universally be disposed to admit.

"The late war was spoken of with equal detestation by all parties; and so far did they seem from assuming any credit for engaging in it, that each party most studiously shifted the odium to the other." p. 27.

He does us justice however in some particulars. He acknowledges that we are industrious and enterprising, which the Edinburgh Reviewers seem inclined to deny. He opposes the idea, which has been so universally advanced, that we are all full of deadly rancour against the English, and he praises us for our hospitality to strangers. The following paragraph evinces the impression made upon foreigners by the republican manners prevalent in our country.

"An English traveller is frequently surprised to find the highest magistrates and officers of the nation travelling by the same conveyances, sitting down at the same table, and joining in conversation with the meanest of the people; borrowing from his own prejudices of rank, he is apt to fancy all the great world amusing themselves in masquerade. I entered, casually, into conversation, on board the steam-boat, with a man whose ap-

pearance seemed to denote something betwixt the shop-keeper and farmer, though his conversation marked him superior to both. He was the high sheriff of a county. I remember, among other observations, his remarks on the unhappy condition of the greater part of emigrants into America, particularfy the poorer Irish, who are induced by flattering representations to strain every effort to procure a passage to New York, or some sea-port town, where they are left in total ignorance, both of the country most fit to settle in, and of the means of getting to it, until their little stock is either wasted by delay, or plundered by sharpers, and themselves reduced to beggary, or the lowest drudgery of society. It is very rare to find a native American begging, or indeed to find any condition resembling beggary throughout the States, except in the sea port towns, in which these neglected wanderers are collected." p. 39.

Mr. Hall describes the Canadians as indolent, averse to improvement, superstitious, and ignorant. The following extracts furnish the results of his observation.

"After quitting the neighbourhood of Montreal, we see little of the French Canadian; he is succeeded by settlers of a character very different; and with whom he is generally placed in humiliating contrast. He gains little by travellers; few enter his cottage, or inquisitively scan the character of an ignorant and superstitious race, who aspire to little more than to walk in the steps of their priests, and forefathers. Certainly, if intellectual power be the sole measure of human merit, their's lies in little compsss.—Ignorant they unquestionably are, though I doubt whether they have a right to such extreme pre-eminence in this respect, as Englishmen are usually liberal enough to assign them. Schools are common through the Province, and the number of colleges seems proportioned to the population: the gentry and tradesmen appear not much inferior in information to the country gentlemen and tradesmen of wiser nations; and if the share of the peasant's intellect exceeds not much that of the ox he drives, he may claim fellowship in this respect, with the peasant of almost every country on the globe, except the United States. He is certainly superstitious, that is, he believes all his priest tells him—no great peculiarity. Let not, however, those qualities be overlooked, which give a grace to his poverty, sweeten the cup of his privations, and almost convert his ignorance into bliss.—Essentially a Frenchman, he is gay, courteous and contented: If the rigours of a Canadian climate have somewhat chilled the overflowing vivacity derived from his parent stock, he has still a sufficient portion of good spirits and loquacity, to make his rulers and neighbours seem

cold and silent: To strangers and travellers, he is invariably civil, seeming to value their good word beyond their money: He is reckoned parsimonious, because all his gains arise from his savings: He is satisfied with the humblest fare, and his utmost debauch never exceeds a 'coup' of rum, and pipe of tobacco, taken with a dish of gossip, the only luxury in which he can be accounted extravagant. The influence of the priests is probably injurious, as it affects mental improvement, beneficial with respect to morals. Religion, or rather superstition, and morality, are so blended in the mind of the Canadian, that were the former shaken, considerable time must elapse before any basis could be raised on which to found the latter. At present, great crimes are almost unknown, and petty offences are rare; I have indeed heard the lower classes accused of a propensity to pilfer, but I am inclined to think, few instances of this kind occur, except from the pressure of extreme want. The late war, by calling out a considerable proportion of the population to serve in the militia, has produced an evident change in the manners of the young men: I always found two invariable symptoms of a man's having *served;* a little more intelligence, and a great deal more knavery." pp. 92—94.

"Indeed the most prominent trait in the character of this people, is an attachment to whatever is established. Far different in this respect from the American, the Canadian will submit to any privation, rather than quit the spot his forefathers tilled, or remove from the sound of his parish bells." p. 60.

This we cannot but regard as an exaggerated picture. That the French Canadian has partaken largely of the spirit of thoughtless indifference and easy contentment, which his religion and his government so commonly infuse, we do not deny. But the march of improvement has commenced. The cold and lethargic torpor which once prevailed throughout Canada, is giving way to the vivifying influence of enterprise and public spirit. Agriculture is regarded as important and as susceptible of improvement. Commerce is advancing with considerable rapidity. English manners are usurping the place of their French predecessors. Valuable public institutions are every where rearing their heads, and the aspect of the country is, within a few years, very, materially changed.

Notwithstanding the excessive indolence and want of enterprise which the Lieutenant attributes to the Canadians, he professes to be fond of travelling among them.

"The spirit, which endures an evil rather than overcome it

is not very favorable to the comfort of a traveller: it indicates bad roads, bad inns, bad horses, and bad carriages; all which he finds accordingly; yet in spite of all these, I prefer the travelling of Lower Canada, to that of every other part of the American Continent. You arrive at the post house, (as the words '*maison deposte*,' scrawled over the door give you notice, though the premises present no further hint of the appointment, than perhaps a tattered caleche under the adjoining shed.) 'Have you horses, Madame? '*oui, Monsieur, tout de suite*,'—A loud cry of '*Oh! bon homme*,' succeeds, to forward the intelligence to her husband, at work in the adjacent field—'*Mais, asseyez vous, Monsieur:*'—and if you have patience to do this quietly for a few minutes, you will see Crebillon, Papillon, or some other *on* arrive from pasture, mounted by honest *Jean* in his blue night cap, with all his habiliments shaking in the wind, at a full canter, The invariable preliminary of splicing and compounding the broken harness having been adjusted, the whip cracks, and you start to the exhilarating cry of '*marche donc*,' at the rate of six, and often, seven miles an hour, with no stoppages. Should a further degree of speed be required, the place of the English 'extra shilling' is cheaply supplied by a few flowers of rhetoric, bestowed in the shape of an eulogium on *Jean's* punchy, fumbling nag. '*Oh Monsieur, il est bien capable*,' is his complacent reply, (for be it known, that no knight of chivalry ere prized his gallant Bayardo, more than the Canadian his dumplin courser.) and straightway, an additional mile in his hour's driving makes good his boast, and places, beyond the slur of sceptical doubt or criticism, Crebillon's fame." pp. 77, 78.

But we cannot remain with our traveller any longer in Canada. We cannot pause to survey the religious and charitable institutions he describes, or to examine the comparative advantages of the frontier towns. On his re-entrance into the United States, he thus speaks of the western part of the state of New York.

"With Utica commences that succession of flourishing villages, and settlements, which renders this tract of country the astonishment of travellers. That so large a portion of the soil should, on an average period of less than twenty years, be cleared, brought into cultivation, and have a large population settled on it, is in itself sufficiently surprising; but this feeling is considerably increased, when we consider the character of elegant opulence with which it every where smiles on the eye. Each village teems. like a hive, with activity and enjoyment: the houses, taken in the mass, are on a large scale, for (except-

ing the few primitive log-huts still surviving) there is scarcely one, below the appearance of an opulent London tradesman's country box; nor is their style of building very unlike these, being generally of wood, painted white, with green doors and shutters, and porches, or verandas in front. The face of the country is beautifully varied; on the left of the road, lofty ridges divide the Lake streams from the head waters of the Chenango, and Oriskany rivers; and again, shooting up towards the north, form the steep banks of the Canserage Creek, and the wooded heights, which embosom Onondago Hollow. The shores of the small lakes are picturesquely formed in the same manner, and a succession of ridges is thus continued, till they terminate towards Lake Ontario, in the Niagara heights, and mingle, on the south, with the spurs of the Alleganies, round the sources of the Susquehannah." pp. 112, 113.

The Lieutenant devotes a whole chapter to a description of the far-famed and often described Falls of Niagara, and then proceeds on his way towards Philadelphia. In the course of his progress, an occasion offers for paying the following tribute to the generosity and civility of the American character.

"New Town, or Elmira, (I put down both the names, for I went six miles about, from not knowing it had the happiness to have two,) is pleasantly situated on the edge of the Tyoga: its appearance, however, is far from gay, for few of the houses are painted, and wooden buildings, without this precaution, soon acquire a dingy decayed appearance. But New Town has better claims than mere good looks, to my grateful remembrance. Owing to some accidental delays, in the course of my journey, I found by the time of my arrival here, that I had not cash sufficient to carry me to Philadelphia, nor even much farther than New Town: I had bills on Philadelphia, and applied to a respectable storekeeper, that is, tradesman, of the village, to cash one; the amount however, was beyond any remittance he had occasion to make, but he immediately offered me whatever sum I might require for my journey, with no better security than my word, for its repayment at Philadelphia; he even insisted on my taking more than I mentioned as sufficient. I do not believe this trait of liberality would surprise an American, for no one in the States, to whom I mentioned it, seemed to consider it as more than any stranger of respectable appearance might have looked for, in similar circumstances; but it might well surprise an English traveller, who had been told as I had, that the Americans never failed to cheat and insult every Englishman who travelled through their country, especi-

ally if they knew him to be an officer: this latter particular they never failed to inform themselves of, for they are by no means bashful in inquiries, but if the discovery operated in any way upon their behaviour, it was rather to my advantage, nor did I meet with a single instance of incivility betwixt Canada and Charleston, except at the Shenandoah Point, from a drunken English deserter.—My testimony, in this particular, will certainly not invalidate the complaints of many other travellers, who I doubt not, have frequently deserved it; but it will at least prove the possibility of traversing the United States without insult or interruption, and even of being occasionally surprised by liberality and kindness." pp. 156, 157.

At Philadelphia our traveller makes some interesting speculations. After describing the city and criticising with some justice its public buildings, he enters upon a disquisition on the fine arts, particularly that of painting, which he thinks has made feeble progress, not only in this country, but in modern Europe generally. Our very advantages, he justly remarks, are hostile to our success in the fine arts. The equal division of property among us prevents the possibility of extensive patronage and encouragement, and the ease with which a competence is, by other means, acquired, leaves but little inducement for devotion to a course of life, whose rewards are so uncertain, and, if obtained, so inconsiderable. He may not be very far from the truth, when he says,

"America may justly expect a brilliant success in whatever relates to the useful sciences, in mechanical inventions, and the arts by which her immense territory, and active population may be most advantageously employed; but the ideal world is not included in her domain; it has, perhaps in mercy, been assigned to those nations which have learned to feel, by being compelled to suffer." p. 176.

Still, we hope our countrymen will not relax their efforts to promote the cultivation of the fine arts. If we have not all the facilities of older and less prosperous countries, we need not fear that the most zealous exertions can do us any harm. It does not follow, because a degenerate state of society may be best suited for the fine arts, that therefore a devotion to the fine arts is calculated to debase and corrupt.

Lieutenant Hall next introduces some further speculations on the state of manners and society in the United States, and here, while he makes some just remarks, he evidently

indulges, to a considerable latitude, in carricaturing. We give the following as an example.

"Women bear a high rate in American market, because they are scarce in proportion to the demand, in a country, where all men marry, and marry young, consequently they are not called upon, to make great exertions to captivate; they can do without striking accomplishments, and, to recur to a trading maxim, which they will very well understand, there will seldom be more of a commodity raised for market, than the consumption calls for. Female accomplishments are consequently in the same predicament with male politeness; they are cultivated upon a principle of vanity, to imitate the ladies of Europe; but they seldom enrich the understanding, or give elegance to the manners:—like the men, the ladies fall into the mistake of confounding fashions with manners, and think they import Parisian graces with Parisian bonnets: nay, this is little, they have improved the commodity: 'The American ladies,' as I have heard an American lady modestly observe, 'unite French grace with English modesty.' Happy combination, did it not neutralize the whole compound! Let us view them in their perihelion, at a ball or assembly. Chairs are arranged in a close semi-circle; the ladies file into the room, and silently take their seats beside each other, the men occupying the chord of the segment, vis-a-vis to their fair foes, (for such their cautious distance and rare communication would indicate them to be:) the men in this situation discuss trade and politics: the ladies, fashions and domestic incidents, with all the quiet and gravity becoming the solemnity of the meeting: tea and coffee are handed about, and in due process of time, cakes and lemonade, &c: should there be no dancing, the forces draw off, after having for several hours thus reconnoitered each other. When they dance, the men step forward, and, more by gesture than word, indicate their wishes to their fair partners: Cotillions then commence, with a gravity and perseverance almost pitiable. 'Dancing,' says the Marquis de Chastellux, 'is said to be at once the emblem of gayety and of love:' here it seems to be the 'emblem of legislation and marriage.' The animation displayed by the feet never finds its way into the countenance, to light up the eye or deepen the rose on the cheek,

> Which hangs in chill and lifeless lustre there,
> Like a red oak-leaf in the wintry air;
> While the blue eye above it coldly beams,
> Like moonlight radiance upon frozen streams.

One conceives, on these occasions, how dancing may become, as it is among the Shakers, a religious ceremony. M. Volney is inclined to deduce from the sour Presbyterianism of the first

settlers in New England, '*Le ton ceremonieux, l'air grave et silencieux, et toute l'etiquette guindee qui regne encore dans la societe des femmes des Etats Unis.*' Notwithstanding the multiplicity of sects in America, they all take their tone from the austerest, that they may lose none of the advantages resulting from the appearance of superior sanctity: in this way, people of all creeds are screwed up to the pitch of Calvinistic stiffness: gallantry itself assumes a solemn and serious air: the God of Love has laid aside his torch and purple wings, and steps a merchant's clerk, well versed in the mysteries both of grace and gain. Society, under these circumstances, becomes instead of the Feast, the Fast of Self-love. With scarcely any communication of sentiment betwixt the sexes, there is no collision to strike out the sparkles of wit, nor any sympathy of tastes to kindle feeling, or give the expression of it animation. Parties separate as if they had performed a duty, and meet to perform one again." pp. 181, 182.

It is true our author does not stop here. He goes on to describe the ladies of America as good wives, good mothers, and prudent housekeepers. But who, that is impartial and at the same time well versed in the true state of society among us, will admit the correctness of the picture as above drawn? Who does not perceive that it is an extravagant carricature?

Next follow some remarks upon the penitentiary system, of which our author furnishes a detailed account, and on which he bestows well merited praise. From Philadelphia he proceeds to Washington, where he is introduced to very pleasant society, and attends the debates in Congress. After favorably noticing some of the speakers, particularly Messrs. Webster, Grosvenor, and Randolph, he thus remarks:

"No expressions are used, either of approbation or the contrary; whatever may be the opinion of the House, the most perfect attention is given to each member; nor, however long he may speak, is he ever interrupted by those indications of impatience so common in our House of Commons. This may reasonably be accounted for by supposing, that their average speeches are, in themselves better, or more agreeably, by conjecturing, that the American idea of excellence is put at a lower standard than our own. Both the talents, however, and behaviour of the members, seem worthy of the government, and of what America is, and may be. Their forms of business and debate nearly resemble those of our parliament; always excepting wigs and gowns, a piece of grave absurdity well omitted:

for it is surely an odd conceit, to fancy the dignity of the first officers of States attached to, or supported by, large conglomerations of artificial hair." p. 202.

At Mount Vernon our traveller pauses to moralize over the tomb of Washington. Thence he proceeds, by Harper's Ferry, through the Shenandoah valley, and over the Natural Bridge, to Monticello, where he passes a night with Mr. Jefferson. He then visits Richmond, of which he furnishes a description, by quoting largely from the "Letters from Virginia," and next proceeds to Charleston, which he seems disposed to allow no merit, either in regard to situation, climate, or, what has universally been admitted, the hospitality of its inhabitants. From Charleston he at length sets sail for England and soon "welcomes the hills" of his native country.

We cannot close our review without furnishing a specimen of conversation which the Lieutenant has thought important enough to introduce into his book. At a house where he lodged in Canada, he informs us,

"I found a comfortable chamber prepared on my return, and breakfast on the table in the morning. 'How do you contrive to get through your time here, my girl?' said I, to the rosy-cheeked damsel who kept up my supply of fresh eggs, 'O, Sir, the time goes very quick, we have plenty of employment.' 'Well, but in winter?' 'O the winter passes still quicker than the summer.' I regretted I had not an opportunity of paying my respects to my kind hostess, in whose family time was allowed to jog quietly on, without any extraordinary contrivances for his destruction, a privilege so seldom granted him by the present generation." p. 65.

Our readers will no doubt sympathize with the Lieutenant in a wish for further acquaintance with a family capable of affording so interesting a conversation.

The following quotation we make, merely for the purpose of exhibiting our author in the character of a poet, a character which he appears very fond of assuming. Speaking of the Beloeil Mountain in Canada, he says,

"The basis of the mountain is granite, forming a bold termination to that branch of the Green Mountains, which divides the waters of lake Champlain from the sources of the Atamasca and St. Francis. On my way down, I stopped to refresh myself at a delicious spring, in the valley of the lake, repaying the favour, as I could best afford, with an idle verse.—

Seldom, O Naiad, thy sequester'd dell
Hath pilgrim trodden, or bent o'er thy well
To slake his thirst, and lave his throbbing brow,
And thank thee for the boon, as I do now!
Thine is no stinted draught, but largely given
As blessings are rain'd down on man by heav'n;
Not as man gives to man—therefore I'll think,
In future days, upon thy grassy brink,
And nameless spring; cold, undisturb'd, and clear,
As alpine icicles, or holy seer,
Whose bosom passion never touch'd with fire:
And this day's memory shall live entire,
To tell how on an August noon I toil'd
To gain Belœil's rude summits; *all bemoil'd*
With threading the hot wilderness of boughs,
Whose intertwining, scanty path allows;
And climbing rocks of granite, broad and bare,
Which, thus upheaving their grey sides in air,
Like nature's altars seem; or giant thrones,
Where mountain Genii sit, to catch the tones
Of heav'n's high minstrelsy, and thence prolong,
In waterfalls and breezes, the deep song.
The peak at length, and topmost stone I won,
And gaz'd upon the landscape, wide and dun,
Far-gleaming lakes, and the majestic river,
Whose silver waters through the brown fields quiver;
Broad forests, mapp'd all round the royal hill,
In sultry mistiness repos'd and still:
Descending thence, I hail thy silent bower,
In its green freshness, at this glowing hour,
When birds are panting in the leafy brakes,
And the blythe grasshopper shrill music makes,
A noontide reveller—and long for thee
Be this, thy valley of the mountain, free
From woodman's stroke; so o'er thy shaded spring
These towering maples shall their verdure fling,
And shield-like, their broad branches overspread,
To fence the coolness of thy mossy bed—
My harp is feeble, Naiad, and its tone
Best heard by echoes, loudly as thine own,
Else, with Bandusia's fountain, thou shouldst live
Th' immortal life sweet poetry can give,
Thou, and thy kindred lake, whose moonlight brim,
No summer elves have printed, gemm'd and trim,
Evok'd by shepherd's reed, or minstrel's hymn. } pp. 86, 87.

As the patience of our readers has, we presume, been sufficiently tried, they will, no doubt, very cheerfully dispense with any detailed remarks upon the Appendix, which consists of three parts, one devoted to slavery, another to the American character, and a third, to the American government. We merely observe therefore, that, as might be expected, the several tasks our Lieutenant here assigned to himself have been lamely performed. His sources of infor-

mation were not sufficiently abundant or correct, to warrant the commencement of either enterprise. He has displayed some good sense and good feeling, but his remarks, on the whole, are incorrect and unsatisfactory.

Kenilworth, a Romance, by the Author of Waverley, Ivanhoe, &c. in 2 volumes. Philadelphia, M: Carey & Son, 1821. pp. 611, 12mo.

We are presented with another novel by this remarkable writer. It is not easy to say, which deserves our wonder most, his facility of producing, or the excellency of his productions. Kenilworth almost immediately follows the Abbot, and is intended as a match-piece for it. Both are faithful to history; and are equally honorable to the genius that has given them to the world. Elizabeth was the best queen, but Mary was far the most interesting woman. Both had fine talents, were accomplished, and commanding. Mary was incomparably the most beautiful, delicate, and lovely. Elizabeth, with all her great qualities as a public character, was hypocritical, envious, jealous, cold, calculating, and hard-hearted. Yet Mary was a misfortune to Scotland, and Elizabeth a blessing to England. Most of Mary's conduct we approve, but its results were disastrous. Much of Elizabeth's we condemn, but its effects were salutary to the people. One was eminently fitted for the circumstances, in which she had to act, while the other was as eminently unfitted. Mary was educated in France, and would have shone and succeeded in French society, and among Roman Catholics, but was as perfectly disqualified to reign in Scotland, and to direct the sectarians of that age and country, as she was to wrestle with the tiger, or to contend with the tempest. When the leader of these religionists made it a point of conscience and of pride to insult his sovereign, the multitude in this good cause of rebellion and barbarity would soon trample upon loyalty, and put their hoofs upon the breast of beauty and refinement. Never was a woman less adapted to a people than Mary to the Scotch. They wanted an Amazon instead of a Venus. A virago, who could both fight and preach, who would be morose and persevering, who could live without the associations of elegance and the charms of society, who would make war

upon fancy and the arts, who could endure and even take delight in coarseness and surliness, and who would scowl and persecute with the scowlers and persecutors of the Kirk, was the princess for that period of the Scottish history. The beauty, wit, accomplishments, sensibility, and loveliness of Mary were so many defects in her character in reference to the people, over whom she was destined to reign for a short time, and among whom it was her unfortunate lot to have even her virtues at last made tributary to a few crimes that stained her anxious and troubled life. Elizabeth, on the contrary, well knew the genius of her people, and was admirably calculated to play upon it. She had been fully taught the course she ought to pursue, by the embarrassments and sufferings of her bigotted and misguided sister, who preceded her on the English throne. She had been just enough watched and persecuted, while she was in retirement, to make her prudent and close, and to furnish her with the rudiments of the hypocrisy and caution which she afterward so amply displayed. We could never love Elizabeth, nor do any appear to have loved her except the people in mass. We understand and assent to the traditionary glories of the days of "*good queen Bess*," and will not contend with Englishmen about the official qualifications of this half woman and half man; but it is only in her character as *queen*, that we speak thus indulgently. We do not indeed expect miracles, and we have never been so far forgetful of her brutal father, Harry the eighth, as to suppose the daughter would not partake of the family blood.

As Mary is the principal figure in the Abbot, Elizabeth is the principal one in Kenilworth, though not the proper heroine. It is on this account, that we have thought it useful to make a few remarks upon the characters of these two princesses. The novelist has, in our opinion, managed the cause as he should, and has rendered justice to both the parties. He has sacrificed no part of the truth to a partiality for either, but has made us sympathize altogether with Mary, as history does also. It is easy to see, that he feels the partiality for the Queen of Scots, which he infuses into the bosoms of his readers, and that he is careful to ascribe no unmerited amiableness to Elizabeth, while he still delineates her character with great fidelity to her virtues as well as to her defects. We are not reconciled to the coarseness of her expressions, and yet our reference to the age leads us to require them of the novelist. We cannot but be

disgusted with her for the rude and ferocious manner, in which she at times scolded her nobles and favorites; and we are as little inclined to applaud them for bearing such insults and abuse without replies more spirited and worthy. We are not at all fanatical in our notions of liberty, nor in our hostility to privileged orders. We do not hate heads, because they are crowned, nor dignities which our own institutions do not recognize; but we see no justification of insult in authority, and no conversion of meanness into magnanimity by difference of rank. Both Sussex and Leicester are too tame before the queen, and are too servile in their solicitude to please. They might often have replied in defence of themselves, without violating the respect due to majesty, and without forfeiting any portion of their claim to the spirit of loyalty, even in that age of unbounded prerogative.

Our author however has in this, as well as in the general tenor of his work, been remarkably faithful to history, a feature in his narrative, which we propose to illustrate. In order to do this acceptably to our readers, we will first give the story of Kenilworth from the novel.

Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, privately marries Amy Robsart, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Devonshire, and conceals her in Cumnor Place in Berks county, under the care of Anthony Foster. The general control of the establishment is given to Richard Varney, the confidant of Dudley. Tressilian, a gentleman and a scholar, formerly a suitor of Miss Robsart, disinterestedly continues his attachment to the lady and her father, and labors to deliver her from the hands of those, who have, as he supposes, seduced and dishonored her. The marriage is known only to the parties, the priest, Varney, Foster, and Janet, the waiting woman of the countess. Cumnor Place is fitted up in splendid style, and Amy has the promise of being introduced at court as soon as the interests of Leicester will permit. He is at this time the favorite of Elizabeth, is supposed to be unmarried, and has hopes of becoming the husband of the queen. These hopes are not fully defined and acknowledged, even in his own mind, but are secretly cherished by him, and are nursed by the confidant Varney. The novel opens at a tavern near Cumnor Place, and Tressilian is there introduced to us with Michael Lambourne, who afterwards becomes an agent of Varney for the execution of his pernicious purposes. Tressilian accompanies Lambourne to

Foster's, and gains an interview with Amy, but knows not that she is the countess of Leicester. The lady does not explain, and Tressilian leaves her dissatisfied. In his exit, he meets Varney, whom he considers as the seducer of Amy. They fight, and Lambourne prevents the death of Varney by the sword of Tressilian. Leicester secretly visits his wife, and is importuned by her to be introduced to the dignities of her station, and to be declared countess in public. He resists, but leaves her pacified for the present. At court, he maintains a successful contest with his great rival Sussex, and is publicly known as the chief favorite of the queen. Marks of distinction from his sovereign are accumulated upon him, and his ambition is made to triumph over his love for his wife, at least over his determination to avow his marriage. Elizabeth gives notice of her intention to make a royal visit to Kenilworth Castle, and to have her courtiers with her. Leicester and Sussex are required by the queen to become friends; they apparently stop the feud between them, and are mutually reconciled; and Leicester invites Sussex to attend Elizabeth to Kenilworth. The day is appointed for this visit of her majesty, and the most splendid preparations are made for her reception and entertainment. In the mean time, Varney, who had been led to declare before the queen and Tressilian, that Amy was his wife, and had involved Dudley in the falsehood, in order to prevent a compliance with Elizabeth's command to have Amy appear at Kenilworth Castle during the fete, went to Cumnor Place with Alasco, a physician, astrologer, and alchymist, and there, with Anthony Foster, attempted to administer a potion to the countess, which was to produce illness enough to keep her from Kenilworth. But the countess considered this as an attempt to poison her, and escaped, by the assistance of Janet, from the hands of Varney and Foster, and put herself under the protection of Wayland Smith, a former pupil of Alasco, initiated into all his secret arts, but now his enemy and in the interest of Tressilian. Varney knows not that Amy has escaped. She had drank a second cup offered to her by him, and had so well feigned compliance with his wishes as to elude his vigilance and induce him to believe that she was in the torpor and confinement intended. With Wayland Smith she finds her way to Kenilworth, after many difficulties and adventures, and finally obtains a place in Tressilian's apartment during his absence, without making herself known to any one at the castle.

She writes a letter to Leicester, which is trusted to Smith, but which is stolen from him by Flibbertigibbet, a boy whose curiosity Smith had refused to gratify in relation to the lady in his company, then called his sister. A series of embarrassments, which are of the most mortifying and painful nature, follows the countess, till at length she meets the queen in the garden of the castle, at the most unfortunate moment for herself and her husband. A partial disclosure of the truth is made, but is again covered by the agency of Varney. Amy, in her desire to shield her husband, contradicts herself, is still believed to be the wife of Varney, and is put in a place of confinement under the idea of being deranged. The fete goes on, and Leicester is compelled to play his part as the host and favourite courtier of his sovereign, notwithstanding the secret agony of his soul. Varney, by degrees, succeeds in making Leicester believe that the countess is unfaithful to him, and engaged in an illicit amour with Tressilian. In the moment of indignation, he authorizes Varney to take her to Cumnor Place and deal with her at discretion. Leicester makes an appointment with Tressilian. They meet and fight, and at the moment, when Leicester has disarmed Tressilian, and is about to plunge his sword into the breast of the fallen foe, Flibbertigibbet runs up and arrests the arm of the earl. The letter is now delivered to Leicester, which Flibbertigibbet had stolen from Smith. This explains the reasons of Amy's flight to Kenilworth, and her interviews with Tressilian. The earl opens his eyes upon his delusion; sends off Lambourne a messenger to Varney with new orders counteracting the old ones; and avows his marriage to Elizabeth. The queen is excessively mortified and enraged, but regains at last her self-command, and continues the fete, while she publicly renders Leicester as miserable as her malice and hypocrisy enabled her to do. Her partiality for him however revives, and she restores him to favour at court. Varney shoots Lambourne on the way to Cumnor, and escapes the pursuit of Tressilian and of a large party sent after him. He immediately digests with Foster a mode of death for the countess. They shut her up in a chamber that opens into a deceptive gallery over an immense chasm or abyss, where the floor is unsupported, and is intended to drop its victim down the fatal depth. Varney imitates the signal of Leicester, the countess thinks her husband is coming to her rescue,

she runs out into the gallery, and is instantly precipitated into the abyss.

This is the story in brief. There are very many incidents, subordinate scenes, and ingenious inventions, which are managed with great skill and address, and which produce a great variety of excitement throughout the work, especially in the second volume. The characters are diversified, the events are numerous, the descriptions are lively, the scenery is changing, and the positions of the actors are difficult and arduous.

Before we offer any remarks upon the personages and incidents, we will turn for a moment to the real history. Dudley was married to Amy Robsart, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, in 1550, but not privately. The marriage was in presence of King Edward VI. This wife died in 1560, by a fall down stairs, or from some elevated place. In 1572, Leicester privately married Douglas, baroness dowager of Sheffield, by whom he had a son and a daughter. This was, as he termed him, his *base son*, to whom he left most of his fortune. The marriage was never owned. In 1578, the marriage of this same nobleman with the countess Dowager of Sussex was declared. In 1575, Elizabeth visited Kenilworth Castle, and stayed there with her court seventeen days. Most of the incidents in the novel, connected with this visit, are historical, such as the fireworks, Arion on the Dolphin in the lake, the water goddess addressing the queen, and the contest between the Coventry-men, representing the destruction of the Danes. The anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh's throwing down upon the mud a new plush cloak for the queen to walk upon is from history, and this piece of gallantry was the occasion of his rising into the favor of Elizabeth. Varney, Foster, Smith, and some other personages, besides those well known, are from history. Events, which happened to the two first wives of Leicester, are ascribed to one in the novel. The catastrophe is not invented, but embellished. The poison of Sussex, who was cured by Smith, is charged on Varney in the novel, but implicates Leicester in the actual history. Our readers may be pleased with the following account of the queen's visit to Kenilworth. It is taken from the "New and General Biographical Dictionary." (Volume iv, pp, 249, 250.)

"In July 1575, as the queen was upon her progress, she made the earl a visit at his castle of Kenilworth in Warwickshire.

This manor and castle had formerly belonged to the crown; but lord Leicester having obtained it from the queen, spared no expense in enlarging and adorning it: and Dugdale says that he laid out no less than 60,000l. upon it. Here, due preparation being made, he entertained the queen and her court for seventeen days together with all imaginable magnificence: of which, being none of the least remarkable transactions of his life, we will transcribe from Dugdale a particular account. That historian tells us, that the queen at her entrance was surprised with the sight of a floating island on the large pool there, bright blazing with torches; on which were clad in silks the lady of the lake, and two nymphs waiting on her, who made a speech to the queen in metre, of the antiquity and owners of that castle, which was closed with cornets and other music. Within the base-court was erected a stately bridge, twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, over which the queen was to pass: and on each side stood columns, with presents upon them to her majesty from the gods. Sylvanus offered a cage of wild fowl, and Pomona divers sorts of fruits; Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine; Neptune presented sea-fish; Mars the habiliments of war, and Phœbus all kinds of musical instruments. During her stay, variety of shews and sports were daily exhibited. In the chase, there was a savage man with satyrs; there were bear-baiting and fireworks, Italian tumblers, and a country-bride ale, running at the Quintin, and morrice-dancing. And, that nothing might be wanting which those parts could afford, the Coventry men came and acted the ancient play, called Hock's Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes in the reign of king Ethelred; which pleased the queen so much, that she gave them a brace of bucks, and five marks in money, to bear the charges of a feast. There were, besides, on the pool, a triton riding on a mermaid eighteen feet long, as also Arion on a dolphin, with excellent music. The expenses and costs of these entertainments may be guessed at by the quantity of beer then drank, which amounted to 320 hogsheads of the ordinary sort: and for the greater honor and grace thereof, Sir Thomas Cecil, son to the treasurer Burleigh, and three more gentlemen, were then knighted; and, the next ensuing year, the earl obtained a grant of the queen for a weekly market at Kenilworth, with a fair yearly on Midsummer-day. So far Dugdale. There is also in Strype a long and circumstantial narrative of all that passed at this royal visit, by one who was present; which is very well worth the reading, as it shews the temper of the queen, and the manners of those times."

We have heard it objected to this novel, as well as to others of a similar kind, that the mixture of fiction and his-

tory destroys its interest, and is improper. The same objection lies against Shakspeare, Tasso, Virgil, Homer, and all the most celebrated geniuses. Historical facts are mingled with their inventions, and are made the foundation of their best works. The objection is good for nothing, and proceeds upon the idea, that the novels are read merely as history. They do indeed very extensively promote inquiry into history for the purpose of knowing what is fact, and what is fiction. No mind is deceived, which takes any pains to ascertain the truth; and as for those readers, who seek amusement only, the question has no interest with them, whether the history be followed or not. The whole is soon forgotten, and even while it is made the topic of conversation, it is only as a tale, and not as a subject of faithful investigation. Were we to allow weight to the objection, it would destroy some of the finest productions of human fancy, and cut off one of the most fruitful sources of elevated and refined enjoyment and instruction. We have already given our views of the value of works of moral fiction, and need not here repeat them. They are among the most useful forms of conveying the most interesting truths, of correcting the most common and uncomfortable vices, and of calling into action the most noble and ornamental virtues.

We propose now to make a few comments upon the plot, personages, and incidents of Kenilworth.

The Plot.

This is well contrived, or rather well selected and embellished from history. The dialogue at Gosling's, with which it opens, is natural, and excellently sustained. It has an intimate connexion with the most interesting scenes that follow, and introduces characters which perform important parts. The reader gradually and easily becomes acquainted with the real condition and character of Amy, the heroine, and with the purposes of her keepers, Varney and Foster. Tressilian early excites an interest, and maintains it till the end. We are soon let into the general features of Leicester's character, but are kept in a state of great anxiety in regard to the details, and are not able to anticipate the course which he will actually pursue toward his wife. The introduction of Wayland Smith and of Flibbertigibbet is ingenious and striking. Both are necessary agents in the plot, and the part of Smith is peculiarly important. The reader is made to take a deep and melancholy interest in

the visit to Lidcote Hall, and the manners of Sir Hugh Robsart enable us to judge well of the mode of life among the gentlemen of that class in that age. The account of Sussex's establishment, of the queen's water party to his house, of Raleigh's agency and success, is well drawn out, and carries us forward in the general story with a great accumulation of interesting relations. The contest between the two rival earls in presence of the queen, the outward triumph and internal agony of Leicester, the embarrassments produced by the crooked and diabolical policy of Varney, the secret and opposing arts of the two alchymists, brothers of the Rosy Cross, and the astrological interview between Leicester and Alasco, are admirably delineated. The escape of Amy from Cumnor Place, the journey to Kenilworth under the guidance of Smith as his sister, the manner of gaining the mercer's horse on the road, the overtaking of the company of strolling players and tumblers, the difficulties of getting admission into the castle, the anxiety of Amy after her arrival there, the operations of her mind in contemplating the scene before her, the meeting of Elizabeth in the garden, the trial that followed, and her fidelity to her lord, keep the attention and sym athy of the reader excited to the highest pitch. The procession and entry of the queen, the castle itself and its appurtenances, the various parts of the entertainment and the show, and the ceremony of knighting the gentlemen after dinner, afford an admirable opportunity for the descriptive powers of the author in all their diversity. The plot thickens wonderfully in the second volume, and hurries the mind forward with an unparalleled rapidity of emotion. The *denoument* is sudden, dreadful, and agonizing. We are prepared to hope for deliverance, and are instantly plunged into despair. We have hardly feeling enough left for any one, after the death of Amy, to be gratified with knowing the vengeance that overtakes Varney, and the horrid manner of Foster's exit in the torments of starvation upon the iron chest of his own avarice. The story is extremely well fitted for the purposes of the author, and he has managed it with a skill worthy of his established reputation.

The Personages.

Of Elizabeth, we have already spoken, and suggested her general character. History has given it so perfectly, that nothing remains to be added. The novelist has done all that he could do, and has furnished details which are in accord-

ance with facts. This famous queen appears in Kenilworth as she does in Hume and others. The only difference is, that in history she is dead and gone, while in the novel she is living, present, and active. The reason of her hostility to marriage has never been satisfactorily stated. Many conjectures about it have been offered, some of which are creditable, and others discreditable to her character. The question concerning her personal purity is not now to be settled. Her language is often coarse, and she sometimes says, "*By Heaven*," "*God's life*," "*God's death*,"—by way of ornament to her style. The following extracts, relating to her conduct towards Leicester, after she had discovered his marriage, lets us into a part of her temper.

"But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and worm-wood to his once partial mistress. But barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy." vol. II. p. 294.

"The Queen fixed her eyes upon him while she replied: 'Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience. But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honor of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me, and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us." p. 295.

"For God's sake, madam," said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, 'take my head, as you threatened, in your anger, and spare me these taunts—urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

'A worm, my lord,' said the Queen, in the same tone; 'nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom.'

'For your own sake—for mine, madam,' said the Earl—'while there is yet some reason left in me.'

'Speak aloud, my lord,' said Elizabeth, 'and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?" p. 29.

The author has certainly saved his conscience, if he be a Jacobite, for he has left Mary in full possession of all the admiration and sympathy, which he excited for her in the Abbot. Elizabeth does not in the least encroach upon her claim.

Leicester is somewhat more amiable than in history. Varney is made a scape goat for some of his crimes, especially those which relate to the poisoning of rivals, and the removal of his wife. He vacillates too much in the beginning, and gets involved in the toils spread for him by his ambitious and abandoned confidant so as not to be able to extricate himself without public disgrace. He is represented, as he was, one of the most accomplished and seducing courtiers of Europe. He interests us very much, when he is first introduced at Cumnor Place and complies with the innocent pride and curiosity of Amy to see him in the splendid costume of his rank as an Earl. We still continue to hope, that he will not be detected before Elizabeth, notwithstanding the sympathy we indulge for his unfortunate wife. His jealousy of Tressilian is opportunely contrived by the novelist to furnish an apology for the severity of his treatment of his countess in the last part of the story.

And to the countess we now come, the personage, on whom the chief interest of the novel turns. Although we are made to feel most deeply for her, we cannot but totally condemn her conduct in going to Kenilworth as she did, and in exposing herself to the fate which finally overtook her. She knew enough of the wishes of her husband to keep herself away from the castle at such a time, and had no right to put every thing at hazard while she believed in his integrity. She did well, and acted boldly, in escaping from Varney and Foster, and in putting herself under the care even of Wayland Smith, suspicious as the circumstances attending him were. But she should have gone to her Father's, and have sent word to her husband where he might find her. At the same time, we are aware of the necessity of this part of her conduct to the progress and catastrophe of the novel. Her character is well supported upon the whole, and engages us in her favor as much as the author

probably intended. There is, however, unquestionably no small diversion of our sympathy from her by the splendid prospect presented to Dudley of becoming the husband of Elizabeth, and King of one of the most powerful empires on the globe. In the midst of all the greatness, that fills the pages of Kenilworth, we sometimes almost forget poor Amy, and feel, with Leicester, that she is a weight upon his fortunes. We reproach ourselves for this momentary forgetfulness and want of the right feeling, and return to her cause with new devotion. The description of her in the first volume is beautiful.

"The divinity, for whose sake this temple had been decorated, was well worthy the cost and pains which had been bestowed. She was seated in the withdrawing-room which we have described, surveying, with the pleased eye of natural and innocent vanity, the splendour which had been so suddenly created, as it were in her honour. For as her own residence at Cumnor-Place formed the cause of the mystery observed in all the preparations for opening these apartments, it was sedulously arranged, that until she took possession of them, she should have no means of knowing what was going forward in that part of the ancient building, or of exposing herself to be seen by the workmen engaged in the decorations. She had been, therefore, introduced upon that evening to a part of the mansion which she had never yet seen, so different from all the rest, that it appeared, in comparison, like an enchanted palace. And when she first examined and occupied these splendid rooms, it was with the wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendour which her most extravagant wishes had never shaped for her, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment which surrounds her, is the work of the great magician Love.

The Countess Amy, therefore, for to that rank she was exalted by her private but solemn union with England's proudest Earl,—had for a time flitted hastily from room to room, admiring each new proof of her lover and her bridegroom's task, and feeling that admiration enhanced, as she recollected that all she gazed upon was one continued proof of his ardent and devoted affection.—'How beautiful are these hangings!—How natural these paintings, which seem to contend with life! How richly wrought is that place which looks as if all the galleons of Spain had been intercepted on the broad seas to furnish it forth!—And oh, Janet!' she exclaimed repeatedly to the daughter of Anthony Foster, the close attendant, who, with equal curiosity, but somewhat less ecstatic joy, followed on her mistress's

footsteps—'O, Janet! how much more delightful to think, that all these fair things have been assembled by his love, for the love of me! and that this evening—this very evening, which wears darker and darker every instant, I shall thank him more for the love that has created such an unimaginable paradise, than for all the wonders it contains.'

'The Lord is to be thanked first,' said the pretty puritan, 'who gave thee, Lady, the kind and courteous husband, whose love has done so much for thee. I too, have done my poor share. But if you thus run wildly from room to room, the toil of my crisping and my curling pins will vanish like the frost-work on the window when the sun is high!

'Thou sayest true, Janet,' said the young beautiful Countess, stopping suddenly from her tripping race of enraptured delight, and looking at herself from head to foot in a large mirror such as she had never before seen, and which, indeed, had few to match it even in the Queen's palace—'Thou sayest true, Janet;' she answered, as she saw, with pardonable self-applause, the noble mirror reflect such charms as were seldom presented to its fair and polished surface; 'I have more of the milk-maid than the countess, with these cheeks flushed with haste, and all these brown curls, which you laboured to bring to order, straying as wild as the tendrils of an unpruned vine—My falling ruff is chafed too, and shews the neck and bosom more than is modest and seemly—Come Janet—we will practice state—we will go to the withdrawing-room, my good girl, and thou shalt put these rebel locks in order, and imprison within lace and cambric the bosom that beats too high.'

They went to the withdrawing apartment accordingly, where the Countess playfully stretched her upon the pile of Moorish cushions, half sitting, half reclining, half wrapt in her own thoughts, half listening to the prattle of her attendant.

While she was in this attitude, and with a corresponding expression betwixt listlessness and expectation on her fine and expressive features, you might have searched sea and land without finding any thing half so expressive or half so lovely. The wreath of brilliants, which, mixed with her dark brown hair, did not match in lustre the hazel eye which a light brown eye-brow, pencilled with exquisite delicacy, and long eye-lashes of the same colour, relieved and shaded. The exercise she had just taken, her excited expectation and gratified vanity, spread a glow over her fine features, which had been sometimes censured for being rather too pale. The necklace of milk-white pearls which she wore, the same which she had just received as a true-love token from her husband, were excelled in purity by her teeth, and by the colour of her skin, saving where the blush of pleasure and self satisfaction had somewhat stained the neck

with a shade of light crimson.—'Now have done with these busy fingers. Janet,' she said to her busy hand-maiden, who was still officiously employed in bringing her hair and her dress into order—'Have done, I say—I must see your father ere my lord arrives, and also Master Richard Varney, whom my lord has highly in his esteem—but I could tell that of him would lose him favour."—pp. 78—81.

As a counterpart to this picture of beauty, take the following of indignation and rage.

"When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swoln blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the graces to have been animated by a fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney." vol. II. p. 57, 58.

Janet, the waiting maid of the countess, and daughter of Anthony Foster, though a puritan, is a most faithful and benevolent girl, and renders important services to her mistress at a most critical moment. She is a fine contrast to her canting and hypocritical father, and partakes not at all of his avarice and selfishness.

Foster himself is indeed the perfection of fanatical religion and villainy mingled. He is ready for any diabolical act, when a text of scripture can be quoted and tortured for its support, and when his pecuniary interest is to be advanced by it. The manner of this scoundrel's death is given in the following extract.

"The fate of his colleague in wickedness was long unknown. Cumner-Place was deserted immediately after the murder; for, in the vicinity of what was called the Lady Dudley's Chamber, the domestics pretended to hear groans and screams, and oth-

er supernatural noises. After a certain length of time, Janet, hearing no tidings of her father, became the uncontrouled mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand upon Wayland, who had become a man of settled character, and had a place in Elizabeth's household. But it had been after they had been both dead for some years, that their eldest son and heir, in making some researches about Cumnor-Hall, discovered a secret passage, closed by an iron door, which, opening from under the bed in the Lady Dudley's Chamber, descended to a sort of a cell, in which they found an iron chest containing a quantity of gold, and a human skeleton stre ched above it. The fate of Anthony Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this place of concealment, forgetting the key of the spring-lock, and secured from escape, by the means he had used for the preservation of that gold, for which he had sold his salvation, he had there perished miserably. Unquestionably the groans and screams heard by the domestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of this wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and succour." p. 319.

Varney is a character to show how complete a fiend in human shape the author could delineate. He is consummately selfish, and without one softening affection of our nature. He has great capacity and great ambition, is highly accomplished, and a thorough skeptic. But his triumph is defeat and death. Nothing is gained by his cunning, but every thing is lost. He ends his career thus.

"Varney, upon a second examination, made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives; alleging as a reason for his frankness, that though much of what he confessed could only have attached to him by suspicion, yet that suspicion would have been sufficient to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition. 'I was not born,' he said, 'to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast,—nor will I so die, that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd.'

From these words it was apprehended he had some design upon himself, and he was carefully deprived of all means, by which such could be carried into execution. But like some of the heroes of antiquity, he carried about his person a small quantity of strong poison, prepared probably by the celebrated Demetrius Alasco. Having swallowed this potion over-night, he was found next morning dead in his cell; nor did he appear to have suffered much agony, his countenance presenting, even in death, the habitual expression of sneering sarcasm, which was predominant while he lived." p 318.

We have not time to dwell on the characters of Raleigh, Blount, Tressilian, Alasco, Smith, and many others in the work. Great variety appears in the dramatis personæ, and shows the versatile powers of the writer.

Incidents and Descriptions.

We cannot omit the account of Raleigh's first meeting with the Queen.

"At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen Pensioners. After this amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign was called beauty, and what would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept drawing him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye, —an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her step-

ping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

'Come along, Sir Coxcomb,' said Blount; 'your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-buree, which despises all colours.'

'This cloak,' said the youth, taking it up and folding it, 'shall never be brushed while in my possession.'

'And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says.'

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

'I was sent,' said he, after looking at them attentively, 'to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You sir, I think,' addressing the younger cavalier, 'are the man, you will please to follow me.'

'He is in attendance on me,' said Blount, 'on me the noble earl of Sussex's master of horse.

'I have nothing to say to that,' answered the messenger; 'my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only.'

So saying he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving Blount behind, with his eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—'Who the good jere would have thought this!' And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for

the wherry to come along-side, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mudded cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

'You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold.'

'In a sovereign's need,' answered the youth, 'is it each liege-man's duty to be bold.'

'God's pity! that was well said, my lord,' said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. 'Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess.'

'May it please your grace,' said Walter, hesitating, 'it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to chose'——

'Thou would'st have gold, I warrant me,' said the Queen, interrupting him; 'fie, young man! I take shame to say, that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou may'st be poor,' she added, 'or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't.'

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

'How, boy!' said the Queen, 'neither gold, nor garment? What is it thou would'st have of me, then?'

'Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service.'

'Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!' said the Queen.

'It is no longer mine,' said Walter; 'when your majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner.'

The Queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by

laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion." vol. I. pp. 227—231.

It is amusing to hear conjectures passed upon one Will Shakspeare, of whom most of the company had heard, and about whom the opinion was hazarded, that he might entertain even the next generation, and that his plays were as well worth attendance as the bear-baitings, which were considered as noble and manly exhibitions.

The multitude, pressing on to Kenilworth Castle to join in the fete, is animatedly described.

"The queen's purveyors had been abroad, sweeping the farms and villages of those articles usually exacted during a royal progress, and for which the owners were afterwards to obtain a tardy payment from the board of green cloth. The earl of Leicester's household officers had been scouring the country for the same purpose; and many of his friends and allies, both near and remote, took this opportunity of ingratiating themselves, by sending large quantities of provisions and delicacies of all kinds, with game in huge quantities, and whole tons of the best liquors, foreign and domestic. Thus the high roads were filled with droves of bullocks, sheep, and calves and hogs, and choked with loaded wains, whose axle-trees cracked under their burdens of wine-casks and hogsheads of ale, and huge hampers of grocery goods, and slaughtered game, and salted provision, and sacks of flour. Perpetual stoppages took place as these wains became entangled; and their rude drivers, swearing and brawling till their wild passions were fully raised, began to debate precedence with their wagon-whips and quarter-staves, which occasional riots were usually quieted by a purveyor, deputy-marshal's man, or some other person in authority, breaking the heads of both parties.

Here were, besides, players and mummers, jugglers and showmen of every description, traversing in joyous bands the paths which led to the palace of princely pleasure; for so the travelling minstrels had termed Kenilworth in the songs which already had come forth in anticipation of the revels which were there expected. In the midst of this motley show, mendicants were exhibiting their real or pretended miseries, forming a strange, though common contrast betwixt the vanities and the sorrows of human existence. All these floated along with the immense tide of population, whom mere curiosity had drawn together; and where the mechanic, in his leathern apron, elbowed the dink and dainty dame, his city mistress; where clowns, with hob-nailed shoes, were treading on the kibes of substantial burghers and gentlemen of worship, and where

Joan of the dairy, with robust pace, and red sturdy arms, rowed her way onward, amongst those prim and pretty moppets, whose sires were knights and squires.

The throng and confusion was, however, of a gay and cheerful character. All came forth to see and to enjoy, and all laughed at the trifling inconveniences which at another time might have chafed their temper. Excepting the occasional brawls which we have mentioned amongst that irritable race, the carmen, the mingled sounds which arose from the multitude were those of light-hearted mirth, and tiptoe jolity. The musicians preluded on their instruments—the minstrels hummed their songs—the licensed jester whooped betwixt mirth and madness, as he brandished his bauble—the morice dancers jangled their bells—the rustics halloo'd and whistled—men laughed loud, and maidens giggled shrill; while many a broad jest flew like a shuttle-cock from one party to be caught in the air and returned from the opposite side of the road by another, at which it was aimed. vol. II. pp. 103—105.

The procession is gorgeous and imposing.

"As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower, and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, 'The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!' Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and

cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble steed chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud animal which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torch-light shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject to shew himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked, that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health." pp. 156, 157.

We indulge ourselves in one more extract.

"Meanwhile the Queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-coloured silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ancles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair, she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial misletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed, that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the Castle and its environs, which lake or land could afford.

The Queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, 'We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interest.'

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake vanished, and Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon him the part in the absence of Wayland, being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart, and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, 'Cogs bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle.'

This unpremeditated buffonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The Queen laughed heartily, and swore (in her turn) that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the Queen was about to enter the Castle, that memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

'Such,' says the Clerk of the Council-chamber door, 'was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wild-fire, and flight-shot of thunder-bolts, with continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and, for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid," pp. 160—163.

Kenilworth takes a high rank among the productions of this author. We think that Ivanhoe is the most splendid, the Heart of Mid Lothian the most pathetic, Waverley the best picture of various manners, the Abbot filled with the most interest for majesty in misfortune, and Kenilworth the most complex and surprising in the incidents and contrivances by which the narrative is carried on and the catastrophe brought out. In Ivanhoe, every thing is in motion. Not only the principal actors, but the subordinate ones, and all England, are engaged in the events, and deeply interested in the results, to which the attention of the reader is called. That novel is emphatically characterised by its various and rapid action, and by the brilliancy of its descriptions. Kenilworth is not as elaborate, imposing, and exciting, in its descriptions, but has adhered remarkably to history, and dealt less in the seductions of fancy, while it takes a deeper hold on the commiseration of the reader, and leaves him in a far more distressing sympathy than attends the closing of any other book of this unrivalled master of the human passions.

Report of the Committee of the Physico-Medical Society of New Orleans on the Epidemic of 1820. *Published by order of the Society. New Orleans, C. W. Duhy, printer,* 1821. pp, 28, octavo.

This pamphlet appears to have been prepared by Doctors Randolph, Davidson, and Marshall. We are glad to see attempts made to furnish the physicians of our country with proper data for a thorough and systematic knowledge of the diseases of the United States, particularly those which are fatal as epidemics. It is of the first importance to have the *facts* accurately noted, published, and preserved. Perhaps we are no more rash than other nations, and no more ready to run into theories, with which we play and are deceived, while the observations and records, that are indis-

pensable to practical science and successful skill, are neglected, or deliberately undervalued. Theories in general are easily made, and require no more than common ingenuity for plausible vindication; but theories, which aspire to the glory of being called knowledge by wise men, are made only with great patience and labour, and demand a persevering and re-iterated attention to facts and circumstances. For most persons, it is too tedious a process to collect all the facts, and discriminate between all the circumstances, which are necessary to establish a sound and lasting theory, that aims at the just explanation and best remedies of epidemical diseases. A man of genius and ardour, but not possessing the details of his subject as they are to be gathered by severe and patient investigation, is strongly tempted to employ his talents and eloquence as substitutes for facts and authorities.

The pamphlet before us is modestly drawn up, and contains a considerable body of information, which will be of great service hereafter in connexion with similar reports from the same place, and from other places. On the first perusal, we were inclined to think the account less full and ample than it ought to be, especially as the Physico-Medical Society had made it a formal and specific object of attention. But we were satisfied upon reflection with its character, and thank the committee for the result of their labors. The style is not very good, and shows the want of practice in composition; but this is not a point of very great importance in a medical report, where facts are the chief object of inquiry, and rhetoric has no right to throw over them its seducing colours. The terms however, "*endemic*" (p, 4,) and "*epidemic*" (p, 5,) ought not to be confounded. "ENDEMIAS, or ENDEMIUS, *enchorios popularis*, is a term applicable to diseases common to the inhabitants living in one country, from a cause connected with it, as intermittents with the marshes of Essex, and fens of Cambridgeshire; the swelled throat in the Alps; and the plica and pertussis in Poland. *It is opposed to Epidemius.*" (Dr Parr, London Med: Dict:) The same author says, that EPIDEMIUS denotes "diseases, which at certain times are popular, and frequently attack; then for a time disappear, and again return."

Some of the causes of the epidemic of New Orleans are stated in the following paragraphs of the Report.

"New-Orleans is situated on an alluvial plain, in lat. 30 N.

long. 90 W. and surrounded by marshes to the extent of many miles. The streets are narrow, and supplied with wooden sewers; the houses for the most part are badly constructed; subjecting the inhabitants, from their low and crowded situation, to the direct influence of noxious effluvia. The burial grounds are situated in the immediate vicinity of the city, and a pernicious practice prevails of entombing many of the dead in vaults erected above the ground. Owing to a general neglect of police laws, quantities of filth are either thrown on the banks of the river, or in the rear of the city; and in addition to those sources of vitiated atmosphere, the total want of trees, or the higher orders of vegetable growth, are circumstances which we deem worthy of notice.

The climate of this city, like that of the intertropical latitudes, is characterized, during the winter months, by frequent transitions of temperature. The thermometer usually ranges at that season from 20 to 70 degrees, while the temperature of the summer season is steadily above 80, and frequently, for successive days, as high as 90 and 93 degrees.

Opposed to the natural and artificial evils of our situation, we with pleasure remark, that the manners and customs of the inhabitants are in many respects good. Notwithstanding the obloquy with which the natives have been treated by many of those who have professed to delineate their habits, it is yet obvious to unprejudiced individuals, that with the exception of their city police, the modes of living and manners of the Louisianians are, in truth, such as would rather gain than loose by a comparison with those of their northern and western brethren. Habitually indifferent to the use of ardent spirits, intoxication among them is consequently extremely rare: nor can they be accused of partaking of the amusements of the ball-room and theatre in any degree beyond what is sanctioned by the customs of moral and enlightened people. The reverse of this, however, is generally the case, with those who annually migrate to New-Orleans, and *these* are the persons most obnoxious to the endemic." pp. 3, 4.

We are gratified with this testimony to the good character of the place, not because we had doubts upon the subject, but because common impressions at a distance from New Orleans need correction. We are glad to have prejudices upon any subject, and in regard to any place, put down, and particularly in regard to what must continue to be the great emporium of the west. It will be well to have the people of New Orleans not confound the manners or characters of a few vicious boatmen from our state with our whole population. When all the parts of our Union be-

come better acquainted with each other, there will be less mutual prejudice and hostility, and far more mutual kindness and esteem.

That the heat, "for successive days," should be "as high as 90 and 93 degrees," is not surprising, although the continuance of it is found to be so oppressive and deleterious. The thermometer is much higher in colder latitudes for a short time, but the heat is so soon allayed, that similar consequences are not experienced.

We were a little surprised at the following confession of deficiency in a town so old, and large, and rich, as New Orleans. "With regard to the pressure of the atmosphere, we have to regret that the want of good instruments has prevented due attention to a source, whence there was reason to anticipate important results." p, 5.

The unfavorable effect of a change of winds was undoubted. Those, which prevailed, "were from the southward; but about the period of disease, they changed to the north and north-west, and such variations were immediately followed by an increase of the malady." p, 5.

We are not willing to acknowledge the propriety of the conclusion in the following sentence. "The result of the past season has shown, that the premonitory signs of pestilence are of a nature equally without the reach of the physician and of the inquisitive citizen." (p, 5.) Gentlemen, who are devoted to a single profession, who make daily observations upon the facts and analogies which it presents, and who are constantly employed in treasuring up experience and knowledge, ought to be able to discern causes and their operations, and to have a general foresight of the effects, so far as their particular profession is concerned, in a manner quite beyond even equally intelligent persons who are devoted to other pursuits. The expression, "*inquisitive* citizen," contains the acknowledgment, by the writers themselves, that *inquiry* into the subject enables the mind to do something in judging of causes and effects, and of course in using, to good purpose, "the premonitory signs of pestilence." We are not desirous of having our physicians affect any prescience, like that of our almanac makers about the specific days of rain and sunshine; but we think that they are bound to make observations, to collect facts, to ascertain analogies, and to analyze and discriminate causes, so far as to be able to foresee probable general effects, and to adopt such precautions as may be adapted to circumstances.

"As in former years, the earliest and latest instances of the fever were observed on board the steam-boats and shipping. While reflecting on this fact, the circumstances of the peculiar construction of vessels, and their notoriously polluted state, in many instances, together with a proximity to the accumulated filth of the city, are considerations, in the opinion of the Committee, intimately associated with the causes of such election. We would also remind the society, of an evident co-incidence existing, between the enclosure of the batture, and the recent unusual consecution of epidemic fever in this city." pp, 5, 6.

The above extract is an evidence, that self-love is not always sufficient to make persons take care of themselves and their own interests. It is astonishing, that so much filth, and such carelessness about the batture, should be tolerated.

"In no season within the late years, have its ravages been more exclusively confined to strangers; by this term however, we would be understood to designate all persons not inured to the atmosphere of the city, by nativity or by residence in it during one or more epidemic seasons.

Creoles of Louisiana, residing but a few miles in the country, who had the temerity to venture into the city during its reign, were liable (though in a less degree than northern strangers) to the disease in its milder form; the same remark will apply to persons who had resided in the city many years, during the healthy months, but were in the habit of leaving it in the latter part of summer and autumn." p, 6.

This account of persons called strangers is not sufficiently particular. It seems to assert, that every man must be a stranger, who has not resided in the city *during an epidemic season.* We suppose, however, that the authors of the report would allow, that half a dozen seasons of residence would be enough to *acclimate* a man, although neither of them should be epidemical. The remarks about creoles, and about northerners who leave the city in the summer, do not prevent the ambiguity of the account.

Pregnancy appears to have been a preventive of the disease in this case, as it is in many others. Age also is favored.

"As in former epidemics, old persons, females, children and negroes, had the disease in its milder form, and most frequently recovered. No difference was observable in the malignity with which it assailed northern Americans and Europeans. The mortality was equally great among our northern sailors, western country boatmen, and the German redemptioners, recently brought into this country." p, 7.

It should have been recorded how far persons were found to be "insusceptible" of taking the fever a second or a third time. The notice of this topic leaves us uncertain of the extent to which we are to carry the expressions that follow.

"Many persons who were in doubt of their insusceptibility from having had the disease before, or from residence in the city, remained the greater part of the season, under the frightful apprehension that the next day, or perhaps the next hour, would bring on other symptoms of a less equivocal character, and confine them to their beds. It was under the feelings thus excited, that many fled the city for safety." p, 7.

Death took place in a range of time from the third to the twelfth day.

"Such was the usual course and progress of the disease, when it terminated fatally, from the third to the fifth day, and we had very few deaths within a shorter period, but many cases were protracted to the seventh, and from that to the tenth and twelfth day. In these cases the patient lingered in the secondary, and not in the inflammatory stage of the fever. Many patients recovered, where all the preceding symptoms were present, except the ever fatal one of the black vomit. Happy for the interest of our city and of humanity, the disease raged with destructive sway but a very short period.

Of the persons afflicted, the proportion of deaths, according to our own experience, was one out of every six of adult whites, and one of every ten, of the various descriptions of persons, women, children, and blacks." p, 10.

Blood letting, the warm bath and friction, lenient cathartics instead of drastic, sometimes cold water in affusion or in clysters, and blisters upon the head, were useful. The mercurial treatment is spoken of with some censure, or at least with great abatement of confidence.

"From the celebrity which the preparations of MERCURY have obtained, in the treatment of yellow fever, most of our physicians, have at one period or other, resorted to their use with the most flattering anticipation. And, indeed, it was not until the late epidemic, that the general confidence in what is termed the MERCURIAL TREATMENT, became greatly impaired. That treatment was, no doubt, in many instances, successful, but in the most aggravated form (or that character of the disease which is emphatically termed oppressed) Ptyalism was seldom induced, and when it actually occurred the patient did not always recover.

Many of those who were said to have been saved by this meth-

od, had a long and tedious convalescence; but this consequence, we believe, was more owing to its indiscriminate use at all stages of the malady, than to the occasional ill effects of mercury on many constitutions. When exhibited in yellow fever, on rational principles, we still think it a medicine of much worth." p, 13.

We ourselves believe in the great utility of mercury, but we believe also that an immense number of physicians are not qualified to administer it. There is no doubt of its efficacy, but its power is the very reason why so much judgment is necessary in prescribing it safely and beneficially. It operates well or ill in cases of the same name, according to the stage of the disease, and a multitude of other circumstances which none but an accomplished physician can understand. Any man who rides this medicine as a hobby, and administers it indiscriminately, is to be considered as a common nuisance.

Emetics are unequivocally condemned. We however still place great confidence in the use of them in very many cases of disease. We give the words of the Report.

"The pernicious tendency of this class of medicines in yellow fever, is now generally admitted. The obstinate irritability of the stomach, which usually attends this disease sooner or later, is almost universally aggravated by the use of antimonial preparations. Far from prescribing such medicines, the physicians of this city consider it an imperious duty, to provide as much as possible against distressing vomiting, and even in the selection of cathartics, to administer such as are least likely to disturb the tranquility of the stomach. In arriving at this conclusion on the use of emetics, we are as much influenced from experience, as any principles we may have on the subject. Instances of the exhibition of emetics, without medical advice were common, and we may say, that the result of such practice was unequivocally pernicious." pp, 13, 14.

The following notice of cobweb is worthy of leading to further experiments.

"From the general inefficacy of the usual modes of practice in the secondary stages of yellow fever, a spirit of innovation led some of our physicians to the use of the COBWEB during the late season. It was then perceived to be an article of much character. In a case which we have prefixed to this report, it decidedly arrested morbid action, and produced a tranquility of body and mind, which we do not recollect to have witnessed from the use of any other article." pp, 15, 16.

J. P. C. Sampson, Esq. and the Rev: Mr. Larned were persons of so much interest to their countrymen, that our readers will like to read the particulars of the progress of their disease.

"August 21, 1820. J. P. C. SAMPSON, Esqr. aged 26 years, of a sanguine temperament, was seized this MORNING with pain in the head, down the back and throughout the extremities. He also complained of complete prostration of strength; and there was preternatural heat of skin; pulse sluggish; tongue of a leaden color, and eyes suffused with blood. M. M. Bled immediately to the extent of twenty ounces; placed in a tepid bath and scrubbed with brushes—after which, fifteen grains of calomel and twenty of jalap was exhibited, with direction to use rice water for common drink. NOON—The cathartic has operated partially; pain of the head more severe; pulse full and sluggish. Tepid bath and the applications of brushes repeated—while in the bath two pounds of blood abstracted; then administered twenty grains jalap and a drachm of the super tartrite of potass. EVENING. Medicine operated copiously; head painful; preternatural heat of the skin and no thirst. Tepid hath and frictions; bled to the extent of two pounds and a half; after which he was lifted from the bath and four buckets of cold water thrown over him. Left him much relieved. Common drink at this period, tamarind water.

August 22. Had a restless night; some pain over the eyes, and dry skin: Enema, tepid bath and cold effusions, followed by frictions with Cologne water. NOON. Pulse soft and natural; an absence of thirst. Exhibited: Calomel, twenty grains; and two hours afterwards, castor oil, an ounce and a half. EVENING. Medicine produced copious green fætid stools. Common drink through the night, lemonade.

August 23. Pain over the eyes, nausea. Applied blister to the forehead and epigastrium. Calomel exhibited in doses of five grains every two hours, and frictions of mercurial ointment throughout the day. EVENING. Deficiency of urine. A tea spoonful of turpentine every hour through the night. Enema and mercurial frictions.

August 24. Pulse small and sluggish; eyes suffused with yellow. Infusions of serpentaria and chincona; calomel and turpentine at short intervals. EVENING. Hiccough and black vomit. Calomel and musk and champaigne wine for common drink. Mercurial frictions.

August 25. Every bad symptom aggravated. Medicine last prescribed not exhibited; the patient resolutely refusing compliance. He continued throughout in the possession of his mental faculties, and died between one and two o'clock, P. M. on this day. APPENDIX, pp .i, ii.

Monday, Aug. 28. Rev. SYLVESTER LARNED, aged 24, of sanguine temperament and plethoric habit, was seized at 2 o'clock, A. M. with a chill and pains in the head, back, and lower extremities—visited at 6 o'clock, A. M. chill continues, pains in the back intense, eyes suffused and watery, stomach unaffected, pulse small: complains of great prostration of strength.

M. M. Pul. Jal. and Crem. Tart. and diluent drink. Noon, same day, Cathartic operated partially, stools lequid, great heat about the neck and breast, countenance flushed, throbbing of the temporal and caroted arteries, eyes more inflamed, took 16 ounces blood and gave a mercurial cathartic, to be followed by castor oil; commenced mercurial frictions in the afternoon and continued them throughout the night.

Tuesday, 29. Symptoms continue with little variation. Skin on the extremities cool, with increase of heat about the head, neck and body: Pulse small, great prostration of muscular strength, tongue slightly discoloured, no foecal evacuation. Medicine continued, with the addition of 5 grains calomel, every two hours enemata.

Wednesday, 30th. Passed a restless night, mild delibrium and frequent liquid stools, great anxiety and restlesness, tongue red about its edges, gums swollen, pain of the head somewhat abated, slight irritability of the stomach and soreness of the Epigastrium, coldness of the extremities continues, with dull pain in the muscles of the legs; Castor oil has passed through the bowels unaccompanied by foecal discharges, medicines and drink occasionally rejected by the stomach; without bile—paucity of urine. Mercurial frictions and medicine continued, with mustard to the feet, blisters to the extremities and epigastrium and stimulant injections.

Thursday, 31st. Delirium through the night, without sleep: stomach rejects every thing taken into it, and black vomit occurred at 10 o'clock—no discharge of urine. Fever and pains entirely abated, skin cold and moist, tongue inflamed and contracted, hemorrhage from the nose, pulse small and feeble, face and neck slightly tinged with yellow, black vomit continued throughout. Blisters had drawn well and were dressed with mercurial ointment, stimulant injections frequently repeated, diffusible slime and animal broths were exhibited with the use of the hot bath: Arterial action rapidly declined, difficult respiration supervened, pulsation at the wrists ceased at 6 o'clock, and at 10 he expired. Appendix, pp. ii, iii.

The meteorological tables are valuable among the facts for future use. The comparison also between the years 1818, 1819, and 1820, are interesting. In September, 1820,

the greatest number died, and this number was 402, an appalling total.

The incorporated city and its former suburbs embrace a population of 27,176; the New Suburbs, 18,810; "making the entire census of the city and its Environs 45,986."

Among the honorary members of this society of New Orleans we observe the names of PRESIDENT HOLLEY, and PROFESSORS CALDWELL and DUDLEY.

An Extract from a Letter, dated March, 1821, *containing, among other remarks, a few on Milton's Paradise Lost.*

I agree with you entirely in your ideas concerning the study of languages, as well as the whole system of mental and moral discipline you have adopted. Learning increases in a *geometrical ratio.* The more a man learns, the more he can learn, and the more rapidly, without any limit to his speed. His mental horizon, as he ascends the heights of science, enlarges equally on all sides. It is a magnificent and delightful idea, that of the rapidity with which we shall accumulate knowledge when some brief centuries shall have hastened away. With what arch-angel-velocity, and clearness of perception, shall we by and by be able to extend inquiry and arrive at results! The passage of the mind from ignorance onward through successive stages of knowledge is much like the voyage of the Devil through Chaos to the upper sphere of light. In the outset, the Passions are strong, and Reason weak; and as the Rational Nature is exploring her "*uncouth way through the palpable obscure*" of those impressions which are produced by the first unenlightened views of the great system of things, her course is difficult, and devious, and shaken. The elements of thought and knowledge, like the "*embryon atoms*" of Chaos, are "*confus'dly mix'd;*" and it would at first seem as if the Spirit of Man could never brood long enough over the incomposed mass to reduce its parts to order, and render them productive of beauty and permanent good. The various undisciplined Faculties of the Soul, like the fierce champions, "*Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry,*" strive for the mastery: and Reason, for a time "*nigh founder'd, onward fares, treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying,*" availing herself of "*both oar and sail.*" At last however, the Soul comes to where

"*the gloomy bounds confine with Heaven*," and, though "*hard beset*," arrives within "*the influence of sacred light*," that "*shoots far into the bosom of dim night a glimmering dawn*." Now, "*wafting on a calmer wave*," she soon beholds "*the empyreal heaven*" with its "*opal towers and battlements of living sapphire*." The prospect is invigorating, and, with a "*Hail, Holy Light*," the immortal pilgrim passes onward through the Limbo of "*eremites and friars, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery*," till ere long, the stair way leading to Heaven, "*sparkling with orient gems*," (the bright types of thought,) rises before her admiring eyes, and, "*up ascending through the calm firmament*," she at length stands in the Sun, "*a stripling cherub, not yet of the prime*," but "*in whose face Youth smiles celestial*," and on whose shoulders, the wings that wave are strong for flight, and glorious of hue.

Does not human nature make this sort of progress? Is not the doctrine full of consolation and encouragement? And does it not necessarily result from a full and just consideration of our rational faculties? Milton had a strong metaphysical predisposition, and I am inclined to think, that he intended his GREAT POEM should be regarded, in some measure, AS AN ALLEGORICAL ANALYSIS OF THE RATIONAL NATURE. The birth and office of Sin, and the character and station of her son and colleague, Death, are plainly couched in allegory; and I am apt to believe that he wished his whole work to suggest a train of thought beyond the letter of the narrative, and be capable of an exposition which should contain the true theory of the RATIONAL NATURE, in all places, and under every condition of existence. At any rate, if he had not such a purpose distinctly before him, his imagination was directed, while portraying his various characters, and while investing his spiritual agents with their attributes, by his metaphysical views of such a nature. All rational beings are, I apprehend, and must be essentially the same in their constitutional elements. This furnishes the reason why we can sympathize with angels, both good and bad. WE are rational beings, and we take a nearer, a more lively interest in Milton's devils than in his good angels, because we, like them, *erred* and *suffered*, and the whole human race stand, in the consequences of sin, like "*the forest oaks, or mountain pines, when they have been scath'd by Heaven's fire*," great and glorious in their attributes, but with "*their glory withered*." The same course of thought leads to the

reason, why ABDIEL is the most interesting of the good angels. He was tempted more strongly than the rest of the faithful hosts, and we are made the spectators of his temptation; we witness his trial, and partake his triumph and his reward.

I like to read Milton with as many of these associated trains of thought as I can summon to my mind, for they greatly enhance my pleasure, and serve to confirm my favorite doctrines in regard to the character and destiny of man. Where mind is, hell cannot *always* reign, *for mind is essentially improveable.* It is the attributes of such a nature that have thrown around Milton's hell an indescribable charm, and that render its fierce pain tolerable, and that calm its raging fires. The question has been often asked, why he made it so poetical a residence, a residence which a man like Lord Byron, with great *intensity* of nature, could relish with a strong zest. This has been objected to the poem. The question and the objection are alike stupid. Milton was driven, by the instinct of his nature, to paint hell as he did. The various modes, in which the general throng of fallen spirits sought, according to their diversities of individual character, to relieve the tedium of inaction, during the absence of their leader, shows this abundantly; and that part of the poem is one of the finest of the whole. His fallen angels, though their "*glory was obscured,*" could not lose their nature, nor could they desire to *cease* from existence. Their secret soul forbade the possibility of regarding annihilation with complacency, even in exchange for their sulphurous home. They could not bear to relinquish,

> "Though full of pain, their *intellectual* being,
> Those thoughts that *wander through eternity,*
> To *perish* rather, swallow'd up and *lost*
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of *sense* and *motion.*"

If Milton's theology had not come with its black cloud over those profound, and just, and elevating views of the rational nature which render the better parts of his poem so much finer than any other poetry that ever was written, he would have made a perfect work. He might have retired from its completion to Heaven, as God returned (I hope to be understood reverently) from the work of creation, when "*all the planets in their stations listening stood, as the bright pomp ascended jubilant.*"

DR. CAMPBELL.

This gentleman, who was Principal of the Marischal College in Aberdeen, is well known for a number of very able and useful works upon a variety of subjects. Hume found him the strongest of his antagonists; diocesan episcopacy was compelled, under the weight of his statements, to moderate its exorbitant claims to exclusive correctness of church government and order; the Aristotelian school of sophists has writhed under the castigation given by him to the pride of syllogism; rhetoric is indebted to his mind for the profoundest views of its nature, principles, and end; and the gospels have received from his pen the most luminous translation which we have had an opportunity to study, and to compare with others. He has too solid a reputation as a presbyterian divine of Scotland, a scholar, and a philosopher, to receive any aid from our praise, were we called upon to bestow or to extend it. We introduce his name, at the present moment, for the purpose of making an extract from his "*Philosophy of Rhetoric*," on which we shall offer a few comments, and in the spirit of which we most entirely agree. This extract is the more valuable for coming from the presbyterian church, since it will not be subject to the charge of heresy, which might otherwise attend it. The severity upon a class of pretended puritans is eminently just, and is worthy of the influence belonging to whatever is truly "*ex cathedra*."

EXTRACT.

"Such were the crusades, preached up but too effectually, first against the Mahometans in the East, and next against Christians, whom they called heretics in the heart of Europe. And even in our time, have we not seen new factions raised by popular declaimers, whose only merit was *impudence*, whose only engine of influence was *calumny* and *self-praise*, whose only moral lesson was *malevolence?* As to the dogmas, whereby such have at any time affected to discriminate themselves, these are commonly no other than the *shibboleth*, the watch word of the party, worn for distinction's sake as a badge, a jargon unintelligible alike to the teacher and to the learner. Such apostles never fail to make proselytes. For who would not purchase heaven at so cheap a rate? *There is nothing that people can more easily afford. It is only to think very well of their leader and of themselves, to think very ill of their neighbour, to CALUMNIATE him freely, and to HATE HIM HEARTILY.*"

Nothing can be better said. All sorts of ferocious christians ought to be reminded of it. Our own country and our own state are not without the proper objects of this censure. We have bigots and persecuters, as well as the nations of the old world. The religion of no small number, even in this free land, consists chiefly in making a neighborhood uncomfortable by calumny and malevolence under the name of great zeal for the interests of the true faith. We remember to have heard it reported of a Miss Adams, who was eminent for her real and unpretending religion, and who was as discriminating as she was modest, that she observed of a Mrs Stimson, one of these extra-purists, remarkably impatient of all who did not strike in with her sympathies and prejudices, that "*she served God as if the devil was in her.*" The character of this mischief-making race is precisely and happily delineated in this single expression of Miss Adams. Whatever wants benevolence, philanthropy, moderation, and forbearance, wants the spirit of christianity. Salvation is not suspended on opinions, but on virtue. He, whose life and affections are right, has a good faith, and is secure of his Maker's favor. Whoever is best fitted to make good and virtuous society happy here, is best fitted to produce the same effect hereafter. There never was an idea more absurd than that, which is frequently thrown out against what is called moral preaching, as if it were an *easy* course to get to heaven, while the course by faith and raptures is represented to be *hard*, and *difficult*, and peculiarly *trying* to human nature. Nothing is cheaper than the latter, and nothing more valuable than the former when it includes, as it always ought, the principles, the affections, and the motives of piety. No self-denial is requisite to a censorious saint, whose zeal appears chiefly in the gratification of the love of interference and of evil speaking. A life of good morals and practical benevolence demands care, labor, perseverance, and sound principles. Lazy and ill tempered people can easily *talk* about opinions, dogmas, creeds, forms, ordinances, fasts, luxuries, dress, depravity, retribution, and torments. Even truth itself is uttered by such persons with the malignity that belongs only to falsehood. Genuine religion is far more in the temper and habits than in the opinions and speculations of the individual. All the opinionsand speculations may be right, and the whole temper wrong. Theforms may be exact, while the affections are bitter, unforgiving, and pharisaical. The unity of christians never can be

the unity of opinions, but must be sought for in similarity of affections, benevolence, integrity, sincerity, and piety. Those, who are on opposite sides of speculative questions, who embrace widely different theories, are, if they have liberal minds and generous affections, united and harmonious in the spirit of friendship and mutual regard. The wise well know, that men of equal talents, learning, and virtue, arrive at different conclusions in their reasonings from the same premises. No principle is more absurd than the one which leads some persons to assert, that all will think alike when all are christians. This idea is contrary to the philosophy of the human mind, and never will be realized. It ought never to be realized, for it would destroy the chief interest of curiosity, inquiry, and mental activity. It would make existence dull, tame, and unproductive. It would take away our principal motives to exertion, and would prevent the use of some of our most valuable virtues. The wisdom of the Deity appears eminently in the variety of minds and tastes among his creatures, and in the multitude of excitements to action, which are thus provided. This variety ought to continue, as it certainly will, in the world to come. The doctrine of progressive improvement forever, is the doctrine now of all enlightened christians, and this improvement implies the variety here contemplated. The mutual enjoyment of liberal minds in the discussion of opposite opinions is proverbial. Mental faculties go to sleep where all is agreement and identity. The affections become sluggish where the intellects do not call them out, and furnish new occasions for emotion. One of our best powers is that of imagination, and this must have an infinite variety of subjects, over which it may range. Absolute and unexpecting fruition, would put an end to the delightful excursions of this power, and would soon degenerate into intolerable *ennui*. Happiness is action and anticipation as well as attainment and possession. Both must continue in order to perpetuate the relish of each. Possession would cloy and die without anticipation to renew its capacity of enjoyment, and anticipation would be at last abandoned if it should always mock its votaries. Virtue and piety have been found in every country and age of the world, and always will be found wherever the sun sheds his rays, and even far beyond his influence, where other suns light up other firmaments at immeasurable distances from ours.

POETRY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

On the loss of a highly valued friend.

If misery ever claim'd the swelling sigh,
  If sympathy e'er shed the balmy tear,
Then stand excus'd before the world shall I,
  While mourning for *a friend* I once held dear.

Oft have I known thee at the festive board,
  My *active friend*, intent to please my taste,
Most willingly thy noble powers afford,
  Nor precious time in base supineness waste.

Long have I known thee faithful and sincere,
  And ever ready to obey my tongue—
To aid my speech—to make my accent clear—
  And heighten beauty, when we both were young.

But age malicious stole thy ivory hue,
  And bade disease to rob thee of thy power;
Pain seiz'd thy vital part, hence vigour flew,
  And made thee passive in the festive hour.

Then have I sat with sympathetic pain,
  Nor pleasure at the savoury feast could find;
In solitude I sought for ease in vain,
  Or on my couch my fever'd head reclin'd.

Thus long I felt peculiar pangs of grief,
  Whilst yet each night my cup of sorrow fill'd;
From other hands I sought to find relief,
  For one I knew who was in science skill'd.

To him I told, without reserve, my case,
  He bade me hope and trust to him for cure;
My *friend's distress* depicted in my face,
  I could no longer patiently endure.

But soon my sorrow was to have an end;
The man of science was a man of truth;
He cur'd my pain, but snatch'd away my *friend!*
And I have lost, what nature gave—A TOOTH.

C.

THE SWEET BRIAR—AN EXOTIC.

This morning, I carelessly wandered around
The garden's smooth path, when a flower I found,
Whose beauty attracted my eye;
Its bloom was delightful, its perfume was sweet,
And it seem'd in its lonely and graceful retreat,
From the gaze of intruders to fly.

I ventur'd to raise a fair leaf on its breast,
Which the morning in glory had gaily carest,
And the sun-beam endeavour'd to cheer,
I started—a quick drop escap'd from my eye,
For worlds my touch'd heart could not check its deep sigh,
For I saw on its bosom *a tear.*

And hast thou, lovely flower, I softly complain'd,
From thy own native land been by fortune detain'd?
And dost thou still look blooming and fair?
While the tear that's conceal'd on thy beautiful breast,
Proves that some private sorrow in secret's confess'd,
And that thou art afflicted with care.

Oh, from thee let me learn to conceal every woe,
Which oft to my bosom in secret must flow,
Nor cloud the soft bliss of a friend;
For though gloom overspread my bright pleasure awhile,
Yet I soon shall return, where its sunshine shall smile,
And the rain-bow of rapture extend.

CAROLINE.

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1821. NUM. 4.

Rambles in Italy; in the years 1816—17. *By an American. Baltimore: N. G. Maxwell.* 1818. 8vo. pp. 371.

AMERICA has, heretofore, been backward in her pretensions to literary distinction. Not unlike the tyro, whose incipient productions are presented with the most trembling solicitude to the eye of criticism, she has been afraid to usher herself upon the literary hustings, without some prominent claims to a successful canvass. Opposition the most formidable, and persecution not a little severe, have already presented themselves in the most imposing attitudes of intimidation and dismay, calculated to check the efforts and repress the aspirations of laudable emulation and ingenuous pride.

Periodical Journals have been established in Great Britain; have usurped the dominion of the literary world; and have exercised an almost undisputed sovereignty over every offspring of the press. With all the lawlessness of freebooters, they have hooted at the severities of customary proscription, and, Procrustes-like, have invented beds of torture, by which the literary character of every nation is to be measured, and the miserable expedient of lopping or stretching, so as to accommodate it to the proper standard, has been resorted to and practised.

From causes which it is impracticable for us at this time to expose, America has been singled out as the peculiar victim of their spite and malice, and has figured upon their pages in all the blazonry of denunciation.

The time, we hope and believe, is not distant, when these foul aspersions will refute themselves, and the literature of our country will be competent to vindicate its own claims to pre-eminence. We fear not from any apprehension of disappointment, sanguinely to anticipate such an event. It

is presaged greatly in the rapid advances which have already been made in the last forty years, and, not a little, in that spirit of ignoble jealousy, which has been the origin, we doubt not, of the persecution to which we have alluded.

We are by no means inclined to pursue this subject. It would be superfluous to do so. One of those journals has already been lashed into an explanation, if not a retraction of its calumny, by the nervous pen of one of our countrymen: and it remains for the others to manifest a like liberality, or pertinaciously adhere to what must be deemed by every liberal mind, wilful misrepresentation.

The preceding reflections have been caused by the very great gratification we have experienced from the perusal of the volume under review. Apart from the subject on which it treats, and the captivating manner in which it is composed, our pleasure has in no small degree been enhanced from the circumstance alone of its being an American production. On this subject, enough probably has been said already, as well for our own, as for the satisfaction of our readers, and our minds are sensible of no diminution whatever of pleasure, in making the transition from the authorship of the book to the book itself.

Every man who has traced the causes which occasioned the rise and advanced the progress, which led to the decline and at length accelerated the downfall of the Roman republic, insensibly acquires a deep interest in all the events of its astonishing career. This interest is caught in our boyhood, whilst we are swayed by the influence of early impressions, and gathers strength in our advances to the ripest maturity. Every thing new, we had almost said every thing presented in a new form, which relates to Rome, deserves and will command attention. For the same reason, that the mind dwells with enthusiastic delight upon the scenes and the events of her former glory, as they are developed and transmitted to us upon the pages of her own imperishable records, do we sigh over the volume which portrays the humiliation of her present condition We have always been captivated,—and who is there that has not?—with the splendid display of her ancient grandeur, and our hearts have been enraptured with the contemplation of her once living excellencies; we have often, so profoundly have our feelings been enlisted for her, felt our breath involuntarily suspended upon the event of a doubtful conflict, and have

almost upon its issue, joined in the acclamations of victory or the mortifications of defeat; and it would denote, we think, a great want of sensibility, indeed a coldness of feeling, now that she has "fallen from her high estate," and is Rome no longer, not to follow her bier to the tomb and let fall a drop of manly sorrow, before it is closed over her remains.

We would not have it presumed that we regard this book as the first which has issued from the press, in the form of travels through this same country: but it is the first we have seen embodied into a volume from the pen of an American. Since the publication of it, the example has been successfully followed by the Rev. Mr. Berrian, of New York, whose travels through France and Italy are sketched with so much apparent fidelity, impartiality, and classical taste, that we feel ourselves greatly confirmed in the confidence with which we have spoken of the literary pretensions of our country.

We do not at this moment recollect, whether the work now under consideration, has ever before been subjected to the criticism of an American Review: but whether it has or not, we are pleased to present it to our readers, and, are of opinion, that we can in no manner better entertain them than by transferring into our pages, as abundant extracts as will be consistent with the circumscribed limits of our journal.

The author of these "Rambles," as he has thought proper to denominate his book, is a young American, and, we learn from an advertisement of the bookseller, is a member of the Baltimore bar. He undertook the journey, of the incidents of which he has given us such lively and interesting sketches, with the view of restoring himself, in the mild and genial climate of Italy, from the effects of a pulmonary affection. His book purports not to have been intended for publication. "A few hastily-composed sketches of the scenery and manners of Italy, were the only memorials he preserved of his travels: to these he has sometimes had recourse, in order to renew on his memory, the almost faded image of a country which he visited with so much delight. Some partial friends, to whom he exhibited these sketches, suggested the idea, and urged the propriety of publication."

The introductory section comprises a very just and handsome comparison of the United States and Italy. Although

his own country evidently appears to rank highest in the author's estimation, he nevertheless evinces nothing like a disposition to disparage Italy. The present condition of the two nations affords, undoubtedly, ample scope for interesting speculation, but of a very different character. In regard to the one, the mind is employed in making calculations of future grandeur, and in sketching prospects of national glory, which time alone can realize, but which are justified by a contemplation of the past, as well as by existing appearances. In regard to the other, the eye dwells with all the sadness of retrospection over the vast "chaos of ruins," which now so eminently distinguishes the once "bright clime of battle and of song." Hence arises the contrast, which, in the language of our author, exists between "the fallen magnificence and languid air of her cities, and that increasing prosperity and promise of future greatness that are every where visible in America."

It is time, however, to introduce the reader more particularly to the book before us, and, we trust that the copiousness of our quotations will not deter him from the perusal of them. If they should not be found replete with novelty and instruction, they will, at least, recommend themselves to attention by the communicativeness of the style, and the classical elegance by which the delineation of the scenes and the events that came under his observation, is characterised by the author.

We have all, no doubt, heard much of the beauty of an Italian sky, and the purity of its atmosphere. The description which is given by our author, will not fail to be acceptable to those of our readers who feel some solicitude to know how an American can appreciate and describe what has so often been the theme of much eloquent declamation by other travellers.

"Italy derives additional charms from its Sun, its Moon, and atmosphere. The air of its mountains is blue, and the rays of the Sun glowing through a mass of transparent vapour, gild all objects with tints that almost realize the visionary light with which the imagination of Virgil has illuminated the ideal scenery of his Elysium—

> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit,
> Purpureo.

In Italy, the Moon is a pale Sun, giving to the face of this beautiful country a languid and voluptuous expression. The ruins of the Coliseum, and St. Peter's Church, when viewed by

moonlight, diffuse over the fancy a melancholy charm; and a similar sensation is experienced in contemplating the effect of the same planet upon the romantic scenes of Tivoli, and the cascades of the Teverone, tumbling and sparkling beneath its beams. In Sicily and Calabria,—the picturesque beauties of which I have selected as particular illustrations of some of these general remarks,—I have watched the gradation of brilliant tints, exhibited in these countries, by the morning sky, changing gradually from the deepest crimson, to the brightest saffron, and realizing those descriptions, so familiar, yet so dear to the recollection of every reader of the classical poets of Greece and Italy. Nor were the evenings less beautiful. The sun-beams lingered upon the hills, and twilight imperceptibly faded away, as if unwilling to withdraw from scenes on which it reposed with so much softness and beauty.

It may be said, that the beauties, I am here speaking of, are produced by accidental causes and depend on the variations of the atmosphere. In northern climates, it is true, that the epithet *accidental* has been justly appropriated to this class of beauties; but in Italy, the causes, whatever they are that produce them, are so constant, and invariable in their operation, that an Italian confides in the brightness and serenity of his climate, as implicitly as in the uniformity of any of the physical laws of nature." pp. 8—10.

There is, in the portrait which our author has drawn of the modern Italians, something so accordant with our own opinion, and so truly delineative, doubtless, of the character of that degenerate people, that we offer it without further remark.

"The character of the Italians is generally considered indolent and effeminate. Susceptible, in a high degree, of external impressions, his imagination lively, and his passioxs warm, the Italian is addicted to sensual pleasures. But these he can renounce at the call of honor or ambition. When we consider the former warlike character of the Italians, their present enthusiasm, and patient devotion to the arts, we ought not rashly to adopt the opinion, that all their energies are irretrievably sunk in the languors of luxury. There is, perhaps, no people in the world who are more easily roused to a tone of lofty and passionate feeling. Over a nation, endowed with a temperament like this, moral and political institutions possess a mighty influence. In the task of reforming, or establishing a government, the Statesman would here have a purchase, by which he might produce a momentum, far greater than he would be able to accomplish, under opposite circumstances.

The character of the modern Italian is formed by his government. Unsolicited by the calls of honor or ambition, and encompassed by pleasures in their softest and most seducing shapes, his passions precipitate themselves on low and unworthy objects. His life passes without dignity. A government, in which the mass of the people would be admitted to some share of power, would elevate the tone of public feeling, and cure that shameless relaxation of morals, which, at present, disgraces their nobility.

Many persons think it a misfortune, that Buonaparte had not time to mature the beneficial plans he intended for Italy. If, indeed, he was sincere in his intentions of restoring Italy, every philanthropist must regret his precipitate fall from power; or, rather, he must lament that immeasurable and restless ambition, which rendered his destruction necessary. Had he confined the operations of his beneficence to Italy and Spain, he would there have found matter sufficient to employ the powers of his genius. Not a few, however, have doubted the efficacy of his plans of regeneration, and ascribe all the good he produced, to the arbitrary and overbearing temper of his government. Be this as it may, he has contrived to endear to him the affections of the people of Italy. How he has effected this, I shall endeavor, hereafter, to explain. For the present I must believe, that, notwithstanding it is highly probable that the changes he produced would have led the way to a better state of things hereafter, Buonaparte never contemplated such a scheme of government for Italy, as would have raised her to her former eminence.

Whoever dwells with enthusiasm on the civil and military institutions of that people, who once subjugated the globe, and admires those prodigies of genius and valour who presided in her councils, and led her armies to victory; or contemplates Italy in the softer light of dawning science, when the virtues and talents of Lorenzo de Medici diffused a brightness over the destinies of Florence, and revealed, in prospect, the golden days of Leo; when the Venetian, the Etruscan, and Roman States, contended with each other in freedom and the liberal arts—must, upon reflection, find all analogies drawn from the past history of Italy fail, when applied to her during the period of her subjection to France. Buonaparte might have disinterred the antique ruins of Rome, and might have beautified it with public walks and gardens, but if any one believes that this would have raised her from her fallen state, he is little acquainted with the true sources of political greatness, and with the moral causes of the decline of that renowned capital. pp. 27–31.

It is wholly foreign from our object to institute an enqui-

ry into the plans which the boundless ambition of Napoleon may have contemplated or effected, towards resuscitating the freedom and the prosperity of Italy. At present, it would certainly be a matter of very trivial speculation. We have no doubt, however, of the correctness of the position, that the character of every people, either in regard to their manners, their habits, their public spirit and moral sentiment, is dependant chiefly, if not altogether, upon the character of their government. We incline, then, to the belief, that under an administra ion as active and energetic as was that of France while Napoleon directed her affairs, although Italy might not have been reinstated in her former greatness and have re-assumed her stand among the first nations of the earth, nevertheless, she might have been lifted to a grade more elevated than that which she now occupies, and have shewn the justice of her title to an Independence, the re-attainment of which, the all powerful influence of adverse circumstances alone placed beyond her reach. Was the subject before us an apposite one, and would our limits allow, we would here submit the reasons upon which the opinion we have advanced is predicated. We must content ourselves, however, with this passing notice of our author's remarks, leaving it altogether to our readers to draw their own conclusions concerning a matter, to say the most of it, of only speculative importance.

Our author arrived in Trieste, "the richest city in Italian Illyria, and at present, the most promising and flourishing port in the Emperor of Germany's dominions," just at a time "when the people were beginning to engage in the pleasures and diversions of the Carnival."

"The spirit of traffic," he observes, "which is so inimical to pleasure, and which forms a leading feature in the character of the middle class of Triestins, was overpowered and suspended by the return of that season, which brings with it an oblivion on all care and business. I could not but observe many, whose dress bespoke the last degree of wretchedness, who, in joining in the sports of the carnival, seemed to forget the hardships of their condition. Some carried in their hands a small earthen pot with a few coals in it, over which they warmed their fingers. Others, with their hands in their bosoms, stood listening to a poor German or Swiss Orpheus, who charmed them with his guitar, on which he played a lively waltz, or sang a wild Helvetian hunting song, in which fancy heard the echoes of the Alps.

In the evening, the windows of the shop in the *Corso*, afforded a curious display of *masks* and *dominos*, mixed with a profusion of splendid dresses,—the antiquated trumpery of courts and the discarded paraphernalias of theatres. Here once a year at least, the meanest artizan might strut the monarch, and 'dressed in robes of brief authority, play fantastic tricks' and the kitchen-maid, like Cinderella, without the intervention of a fairy, be clothed in the twinkling of a eye, in the glittering apparel of a princess. Here might be seen a sportive Italian, attiring herself in the costume of a Tyrolian girl:—a *Cranlolin* peasant, disguising his Herculean frame, in robes designed for a softer shape and daintier limbs: a heavy *German*, mimicing with his thick accents, and clumsy gesture, the ready pleasantries and comic feats of a Venetian harlequin: and a *jack tar*, hiring for the night, the powdered wig, embroidered coat, spangled vest, and *chapeau de bras* of a French Marquis."

"The hour of assembling is midnight, and the opera house the temple of those impure rites and nocturnal mysteries, which 'the bitter day would quake to look upon.' The mask is no sooner put on, than the veil of modesty is laid aside. Women and men abandoning themselves to the intoxication of pleasure, appear to be ready to engage in unexampled feats of libertinism. An impure fire that is contagious. appears to infect the very atmosphere of the room, and to cheat the senses with illusions. The endearing expressions of *cara*, and *bella mascherina*, pronounced in a soft *falsetto* note, vibrate sweetly upon the ear. The understanding is subjugated by the power of music, and the voluptuous dances of the waltz, and the *manfrino*, exalt the spirits to that giddy height, which accomplishes the destruction of many a fair Belinda, altho' encompassed with all her aerial guards." pp. 49—52.

"A few days before the carnival ceases, its pleasures begin to reach their acme, and then the concourse of masks and spectators becomes so great, that all the principal streets and public places are crowded: carriages filled with ladies attend in elegant masquerade dresses, pass in procession through the principal streets, and these fair masks provoke the attention of the bystanders by hurling into their faces handfuls of *sugar plumbs*. Among these is seen many a ludicrous figure on foot, or riding a *donkey*, or driving a *cabriolet*. The evening preceding lent, all assemble at an early hour at *Veglione*, and the carnival, now at its close, collects together the whole population of the place and vanishes in all its splendor. Midnight is no sooner announced than the hall is emptied and the lights extinguished. The bacchanals of pleasure retire from the scene, wearied and exhausted with their long campaign of gaiety, and the first morning of the ensuing lent, lights its pale ray upon many a

paler countenance, doomed to expiate the sins of the carnival, by all the rigor of abstinence and prayer.

The influence of a *masquerades* upon the moral and social habits of a people, is of sufficient importance to point it out, as an object of solicitude, to every government, but more especially to those, with whose political and moral institutions, the principles of Liberty are interwoven. Even under monarchies, where, perhaps, the practice cannot be eradicated, its noxious luxuriance may and ought to be repressed:—It would be entirely subversive of the morals of a Republic, and if introduced into America, would infallibly banish those virtues, which in point of manly morals, and social comforts, justly entitle this country to the foremost rank among nations." pp. 53—55.

We pass over our author's reflections upon the wretched, impoverished condition of some of the Austrian provinces, during the time of his visit. Our feelings are certainly enlisted in behalf of the poor and distressed of every nation: but we find no necessity to go abroad in quest of objects for the indulgence of our sympathy, when the situation of our own country offers such ample scope for it. If however, mendicity and distress were so common in the years 1816 and 1817--years, in comparison with the present time, of comfort, if not abundance, we tremble to think what must be the desolation now pervading these provinces, and indeed, all Europe.

A description of the Italian Opera constitutes several pages of the volume before us, but we shall give only so much upon that subject as will serve to introduce to the reader, the characters and standing of some of the poets who have kept alive and immortalized the Italian drama. The literature of every country is always a subject of interest; that of Italy is peculiarly so. The classic mind mingles in its estimate of the literary character of the modern Italians, recollections of those days when Maro, and Horace, and Ovid sung, and the eloquence of Cicero lightened throughout the world; and it finds no reason to repine at the comparison. The geniuses and the efforts of such poets as Dante and Tasso, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Goldoni and Metastasio, Ariosto and Alfieri, would do honor to the literature of any nation; and the days of Lorenzo de Medici, and Leo the 10th, would vie with the brightest and most flourishing of the Republic. They may, indeed, be very justly entitled the Augustan ages of modern Italy.

Of *one* of those poets, of whom our author speaks so

highly, we have been entertained with a biographical sketch, in the polished pages of the annotator of Childe Harold's last pilgrimage. We regret that we have not in this volume a more extensive and satisfactory view of the literature of Italy.

"The opera, such as I have described it, if it occupied a rank more subordinate in the scale of intellectual pleasures, than it does in Italy, might be regarded as an important auxiliary to other arts, which beautify and polish society, without enfeebling those masculine virtues, which form the solid basis of social comfort and national honour. But the traveller, if he has frequent occasion to admire the unequalled magnificence of the Italian opera, is as often compelled to lament, that among this people, the drama, a much nobler species of entertainment, sinks in importance, below such theatrical exhibitions as delight the senses and the fancy, more than they improve the heart, or invigorate the genius. This remark, however, is to be understood with some limitations, for although the Italians have figured less than the French and English, in the higher walks of dramatic composition, their genius evinces no want of vigour or of resources; whenever it has been fairly directed to the higher kinds of tragedy and comedy. Some general observations concerning the characteristic merits of *Metastasio*, *Goldoni* and *Alfieri*, the leading dramatic poets of Italy, will serve to explain more fully, the idea I have conceived of its drama.

Metastasio is justly popular among his own countrymen, on account of the harmony of his versification, the purity of his language, and the brilliancy and fertility of his imagination. But the first excellence of a dramatic poet is, the talent of delineating characters with fidelity and spirit. For this purpose a general knowledge of the motives of human conduct is not sufficient. The outline of human nature, is generally well enough preserved in Metastasio's characters; but his heroes are all after the same pattern, without any mixture of the frailty of man; and his tyrants are all examples of pure unadulterated guilt, unstained even with the slightest colour of a single virtue. They rarely or never excite interest, or move the affections strongly.—Love is the agent, which puts all in motion in the dramas of this writer. But it is not that passion, as it is painted in the Othello, and in the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare. Metastasio's images and sentiments play and smile around the heart, and excite a gentle tenderness, but they never penetrate its inmost recesses, or open those profound abysses of sorrow, which affright the soul. There is a monotonous languor and effeminacy, thrown over all his personages, which shows how far the opera had already proceeded, in establishing that sickliness of taste, which sacrifices

to the pleasures of harmony and musical rhythm, depth of feeling and strength and vigour of conception. 'Ces characteres tout de miel et de lait," are not calculated to alarm men into reflection, or to leave the mind under those solemn and affecting impressions, so salutary to the heart, and which it is the object of tragedy to produce.

But as the poet of the opera, Metastasio is without a rival. The splendour of his diction, the unlaboured melody of his numbers, the richness of his sentiments, elevate him to an enviable and solitary eminence, among the lyrical poets of his own country." pp. 98—101.

"Goldoni is the prince of comic poets among the Italians, who evince for his name the same degree of homage, that the French pay to the genius of Moliere. '*Gran Goldoni*', is the style in which they mention him. He was, perhaps, the first who attempted to reform the rude manners and improbable incidents of the Italian stage" p. 101.

"An inexhaustible vein of humour and wit, appears in all Goldoni's pieces, although he does not manage it with the art and elegance of Moliere. He sometimes paints human nature with a charming *naivete*, but he never copies real life with the boldness and felicity of Shakspeare, or exhibits that refined and elegant picture of living manners, which constitutes the charm of French comedy. He portrays the characters of women in the opposite lights, of melancholy and gaiety. The former are cold sentimentalists, obedient to the commands of their parents, desirous of the marriage state, that they may throw off the yoke of an authority, that excludes them from the pleasures of the world. The latter, on the contrary, are headstrong girls of lively and impetuous feelings, prone to break loose from the restraints of parental government, and to elope with a lover. But neither his *Rosaures* nor his *Beatrices*, are much distinguished by refinement and delicacy of soul, and are vulgar and spiritless, when compared with the *Celia* and *Rosalind* of Shakspeare.

He, however, who proposes to study the manners of Italy, in the comedies of Goldoni, takes for his guide the most falacious of all standards. The Italians, properly speaking, have no national comedy; nor does it appear to be agreeable to their ideas and prejudices, to penetrate the secret springs of action, or to develope the human character upon the stage. This people, who are such profound masters of the heart, and who possess, in so eminent a degree, the talent of pursuing it through all the windings of policy, seem to consider it as something profane, to unveil their knowledge of its mysteries in the theatre.

But the dramatic poet, whom the Italians regard with a veneration, bordering upon idolatry, is *Alfieri*. The powerful al-

lurements of Metastasio's poetry, appear to have won for him the privilege of fixing the laws of dramatic composition. He assimilated the genius of tragedy to the softness and languor of pastoral poetry, nor is it difficult to conceive how a people softened by indolence and pleasure, should be inclined to prefer briliancy of imagination and voluptuousness of sentiment, to depth of feeling and energy of thought. How great, then, is the merit of Alfieri, who combatted successfully these enchantments, and infused into tragedy her ancient spirit. Since his time the theatre in Italy has been a great school of virtue and moral wisdom. Melpomene no longer appears with her majestic forehead, bound with chaplets of flowers and with the voice and smiles of a Syren. Alfieri divested her of these meretricious charms, restored to her the solemn step, the elevated look, the lofty accent, and clothed her with the flowing majesty of her antique costume.

But with all his merits, Alfieri does not appear to have seized the justest conceptions of tragedy. Solicitous chiefly to avoid the effeminacy of Metastasio, he has gone to the opposite extreme. His illustrations and metaphors are employed for sake of strength, more than for ornament, and his aversion to embellishment, led him to the adoption of a style harsh and unpoetical. To borrow an illustration from painting, all his pieces are deficient in repose. The tragical uniformity renders his dramas, in spite of their great beauties, heavy and tedious. I cannot conceive, why the tragic poet should not be permitted occasionally to step aside, to regale his reader with a description or an episode, and why a liberty allowed in epic composition, should be considered inconsistent with the laws of the drama." "But the strain of Alfieri is unvaried. All his dramas are modelled after the same pattern. When you have read his conspiracy of the Pazzi and his Philip the second, you appear to have exhausted all the treasures of his fancy. The love of liberty with which some of his pieces are so strongly marked and which is the predominant sentiment throughout most of them, have acquired for him a great reputation among a people, who know nothing of liberty but its false and splendid visions, which are often not more happily suited to the purposes of the dramatic poet, than they are repugnant to the sober realities of life. Nevertheless, with all his defects, he has erected on a durable basis, a monument over which unceasing honours are destined to accumulate, and the name of Alfieri when his works shall be better understood abroad, will share with Shakspeare, Racine and Schiller, that universal admiration, which the consent of ages and the voice of experience confirm. The change which the moral and political principles of his tragedies, have effected in the modes of feeling and thinking throughout Italy,

has evidently created a spirit, which its present governments must be fearful of provoking. They discountenance, as far as they can with policy, the representation of those pieces, in which the principles of liberty are forcibly inculcated. His dramas, however, produced their most powerful impressions in the closet, as there are few declaimers in Italy, capable of conceiving the depth of his sentiments, or of reciting his verses, so as to mark the beauties of his forcible and sententious style. Yet he has invigorated the sentiments of the Italian people, and infused into them a portion of their ancient spirit."

"No poet since the time of Lucan, has worshipped with truer devotion at the shrine of Liberty, or painted its effects upon the heart with more genuine enthusiasm, than Alfieri. If his strains shall not kindle a flame to consume the structures of despotism, they will, however, keep alive the sacred flame on the altar of his country." pp. 103—110.*

We feel a singular pleasure in recording this tribute to the fame of Alfieri. Besides that we subscribe to the correctness of the foregoing critique, as to the tendency of his writings, 'to keep alive the sacred flame" of liberty and cause tyrants to tremble upon their thrones, we cherish the recollection of this poet with heightened zeal and peculiar fondness, because in the struggle of our ancestors for independence, he was the friend of America and the eulogist of Washington. He published in the year 1790, five odes on the emancipation of the American colonies; one of which he addressed to the father of our country. They were the effusions of a kindred spirit, excited by the same causes and drawn from the same source, as that which impelled the patriots of the revolution, and it would be a manifestation of an insensibility of which our hearts are not capable, were we not to appreciate his efforts with every feeling of regard.

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* Whilst transcribing the above, we have been favoured with the following elegant translation of one of Alfieri's sonnets, from the pen of an enlightened scholar, and it is executed with so much poetical taste, and conceived so finely in the true spirit of the original, that we are proud of the opportunity of presenting it to our readers. We subjoin the translation to the original poem.

SONNET *written in the* ALBUM, *at* PETRARCH'S HOUSE *at* ARQUA.

O Cameretta, che gia in to chiudesti
Quel grande alla cui fama e angusto il monds,
Quel gentile d'amor mastro profondo
Per cui Laura ebbe in terra onon celesti.

In his youth, Alfieri was poor, and unlettered, and (what was still worse) dissipated. He struggled his way to distinction by dint of his own exertions alone. But his indefatigability and perseverance were unequalled, and the meridian of his renown may have appeared with greater splendor, from the dimness of its dawning. Like most men, distinguished for their superior genius, his private character was marked by some traits of eccentricity, which perhaps detract from his dignity, and certainly add nothing to his just fame. They were, however, the weaknesses of human nature, not of the individual; and though we cannot applaud, we may excuse and overlook them. He wrote the memoirs of his life, and died in the fifty third year of his age.

We are warned by our limits that this review is already sufficiently protracted, but we have not given half the quotations we were desirous to make from this book. Much the most interesting part of it is yet before us. We will suspend what we have further to offer for another number of our journal.

O di pensier soavemente mesti
Solitario ricovero giocondo!
Di che lagrime amare il petto inondo
In veder che ora innonorato resti!
Prezioso diaspro, aguata, ed oro,
Foran debito fregio e appena degno
Di rivestir si nobile tesoro.
Ma no: tomba fregiar d'uom ch' ebbe regno
Vuolsi, e por gemme ove disdico alloro:
Qui basta il nome di quel Divo Ingegno.

TRANSLATION.

Hail sacred cloister! ever blest retreat
Of mighty genius! Petrarch's holy seat!
Thou claim'st the honor, that thou hast enshrined,
The pure irradiations of a mind
Too large for earth, and ne'er to earth confin'd.
Here sat the bard of Love whose tender flame,
On earth has deified his Laura's name.
How bitter now to view thy sad decline,
Thou focus of each dear delicious thought!
Though costly walls of jasper should be thine,
With purest gold, and agate richly wrought,
E'en these would not embelish,—for thu'rt fraught,
With ore more precious than Potosia's mine.
Though rival realms should vie to decorate
This crumbling ruin, with the diamond's flame:
Enough for thee, thy glorious eevied fate,
A proud connexion with thy poet's name.

Sukey, a poem. Boston: published by Cummings and Hilliard, 1821. 8vo. pp. 60.

An American production is a thing so rare, that no sooner is one announced than our curiosity is excited to know something of its merits. We confess we feel a desire that our country should hold, not only a respectable, but a distinguished rank in the literary world, that our men of letters should not only be equal, but afford some unequivocal testimony of theirequality, to those of any other country; and that, without undertaking to rebut the calumnies which have been heaped upon us from different quarters for our want of literature, they should produce some work which would preclude the possibility of a repetition of such charges. We are, however, fully aware of the causes, which have hitherto operated against so great a devotion to literature as we could wish, and more especially that species of literature known by the name of belles lettres. Our society must be more advanced before we can find many men willing to devote their lives to literary pursuits, to forego the pleasure of entering into the active circles of life, to sit down quietly and hear the praise of another resounded by a grateful nation, and not feel their hearts throb with a desire of imitating his deeds. Nor is it desirable, in the present state of our country, that our men of genius should seclude themselves from the active employments of life, and devote their time to gaining a literary reputation for their country. We are perfectly willing that the English should boast of their Miltons, their Drydens, their Popes, their Thompsons, and their Campbells, from whom we receive the same benefit that they do, while at the same time we may be allowed to boast of our republican institutions, the genius, and equality of our citizens, blessings which they do not enjoy. The representative principles of our government will always be a sufficient theme of self-gratulation. When we see our country in a state like theirs, with its rotten boroughs and poor rates, we may be called presumptuous for boasting of the superiority of our government. Such boasting however, we have always considered as rather degrading to either party, as not tending to give any more lustre to their poets, nor in any degree adding to the physical strength of our government. That our country should be praised, that its institutions should be held dear to every one who feels their influence, that we should

boast of that liberty, which we all consider our birthright, and make it a theme of unceasing devotion, we cannot consider as arrogant. The enthusiasm of the heart which liberty inspires, no matter where or in whom it is found, ought always to be looked npon as the overflowing of the purest fountain in the grand machinery of man. We are glad to see men under whatever government, exhibit an ardent love of country. But we do not consider that this should be measured by the hatred or animosity with which another nation is viewed. We never can take for evidences of love of our own country, virulent aspersions against another.

After having premised these observations, we do not consider it any degradation to say that we have, comparatively speaking, few authors of much note. No person can pretend to deny the genius of the American people. We see it every day manifested at the bar of justice, in the state and national legislatures; but the same causes which have prevented our becoming a literary nation, have in some degree prevented our attainment of superior excellence in pulpit eloquence. In all circumstances connected with the business of life, the greatest vigor of intellect is manifested. It is nevertheless a fact, however grating it may be to confess it, that we have met with very little American poetry, which is at all comparable to that of the British. When we say this, we do not mean to bestow unqualified praise upon British poetry. We know that there is much which is inferior to ours; but it is not by such that we wish to measure the merit of our authors.

When our society is more advanced, and men have more leisure, when there are not so many baits to allure the ambitious mind, when our systems of education become more complete, when we give up some originality for more taste, we may look for something equalling those whom we are accustomed to revere, and upon whom we lavish so much praise. We admire genius wherever it may be found, and are as willing to allow merit to an English writer as to an American. We feel the same pleasure in reading the vigorous and manly poetry of Byron and the light, beautiful melody of Moore, as if they were Americans. We speak with the same enthusiasm of Shakspeare and Milton, as their most devoted English admirers. The republic of letters is one which is not confined to a particular section of country. It is the same every where, and an author of celebrity

never fails to call forth emotions of the warmest admiration, no matter of what country he may be, or in what language he may write. How does it concern us, any more than as mere national pride is concerned, if we are pleased with a work, whether the author be an Englishman or an American. The effect produced is the object, and not the character of the writer, who engages our attention but in a slight degree. We have made these remarks because it seems to be a prevalent opinion, at least among our authors, that it is almost sacrilege to criticise any thing of American growth. Our country is young, its poetic genius ought not to be cramped by the snarlings of a surly critic, who has not the power of feeling; we ought to blow the tender spark with the pure *oxygen* of praise, and by this means increase it to a *conflagration*, which shall spread its brilliant light through the whole western hemisphere. For this purpose there ought to be shops erected throughout our country with a salary by government, and two or three sturdy hands kept always at the bellows, lest the spark might go out. But to be serious, as we are willing to bestow all merited encomiums where they are due, no matter of what country the author may be, so we may also be allowed to speak of faults when necessary, and to discriminate between what is faulty and what is not.

To come then to the work before us. Its avowed object is to "illustrate some of the curious facts, set forth in the newly received opinions concerning the doctrine of the association of ideas." This is a subject upon which we are led to expect the greatest flow of feeling from a heart sensibly alive to the beauties of nature, and strikingly touched by such passing occurrences as are common to the greatest portion of mankind. The most delightful moments of a man's life, those to which the mind reverts with the most self-complacent pleasure, are those in which it is employed upon themes awakened by the recollection of days that are gone. Whether an author recurs to national association, which fills the mind with the most exalted ideas of patriotism, and transports us as it were, to the field where the noblest actions have been achieved; or chooses to employ himself upon the lighter thoughts of the days of childhood, those nicer and more finished beauties, which float upon the surface like the bubbles upon an angry wave, he may at least hope to escape the censure of being called entirely

uninteresting. Indeed the thoughts which are recalled by association, are connected with such an infinity of others, that it is difficult for an author, if he pursues even the plainest and most beaten track, not to recall some which will excite interest. There is however a material difference between suggesting such thoughts as will bring up associations in the mind of the reader, and the following out of the associations by the author himself. The former, we conceive, is much better calculated to please a man of a cultivated taste than the latter. There is such a variety of circumstances which influence the associations of different persons, that there are scarcely two to be found whose minds would pursue the same train of thought. And yet, when the mind is left to follow out its own associations, no matter how different these may be in different individuals, it is invariably pleased. When an author follows out his own associations, if he does not happen to fall in with those of his readers, they universally set them down as aberrations of the brain. The beauties of the pleasures of memory, of hope, of imagination, are relished in proportion to the facility of our associations. If these were followed out for us by the author, how very little interest would they excite with those whose minds did not bend in the same direction! And if the author should fall in with the train of ideas of a certain class, still the association would be accidental, and could not therefore last long. Unless a book has within itself ideas and images sufficient to please at all seasons and in different ages, the author has not hit upon the string which vibrates in unison with the human heart. The reputation of a book ought never to be judged of by the casual associations which it may recall. We consider it much wiser in an author to give general suggestions, from which associations would inevitably arise in the minds of most persons, than to pretend to regulate the train of thought which another may pursue. We believe that in matters of taste there is an end of discovery, and that the publication of Allison's book has made no change in the human feelings. There is a difference between pleasing me, and telling me why I am pleased. It would be as preposterous for a man to declare that he had discovered a new way to please by the association of ideas, as to declare that he had discovered a new code of morality. There can be no mistake in men's feelings, they have always been the same, and always

will be the same. They are most capable of knowing that which pleases them, and of judging of the degree of pleasure they experience. The end of poetry is to please; and the emotions which are excited upon all classes of the community under every variation of circumstances, and which continue to be impressed upon every generation, are the strongest testimony of the intrinsic merit of any work.

The author, however, of the little volume before us, declares in his preface, that he aims at something higher and better than mere amusement; that he has wished to do something in an uncommon way for morality, poetry, and manners. Although, provided he had accomplished his design, we could have perceived it in his poem without the aid of his preface; still we are not dissatisfied with him on this account, since it is by far the best part of his book, the most of it being extracted from Foster's Essay on a man's writing memoirs of himself. Notwithstanding however what we have said, it cannot but be acknowledged that he has some merit. Some pretty thoughts are adventitiously thrown in, which shew that he is not insensible to the beauties of nature. Although he has managed his subject in such a manner as not to excite any desire in the mind for finishing the story, and we can stop at one place as well as another, and commence again at a different, without feeling any disconnection of the subject, still we cannot but confess that some of the images are well wrought, some sentiments strongly expressed, and in some parts a good deal of satire is manifested. Taking it upon the whole, however, he has made but an indifferent thing of it, by introducing a story. What he could have meant by the introduction of this silly tale, independently of the casual observations which arise from it, we are utterly at a loss to imagine. In a case of this kind we always deem it more judicious that a tale should not be introduced. If it be only of secondary importance, and intended merely to give rise to other ideas, the mind is universally called from what is of most importance to this, and endeavours to separate what it supposes adventitious from the real object of the poem. In this manner, the most beautiful thoughts pass for nothing, they are thrown aside as mere pageantry. We of course except from this observation, tales which form a kind of episode to a poem, as that of Lavinia and Musidora in Thompson. This however, is materially different from writing a poem, the object of which is to illustrate the doctrine of the association of

ideas, drawn from such things as a story would suggest.

The heroine gives name to the poem. A description of her person is first given; she is represented as an orphan girl, who is taken by her maiden aunt and educated, falls in love and is beloved, but poverty prevents their union. She makes a visit to the city, a party is given to her, the belles of the place are collected, all is joy and merriment, when suddenly a messenger arrives, and a gentleman demands admittance. All now is anxious expectation, Sukey's lover appears, and here the poem closes, leaving the rest to the imagination of the reader. This is a short account of a poem contained in sixty pages, which is not of the least value as it respects the tale, the only good things being the associations which the author has followed out. We will proceed to give some of his reflections, that our readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves of their merit.

Before making a formal entry on the subject of his story he gives a description of Sukey's person, all of which we cannot extract. We will merely give a part of his introduction to it. In speaking of her figure he very naturally falls into reflections which are common to nearly all mankind. The following stanzas may also be taken as a fair specimen of his powers of description.

"I wish I could portray on this white paper
A shape that might appear a living semblance
Of Sukey's person—when, without her wrapper,
She shone a form etherial! remembrance
May bring back many such to those who love,
And dream they see their angel figures move,
When the high canopying arch of heaven at night
Is sprinkled o'er with stars; and clouds of snow
Are sweeping in their stillness—and the light
Of the round moon comes softly down; the flow
Of wreathed brightness—gloriously spanning
The spiritual walk—and west winds fanning." p. 6.

When he speaks of her being deprived of her parents, we are led to the place of their burial, and the thought is naturally enough turned upon the rude and majestic appearance of the church, the loneliness of its site, &c. and some imaginary beauties are added, which are common to all such descriptions, as the rustling of fountains, the dirge-like song of the birds, combined with other associations insepa-

rable from a church. The tomb-stones recall to our ideas days that are gone, and in imagination we hold sweet converse with those who were most dear to us in this sublunary existence. The author gives vent to his feelings in the following lines.

"Then oh my soul—how gushing o'er thee, came
The visions of thine infancy—now gone:
Forever gone!—yet still thou wert the same!—
Shadows of friends—that all forgot to mourn,
Seem'd gliding o'er the place, in the still air,
Beckoning with looks of love—to read a moral there!

XXXI.

There sleep the ancient and the sage together!
The enemy and lover—low and high!
Distinction hath no place! Spring's sunny weather,
The breeze—the storm— o'er quenched mortality
Pass each alike—with a strange, ominous doom—
Heedless alike of tangled sod, or vanity's proud tomb!" p. 13

It was in the winter season that Sukey made her first visit to the city, and the author has taken this opportunity to show his powers in describing a winter's morning, and drawing moral reflections from the surrounding objects. The extract is long, but cannot be contracted without losing some of its beauty; we therefore venture to insert it entire.

"It was a winter's morning! clear and bright,
The broad blue firmament bow'd down—and clouds,
In their deep fulness heaving, swept in light
Along the horizon's verge, and snowy shrouds
Hung beautiful o'er the mountain's brow;
Wide wrapping all the pride that slept below;

LXXXV.

The rest of nature!—the warriour sun,
With bright-hair'd steed, swift trampling o'er the heaven,
Drives on, through orient depths, his chariot throne!—
Quick flash the sparks from heaven's red pavement driven!
With banner'd pomp, and trumpets pealing cry,
Spear, shield, and helm of light, in glorious panoply!—

LXXXVI.

The widowed trees are thick with diamond stars
And gems of lustrous brilliance, rainbow hues,
Changing and flashing, through the chrystal spars,
In dazzling splendour, which around diffuse
The pageantry of magic! all are there—
Enchantments, worked by spirits of the air.

LXXXVII.

And far away, the blue smoke slowly curling
From cottage roofs; and loose white sails in motion;—
Beacons along the lone coast, flags unfurling,
Waving o'er castled walls;—the deep blue ocean
Dark rolling now, as in its earliest hour;
Eternal in the strength of its almighty power!

LXXXVIII.

Such scenes are fraught with wisdom; and they fill
The meditative mind with thoughts sublime!
What though no rural sounds awake the hill,
The reaper's blithe song hush'd a little time!
What though the winter winds rave hoarse and high,
And blighted all the bloom, which brightened o'er the eye?

LXXXIX.

Yet there are lessons taught, in such an hour,
Of high morality, our souls to mend,—
Teaching the best, by a mysterious power!
The winter of man's being! who shall lend
Spring, Summer, Autumn to his age again?
If rightly con'd, we need not ask in vain."

pp 31.—33.

The author has taken pains to give an exact description of the belles, who constituted the company of Sukey. No doubt this part of the poem is much more interesting to those who can affix to the descriptions some particular characters of their acquaintance, for whom probably they were intended. Accidental associations of this kind give much interest to a work. We are enabled then to enter into its spirit and relish infinitely more its beauty. We have room only for his last description.

"One more; yes, tis a shape of loveliness!
Of earth, and yet of heaven, that matchless shines!
Like that the angel wears, who comes to bless
The loved in life and death, whose faith resigns,
All fears, and joys, and dreams of mortal time,
Then soars on plumes of light, in majesty sublime!

CXVIII.

Oh yes, of heaven and earth too surely made!
Why is it o'er the sun, black clouds will sweep?
Why do the roses of the garden fade?
Why swell the stormy waves, o'er the moonlight deep?
And why art thou, all lovely as thou art,
Doom'd still to try the mockeries of the heart?"

pp. 42—43.

There are several other reflections, but our limits will not permit us to copy more. It may be perceived by the extracts already given, that it was the author's intention to follow out the associations which were suggested to his mind, from such hints as casually arose from the story, which we suppose must have been introduced, merely that an opportunity might be had of employing himself in a desultory manner. We shall not say any thing more of the difficulty with which the mind goes from a tale to such reflections as those we have given, or of the disgust it feels in separating the two and keeping them distinct. The reader has a synopsis of the story, and from the extracts given, some idea may be formed of the character of the work. Before dismissing the subject, however, we have a few words to say of the style of poetry. The author has evidently copied the style of Byron's Don Juan; and although this high authority ought perhaps to protect him, yet we must confess ourselves so utterly devoid of taste as to admire neither the one nor the other. We speak not of the merit of his lordship's work, which we believe is not destined to immortalize him; we here allude entirely to his manner. That a professed satire should be written in the same style as a description of the beauties of nature, we would think it foolish to assert. But Byron's poem, although a professed satire, we think is carried entirely beyond the mark. He has sported too much with what some may call the shackles of poetry; but which at the same time, in our opinion, constitute a material part of its beauty. He seems to think that every thing must bend to genius, and that all the rules of poetry must conform themselves to him, and not he to them. He wants very much the point which arises from expression. If, however, Byron has succeeded, notwithstanding these things, we must ascribe his success to the power of his genius; and *he* must evidently fail who copies his defects only, without any recommendation of extraordinary talents. Butler's Hudibras is a satire: yet, how extremely different is his style from Don Juan! He has something more than mere prose, with words that rhyme at certain discriminate distances. If many parts of Byron's last poem, and of the one before us, were written without regard being paid to verse, few persons could tell that it was ever intended for poetry. Take for instance, the following from Sukey, which is the first we turned to. "His tale is quick-

ly told: he came to bear a letter from his master to the lady who was the mistress of the mansion there, that stated in few words—That one already known as a friend of old, would wait upon her" &c. p. 56.

Now, that the mere writing of capital letters, after measuring so many dactyls and spondees, should constitute poetry, we think is rather a slur upon the long received opinions of English taste. For ourselves, at least, whatever may be said of the superior excellence of the new school of poetry in relation to the old, we must acknowledge that we cannot go to such a length as to admire such poetry, or rather such prosing as that we have just given. We do not deny that we are admirers of what is called the new school, and can read for a much longer time, without being fatigued, the poems of Byron and those of Moore, than we can the smooth and unvaried strains of Pope. We like as well to be relieved in poetry as in oratory; and a person who would write in the manner of Pope or others of the old school, would produce an effect analogous to him, who would round all his periods in such a manner as to produce, invariably, a monotonous cadence of declamation. Having thus expressed ourselves, we hope that when our author again applies himself to the muses, and this he promises soon to do, he will pay more attention to his versification, and not be led off by the faults of a superior genius. We should be glad to see something from him which could vie with the proudest works of English literature; and we can assure him that none will be more ready to bestow a tribute of respect than ourselves.

Character Essential to Success in Life; addressed to those who are approaching manhood. By Isaac Taylor, Minister of the Gospel at Ongar. *Boston:* Wells and Lilly. 1820. 12mo. pp. 162.

The immense importance of character cannot but be obvious to every reflecting mind. No man, who is not lost to all hope of respectability and happiness, can regard with contempt the estimation in which he is held by his fellow men. Even the most unprincipled villain puts on the garb of integrity, and endeavors to appear honorable and upright. The loss of character is inevitably fatal to peace of mind,

and solid enjoyment. Yet how few, in the commencement of their career, act with a proper reference to these considerations! How few are sufficiently aware of the importance of what may appear to be trifles in forming character and establishing reputation! Punctuality, industry, strict attention to duty, and inflexible integrity, united to a competent degree of self-knowledge, will inevitably insure success. Yet character can only be attained by degrees, and the utmost care must be taken to acquire proper *habits*, and not to lose, by a single act of negligence or impropriety, the reputation obtained by a long course of uprightness and assiduity. (Every young man therefore should act upon system, and not at random and with reference to temporary expediency only, but with a fixed and deliberate regard to the formation of useful habits and the ultimate accomplishment of the most valuable objects.)

The little work before us enforces these considerations with clearness and strength. It places before the young and aspiring mind the true value of character, urges the necessity of self-knowledge, contrasts reputation, in regard to its influence upon prosperity and happiness, with wealth, knowledge, talents, and station, shows the importance of attending to trifles and forming proper habits, and closes with a chapter on the influence of Religion upon character.

Few young persons are properly impressed with a sense of the importance or the difficulty of self-knowledge. A proper estimate of one's self is indeed essential to permanent, uniform success in life. Chance may enable us sometimes to do well: but no man can be extensively eminent or useful, who does not pursue that course for which he is by nature and habit best adapted. Such is the sentiment advanced in the following extract.

"He who determines to attain a respectable character, and who sees the importance of principle in securing it, will examine for himself; and in so doing, will attain knowledge; and that knowledge will with ease be applied to every circumstance necessary to be considered. He will soon know, for instance, what station, or rank in society, may be within his reach. This will save him from taking too low an aim; and losing himself by timidity, or ill-advised choice. This will save him too from the common error of aiming at a situation too high, which his opportunities cannot command, nor his talents fulfil. He will perceive, with less difficulty, what are the qualifications suited

to the station, that he may judge of his own fitness for it, or turn his mind to such exercises and attainments as are appropriate, and likely to be most beneficial in assisting him. He who feels a feebleness of constitution or natural fearfulness of mind, should not enter among scenes of strife, or place himself in a situation where only hardness of body, firmness of nerve, and almost equal hardness of mind, can have the prospect of succeeding. Or, if stern necessity shove him into such a station, he will feel instantly, that to fill it honourably, he must begin those processes, both with mind and body, which may enable him to endure at least, if not to rise to his actual duty: As little is the boisterous active youth suited to scenes of retirement and study. He will, most likely, break through the restraint which his situation places around him, and then, fareweil to reputation: he may indeed fill his station, but he will disgrace it. Now the knowledge of such circumstances will be of essential service, in directing his aims aright, at first entrance on his career. Half the labour is saved by beginning well. Regulating the conduct by acknowledged principles will tend to ensure this happy initiation." pp. 24—26.

The man who aspires to distinction and success in those pursuits alone, for which he knows that his talents and attainments peculiarly qualify him, will prosecute them with a vigour and confidence that will ensure their attainment, while he who strives at random, without having calculated his means, will make efforts comparatively feeble, and failing of immediate success, will become disheartened and sink into a state of indifference and despondency.

It is not in the power of every man to be great, but every man may be respectable and useful in some situation in life. He should endeavor therefore to ascertain the nature of his qualifications, and not to waste his exertions upon unattainable objects. It is equally important that he should form some deliberate plan of conduct, that he should act systematically and with a constant reference to the attainment of some specific object, and not be perpetually wandering from object to object, beginning many things and accomplishing nothing. This has been the ruin of many a brilliant and promising genius. Not having a well defined system, his efforts have been feeble and divided, whereas, had he acted in conformity to any regular *plan*, he would have made no false steps, but every thing that he did would have been directed, with energy, to the accomplishment of the main object before him. These truths are well enforced by our author.

"If a youth acts under the giddiness and ignorance which youth imp ies, without any care, or rule, or distinct object, his acting will be desultory. Now he will prefer this, now, like the butterfly, flit to that, attracted by something gayer, or promising speedier enjoyment. His aim may a while be for honourable station, and he labours accordingly: then he fancies all is chance, and he will do as he can. He sees some person have what he calls good luck; he thinks it in vain to try at any thing, especially if it appears to have difficulties in it, when perhaps, after all, he may never obtain it Should he by constraint, or choice, be constant to his object, he will in all probability be fickle in the means he adopts to secure it. If the best means are not discerned (and they will not, if not sought after,) there will be an oscillation of mind from some to others; a perpetual changing of measures; giving up perhaps such as really bid fairest for success, and adopting in their room modes which consideration would have reprobated. Time and opportunity are lost, in such changing: and this loss will impel to the adopting of something which shall promise a shorter process, and quicker success: plunging again into disappointment. Nothing defeats even an estimable purpose, more than continually changing the means of carrying it into effect. The desultory seldom continue any one track long enough to catch their prey; and the feeling of not having yet succeeded, operates in such characters to make them again alter their modes, as chance, or fickleness, or fancied certainty, may direct. Well if all exertions do not in a short time totally fail. The continuance of them would imply more firmness than can be supposed in the desultory character we are surveying. Soon fatigued, where the object is not specific, or where the means are as yet undiscovered; no wonder if it seem wise to a fool to abandon his enterprize, if he say it is all in vain. "I shall never succeed," is often the parent of failure. 'I will not try any more,' ensures disappointment. 'It is all chance, and I am not in luck,' most commonly leads to disgrace. pp. 17—19.

Character is shown, in the volume under review, to be far more valuable to the young man who aspires after eminence, than wealth, talents, learning, or family; for without character, how little will these effect towards the promotion of distinction or happiness! Character can do much without them, but they can do nothing without character.

"The attractions of wealth give hope of beneficial influence; but when the possessor is discerned to be destitute of honour, all that can be reasonably expected is mischief; more wide, more flagitious, more corrupting, in proportion to rank and

affluence. To hinder any further accession of ability, such as station and office might afford, becomes the part of prudence, almost of duty, in all who are liable to be injured by such a conjunction. Now character shows its full brilliancy by the contrast. The world knows who can best be trusted, and acts accordingly. Disappointed, perhaps insulted, and oppressed, by unprincipled wealth; it turns to knowledge, integrity, and kindness, for relief. It gives the whole management here without apprehension, and forces the unprincipled, however else distinguished, to retire disappointed, if not abashed." pp. 41—42.

The value of talents cannot be denied, and when properly applied and accompanied with integrity, they must insure respect, but character without talents is far better than talents without character.

"He who cannot raise his mental powers by any cultivation above mediocrity, may, by careful attention to his heart and internal goodness, raise a character which shall eclipse the more splendid; and produce, at the proper season, a richer harvest of beneficial effects to society, especially in that circle in which he was appointed to move. The memory of the just is blessed; a eulogy not always appropriated to the men of talent; though it is one which, however they may affect to despise it, would be highly gratifying even to them. Man wishes to be esteemed by his brother man; how little careful soever he may be to deserve such honorable estimation." p. 46.

"Most, on entering life, stand in need of assistance, either as to property, influence, or counsel. Those who are able to yield us this necessary help are apt to be more attracted by character than by talent, and select the objects of their regard often by this single consideration. However feeble a youth may be, if he can thus ensure the strength of others to his aid, he is not likely to fall. Every mind on whom his fair character makes impression is a friend, in good wishes at least; and may, if needed, become a support by more essential assistance. Many having the power to assist, are on the search for such as need help, especially if themselves have occasion for talents which they do not possess, or wish to substitute the exertions of others in the place of their own. However talent may be their inquiry, character will in all probability fix their choice. And the opportunities in their power to open to the young and enterprising will be smoothed and widened with pleasure to the worthy, whose good reputation assures their employers beforehand that all is safe which is so committed to the care of tried character. p. 52.

As it respects learning and station in life, while we admit their tendency to give elevation and promote respectability, the admission is founded on the presumption that unblemished character accompanies and adorns them.

"Knowledge is allowed its full importance, even when it is added that character will raise its importance, and spread its influence much wider. Mere knowledge which lies inert in a man's own head, and never shows itself by actions, can hardly be conceived of: yet, if in some instance it may occur, how little is it valued. Stones would serve for treasure as well as gold to those who only hoard wealth, and never use or disperse it. But if knowledge has a decided, and often a very powerful influence upon conduct, it becomes of great importance that it should act under the careful direction of sound principles. The power, not so restrained or impelled, has a malignant influence wherever its exertions operate. Even where carelessness and folly guide; or rather suffer knowledge unguided to prove, to search, and to proclaim all it finds indiscriminately; the evil is often of wide and destructive influence. But let knowledge be restrained in its researches, and impelled in its discoveries by integrity, all it gains will be valuable, all it disperses will be useful. The character of the man's mind will give confidence to those who desire instruction, and will add influence to the maxims unfolded, or the advice obtained from a source so respectable. Station, as it exalts to more general notice, gives too opportunity for more complete inspection. He whose sterling character will endure so sharp a scrutiny will honor his station as much as that honors him. Whatever may be the natural influence which his office, or title, has upon society, that influence will be increased exactly in proportion as it is by integrity made more beneficial. Character exalts the exalted. None are above the propriety of availing themselves of its assistance; nay, the necessity of such aid is soon felt, if in any disrespectful, or even inadvertent way, it is ever slighted. Station will sometimes eject the occupier who in too atrocious a manner undervalues this essential qualification." pp. 54—56.

The importance of attending to those things which may be considered trifling, is well enforced by our author. The most trivial circumstances serve to delineate character, and although they may sometimes be suffered to have more influence in forming an estimate than they really deserve, yet they usually constitute a very correct criterion. He who is careless about trifles can seldom be trusted upon important concerns. It is a just observation, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well*.

The last chapter, "on the influence of Religion upon character," is well worthy of perusal by the young. It contains no narrow, bigotted, sectarian views, no morose, souring doctrines, but is liberal, candid, and enlivening. We have room only for the following extract.

"What are the habits recommended and made delightful by piety? every one of them is friendly to regulated feeling, to luminous action, to the exaltation of intellect, and to honorable estimation? The command of temper it inculcates, is giving to the mind a kingdom, and making the man a potentate of highest rank. The love of truth it inspires, raises a confidence in all around him; they can depend on all he says, and not suspect any mean subterfuges, any traps or deceits in his assertions. The humility it induces, renders his society pleasing. The kindness it cultivates, makes him a blessing wherever he comes. The temperance, chastity, and regularity, of all his appetites and passions, make him serene in himself, and respectable to his associates. Nay, the truths he embraces exalt his feelings; the hopes on which he lives ennoble his proceedings; the regularity of his sabbaths gives a tone to his general behaviour; the habit of prayer raises his sensation, confirms his principles, animates his very features. That blank vacuity of countenance which disfigures many a frivolous unsettled mind, cannot be found among those who keep eternity in view. That base, disgusting, frightful physiognomy which vice stamps upon her votaries; can have no place where religion purges every feeling, guides the conduct far away from corrupt indulgencies, and brings into steady action every virtue, which can adorn the man, every grace which marks the Christian. Deeply important as are good habits, so deeply important is religion, whose habits are all good, all friendly to the mind, all powerfully influential on the conduct." pp. 149—151.

In conclusion, we recommend this little work as a clear, practical treatise upon a most important subject. We all need excitement to do our duty, and no stronger excitement can perhaps be afforded, than a thorough conviction that the path of duty is the path of interest, that *character is essential to our success in life*, and that the best mode of securing a character is by taking care really to deserve it.

MISCELLANY.

GOOD MANNERS.

"Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo."

Virtue and good manners are twin sisters. So congenial are their dispositions, that they add lustre to each other: so tender their attachment that they cannot flourish apart. Yet such is the folly and presumption of mankind, that, disregarding the sacred ties of nature, they impiously strive to separate those whose union she has sanctioned by her immutable decree. The villain often veils his depravity with a smiling exterior, while the upright man, relying too boldly on the purity of his heart, assumes the aspect and deportment of a clown. The former exerts all his energies to please: the latter cares not if he disgust. As a respect for truth is the foundation of virtue, so a due regard for the feelings of others is the ground work of good manners. Different situations in life call for the exercise of different virtues. Some, from the elevated stations which they occupy, are expected to afford examples of the most exalted virtues of which our nature is capable. All however, are required to be honest, and abstain from positive evil. In like manner, while peculiar modes and ceremonies of deportment are desirable in some, certain regulations of common decency must be observed by *all* who call themselves civilized.

The love of influence is natural to man, and common to the bad and the good. The one desires it for his own aggrandizement, the other as a means of promoting the glory of God and the happiness of his fellow creatures. There are many qualifications which tend to promote this influence, of which none is more efficient than politeness. Easy and graceful deportment is not to be expected from the classes depending for their subsistence upon severe and continued labor. They have no leisure to devote to the improvement of their manners. Such accomplishments are above their ambition if not entirely beyond their reach.

But in more elevated circles, composed principally of the learned and the affluent, we might hope to see the attention of *some* directed to this important end. We might expect these to profit by the example of the ancients, whose history furnishes us in every page with instances of its happy effect upon the fortunes of the individual and the prosperity of the community. We wish that all our institutions of learning would follow the example of Harvard and Transylvania, and regard each other with that urbanity which characterises a civilized nation. By some of our scholars in this favoured land, negligence in this respect is tōo often regarded as an honorable characteristic. Pride assumes the place of politeness, and absorbs all regard for the dictates of decorum. Instead of cherishing and respecting the learned of other countries who seek an asylum in this blessed land of liberty, and thus holding out inducements for others to emigrate, they fear lest their own glory may suffer an eclipse from the comparison, and leave no artifice of meanness untried, no expedient of vulgarity unemployed, which, by disgusting, may force them to avoid it.

Virtue is acceptable to God, Politeness to man. Could we dive into the heart, and penetrate its secret motives, externals might be justly disregarded. But it is only from the propriety of the exterior that we can estimate what is within, and it is a knowledge of this fact that induces the artful and the wicked to clothe themselves with all the attractions of a polite address and winning demeanour. Thus politeness becomes the most powerful ally of vice; and why may it not be employed as an auxiliary of virtue? Why should not uprightness of heart be adorned with every external accomplishment that can render its lustre conspicuous, and its beauty attractive?

A virtuous man without politeness is like a stubborn oak upon a heath; the tempest and whirlwind have warred with it in vain, but the frost has withered its leaves; the hail has stripped off its branches, but amidst the continual struggle for its own preservation, it has ceased to afford a shelter, and forms an object, of wonder indeed, but not of regard. But give to this person the accomplishments of a gentleman and he becomes like the same tree in summer: its branches are covered with verdant foliage, and adorned with fragrant blossoms. The birds of the air build their nests among its leaves, the beasts of the field take shelter

under its branches, and the way-faring man, fatigued by his exertions and fainting with heat, finds under its shade a spot where he may rest his weary limbs and refresh his exhausted frame.

ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

There are few subjects, of which looser notions are entertained than of the study of the Greek language. We hear it perpetually declaimed against, as in itself of no importance, and calculated only for those who mean to devote their lives exclusively to antiquity, and who wish to unravel the perplexity of ancient philosophy. Indeed we see many men of good understandings, who, probably on account of their own ignorance of this language, make it their business to decry it, having their sons taught the elements only of the Latin, and then sending them to the University. We have long since expressed our utter disapprobation of a course of this kind on every occasion where an opportunity presented itself. But as the general system, throughout our state at least, seems predicated on an opinion of this kind, we may be allowed to make a few observations upon the subject. And here we may premise, that all the arguments which have been so successfully employed for the study of the Latin, and which have become trite by their frequent recurrence, apply with peculiar force to the study of the Greek language. It seems generally admitted even by those who strenuously oppose the cultivation of Greek, that the Latin is necessary to every literary and professional man. Its happy influence upon the juvenile mind in training it to sober and steady habits of reflection, in storing it with the most exalted ideas of human intellect, and in giving it an early taste for the purest and chastest style, is not denied. And yet, as soon as the Greek is mentioned, with a knowing smile its importance is stigmatized, as if it were in no wise calculated for the expansion of the youthful mind, not replete with sentiments which strengthen human virtue, nor abounding in all that can ennoble and dignify human nature. There are, however, objections from more formidable sources, and treated with a more serious air. There are not wanting men in our country who gravely tell us that they have once learned Greek and now know

nothing of it, at the same time avering that they never perceived any of its boasted advantages. It may not be amiss to say a few words here in answer to this objection, although one can scarcely bring the mind to conceive, how, after once having had a grammatical knowledge of a language, it can be so soon lost. Admitting then that the advantages may not have been perceived, we cannot take it for granted, that there never were any. Though these persons never could have known any thing more than the mere elementary principles of the language, and never could have received the benefit of a perusal of the finest Greek authors, nor had their minds formed in the mould of the purest classic taste, we still confidently assert, that they must have been much benefitted by the study. We would ask these men, whether, after having studied the elements of geometry and forgotten the particular reasoning of every proposition, there is no advantage in once having known them? If in the study of any language, none of the powers of the mind are called upon to be exerted, if no invention is necessary, if the reasoning faculties be dormant, and the cold, phlegmatic, and stupid child advances as rapidly as the boy of genius with a sprightly and brilliant imagination, then might we say that the study is of no advantage, and the time lost or miserably mis-spent, which is devoted to its acquisition. Besides, the grammatical knowledge which must invariably be acquired, aids in the greatest degree the attainment of an accurate knowledge of the construction of our own language. Those persons then, who are unable to estimate its advantages, have no data upon which they can with propriety say that it is of no avail. If they have, they subvert the whole system of education by denying the value of all those methods which are taken to call out the youthful mind, and to lay a foundation for the soundest practical knowledge.

In speaking of the peculiar importance of the Greek language, we do not wish to be understood as at all underrating the value of the Latin or modern languages, or as recommending all these at the expense of an accurate knowledge of the best English classics. We wish, by the cultivation of the classics, to inspire a pure taste for the greatest beauties of our own language, for those beauties which escape the vulgar eye, and are only perceptible to the man of cultivated taste and chaste imagination. It is not for the vain desire of appearing something above the vulgar mass

and of being called a gentleman of learning, that we recommend this study. If it has not advantages highly conducive to the expansion of intellect, and to the acquisition of such knowledge as is of the greatest use to every literary and professional man, we would join heartily with our voice and example in saying, give it up.

Those, however, who deny the importance of the Greek language, bring forward arguments which would equally hold against Latin; but they justify themselves by repeating that the Latin is the vehicle of the civil law, and therefore, for every lawyer at least, absolutely necessary. Although we entirely concur with them as to the importance of this language to the civilian, it might be answered in the same way that they pretend to answer some of the arguments in favor of the Greek, by referring to translations.

But here we take side with them and agree that it is absolutely impossible to satisfy an inquisitive chemist, by having the water which issues from a pure fountain conveyed to him through a dyke, where possibly it may imbibe such a mass of adventitious matter as materially to alter the compound parts. With the poets more especially it is a fact which the greatest genius can never overcome, that very many of their beauties can never be conveyed through the medium of another language Thought and language are intimately blended. The peculiar beauty of a word though felt and cherished by the mind, may not have its corresponding beauty in another tongue. The nice shades which are employed by an author of classic taste, can never be so well relished as in the language in which they are expressed. This is remarkably exemplified in the case of Milton's Paradise Lost translated into French, where the most beautiful conceptions of the poet, through the medium of a translation, become flat and almost insipid. Thomson's Seasons, although translated into French with remarkable ability by Poulin, a poet of no inconsiderable standing, has failed entirely of giving that felicity of expression which now and then sparkles in the original, and affords such interest to the English readers. For instance, in the description of English beauty;

> "The parting lip,
> Like the red rose-bud moist with dew,
> Breathing delight."

The exquisite beauty of this is entirely lost in the translation.

"Les lys et les roses
Ensemble confondus sur vos livres mi-closes."

This is merely an instance, taken almost at hazard. There are a great number of other places where similar defects exist, and indeed, in almost every case where Thomson has been peculiarly happy in his expression, M. Poulin has entirely failed in copying him. The introduction also of a sentiment to complete a line, is frequent with this translator in common with all others. How much of the beauty of the work is thus destroyed, those who are best acquainted with it can estimate. Wherever indeed an elegant translation is made, our admiration is transferred from the original to the translator, who must really be a poet himself of the first grade, to give a correct knowledge of his author. All who are acquainted with Mr. Pope's translation of Homer, and with the original, must perceive the immense difference of the two. Yet this is deservedly considered as one of the best translations in the English language. It is the same with Hoole's translation of the two great Italian poets. And in every other case a mere translation must fall far short of the original.

There are some persons who do not deny the propriety of the study of languages, to invigorate the youthful intellect and to lay a foundation for more useful acquirements, but who yet maintain that the Latin is quite sufficient to occupy the attention of the youth until he is able to begin other studies; that all the advantages, with respect to the discipline of the mind, accruing from the study of both languages, may be derived from the Latin alone, whilst there is a manifest disadvantage by blending the two together and distracting the attention of the mind by the multiplicity of rules; that by dividing the attention, genius is always cramped, and that when we have formed a scholar upon this model, we make him a man of sound, practical sense, but at the same time chain down the excursive powers of the mind, or in other words destroy the imagination.

Were we contending for this study on account of its gradually drawing out and strengthening the powers of the mind, by accustoming it to close and accurate thinking, and by preparing it finally to receive and relish all that can dignify and adorn the human understanding, we might stop to combat this opinion. But at present it will barely suffice to show that there can be no disadvantage in blending the two languages, and that the unhappy result of destroying the

imagination is an anticipation, which reason and matter of fact concur in disproving. We do not propose that both languages should be begun at the same time; but after a tolerable facility of translating is acquired by the pupil in one, the other may be commenced. This he will find a very great relief to the mind, and a considerable aid in the language he has first commenced. Some stimulus is always necessary to the juvenile mind, and without it none but the most extraordinary genius can make much progress. But whatever stimulus may be offered, the mind must become tired, and application must flag, when the same thing is always before it, when day after day the same path is to be traversed. By a due portion of time being devoted to the Greek, the necessity of this continuity of thought will be removed, the mind will act with more vigour upon both languages, not suffering the least embarrassment by the intermixture or variety of rules, more than by the intermixture and variety of words in English, Latin, and Greek. And if the finest passage which the human mind has ever conceived, and the most exalted flight which the imagination has ever taken, can tend to destroy this faculty, surely it is an intellectual phenomenon hitherto unexplained. It is, however, a fact that nothing tends more to call out the imagination of youth than the study of the classics. Nor is there any thing so well calculated to make one throw aside his love for gorgeous epithets, high-sounding and unmeaning words, the use of which is so often taken for flights of the imagination, and which by its glitter blinds the eyes of so many people, as an attentive perusal of the chastest classic authors. There is a style of writing becoming fashionable in our country, which is much to be lamented. The influence of Curran and his follower, Phillips, has done much to corrupt our taste. In writing upon any subject, it appears that it is absolutely necessary to have some pretty sentences, some adventitious thought, clothed in apparel so extremely rich, as to call the attention of the mind from the subject. And when an author can get some pretty, worn out thought, of the rolling billows of the ocean, the azure of the sky, the cloud-capt summit of a hoary mountain, some unmeaning mental pyramid in his discourse, his reputation is for a time established. But like the rolling billows to which they might compare themselves, they swell with the rising storm, and at the approach of a calm, mingle themselves with the unruffled waters of the main.

The reputation of a speech is too much judged of by the beautiful flights which may be selected, not taking the whole of it as one connected chain, to which the beautiful parts might be entirely irrelative. How many men do we see, who wish to pass for wise, admiring the speech of Curran in the case of Rowan, who probably never read it, but speak entirely from hearing, constantly declaimed or commonly extracted, his famous remarks on universal emancipation, which would be the same with these men if it had been universal christianity. It is a fact worthy of being noticed by those who are fond of this style of writing, that in all the orations of Demosthenes, not one single sentence can be extracted which would raise him any thing above mediocrity. His style is plain yet energetic, cut off one part and you materially injure the remainder. It is upon the model of such an author that we want our young men formed, whether they are destined to guide the councils of the nation, to administer justice from the bench, or enrich our country by their literary productions.

In speaking of the Greek language we must not pass over one subject to which there is not given the importance it deserves. We now allude to etymology. The English language, being derived from about twenty different sources, cannot be thoroughly understood without a knowledge of at least the two principal fountains from which it springs. The nice shades of language can never be perceived by one who has no idea of etymology. When one begins this he has just commenced the philosophy of language.

There is as much difference between the man who gains his knowledge of the English language by going to the fountain head and tracing the stream through all its regular gradations, and him who takes it as he can by poring over tomes of old dictionaries, as between the cultivated and refined painter and one who has been mechanically taught that a color here and another there will produce such an effect. The one, when occasion requires, can employ his talents upon that which is entirely new without recourse to a long course of study, the other must learn mechanically every part that has any connection with the subject. Etymology is always a key that opens to the mind a train of thought which it is difficult otherwise to secure. But it is asserted that there are more words derived from the Latin than the Greek, and that consequently the former is more worthy of our attention. Here we would rejoin that the

Latin itself is principally derived from the Greek, and we must generally go there eventually in tracing etymologies. No person, we suppose, would contend that the French is better calculated than the dead languages to make us acquainted with our own tongue, notwithstanding all the adoptions from the former into the English since the Norman invasion. All persons know that the sources of these adopted words are to be sought for in the Latin and Greek. Nor is the mind during this time, as is generally supposed, employed upon words alone. Nothing marks more clearly the variation of opinions and sentiments of men's minds than a variation of words in any language. Nothing illustrates so well the influence which adventitious circumstances or casual associations have upon the mind, as an attention to those changes which words undergo, not only in their general acceptation at different times, but also in their application to other subjects arising from such associations as we are curious to investigate. If moreover the doctrine of that class of philosophers known by the appellation of Nominalists, be true, that we think in words,—and that it is, at least to certain extent true, few will deny,—what can be a more useful employment for our tender years than a preparation of the tools with which we are to work? If we embrace the doctrine of the Conceptualists, and say that the mind has the power of forming general conceptions, and of reasoning concerning classes of objects without the mediation of language, still its great importance in going from particular to general speculations will not be controverted. The conceptualists and nominalists concur in denying the existence of universals, which is founded on the Aristotelian doctrine of the materiality of the soul, and have exposed this opinion by the most decisive arguments. Whether we embrace the one or the other of these opinions, the great importance, or we might say, the absolute necessity of the most thorough knowledge of the language in which we think to a close and accurate method of thinking, and still more to an accurate method of expressing one's self, cannot for a moment be denied.

We have chosen to make this allusion, because the ideas in our country are extremely crude and imperfect with respect to language. We often hear young men say that they do not wish to lose their time by an attention to mere words, when they have it in their power to attend to the substance of things. They appear to be unconscious that

words are the medium of thought, and that in proportion to our perfect knowledge of language will be the clearness of our conceptions.

We have not said any thing of Greek's being the language of the New Testament, and indeed we could almost add, of the Old too, since the Septuagint is as often appealed to as the Hebrew bible, and by many believed to be of equal authority. It is believed by some authors of the highest respectability, that after the translation of the seventy two Jewish Rabbies under Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the subsequent conflagration of the Hebrew bibles, the Jews borrowed many parts from the Septuagint.

Now, whether our religion be true or false, that man must have but little curiosity, who has no desire to investigate it. The origin, progress, and present state of any religion, whether glaringly false, or, as is ours, supported by a code of the purest ethics, deserves our serious consideration. The prejudices and errors of mankind are to be respected, and we are not to disregard opinions because they do not coincide unequivocally with our own. To those who are fully persuaded of the truth, and who feel the infinite importance of our holy religion, to those who take our common translation of the bible for their guide, it will barely suffice to state, that there are of the new testament alone, one hundred and thirty thousand various readings. Let this be a warning to those who build their faith upon disputed words, who contend with all the virulence of party animosity, and who, if you doubt a little more or a little less than themselves of the absolute emanation of every word of our translated bible from divine authority, condemn you to flames from which you are never to escape. That there are errors in King James's translation which ought to be corrected, all enlightened christians are willing to admit. But at the same time it is consolatory to every christian mind, to think that the practical influence of our holy religion can never for a moment be sullied by mistakes which must creep into every thing that passes through human hands No, not if three fourths or more of the whole of our system of faith were committed to the flames never to be reclaimed. The genuineness of our religion is based upon something stronger than words. We are, however, willing to allow all the merit to our vulgar translation which can be claimed by its warmest advocates, and think that the various readings ought to hold out a sufficient inducement

to every curious mind to obtain a thorough knowledge of the language in which the investigations must be made.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, there are persons who meet us on another ground, and boldly confront us with the examples of Shakspeare, and Franklin, and Henry; and who contend, by a refined subtlety of argument, for the superiority of modern over ancient eloquence. Besides that instances of this kind are rare, scarcely one to be met with in a century, the argument would hold against all education. Two or three instances only can be given where superior genius burst through all the shackles that encumber it and boldly asserted the dignity of man.

Franklin borrowed from those who went to the fountain head. Addison was the author he copied in order to form his style, and Addison's principal delight consisted in reading the classic authors. Besides, the genius of Franklin, bold and independent, could not be constrained by ordinary circumstances. We are too apt, however, to blend the literary reputation of this great man with his character as a statesman and as one of the most patriotic heroes of seventy six, and to take his opinions upon literature, as on politics, as the oracles of the day. We believe, however, if he ever did express an opinion of the classics, it was highly in their favor. It is but reasonable to suppose that a man who so warmly approved of correcting one style by another, would be in favour of those who are infinitely superior to his own favorite author. One of the strongest reasons for the neglect of Greek in this country, and probably the only one with many persons, is the too great hurry manifested by most of our young men to enter on the stage of active life. This is a fault which can only be remedied by the advancement of society, when it will be absolutely necessary, in order to ensure success, that more preparation should be made, and more talents exhibited. All that we can now do, is to endeavor to persuade the young men who have it in their power, to delay entering on active life until thoroughly prepared, when it will be necessary for those who are destined to be their antagonists to use greater exertions, to spend more of their time in preparation, to endeavor to become thorough scholars as well as thorough lawyers, physicians, and divines. There is no incompatibility in one's being a great professional character and an accomplished scholar. It is perfectly idle to talk of the necessity of undivided attention to one subject in order to excel in

it. All who are acquainted with the constitution of the mind know, that when we employ it upon different subjects, it is not, like matter portioned out among them, weaker and weaker in proportion to their number. Does a river, rolling majestically from its fountain, diminish constantly in proportion to the number of streams it receives in its course, until by the time it reaches the great reservoir of waters it becomes a paltry rivulet? Tell me that mind is matter, that it is divided and weakened in proportion to the number of subjects under its consideration, I tell you then that these subjects themselves ought to become mind in an eminent degree. We hope in a few years to see this evil corrected. Many causes have conspired to perpetuate it in this section of the country; not the least of which is the want of a place of education where young men might be qualified to fill the office of instructors. In many sections of our state there are no Greek teachers even now. Generally, throughout our state, the Latin only has hitherto been taught, and that in a cursory manner. The exceptions to this remark in several parts of Kentucky are honorable, and truly gratifying. We think, notwithstanding Greek is becoming more fashionable, there might still be great improvement made in teaching it, and our young men might thereby be made much more reputable scholars. It seems that it is now read by most persons only for the sake of passing reputably through college, and but few ever look at a Greek book afterwards. This is a great error, and seems to have arisen from the late period in which we commence the Greek. If it were early instilled into the mind, a knowledge of it would grow with our years, and we should have no complaints of persons forgetting the language in a few months. To accomplish this end, we know of no better plan than one suggested in the first literary journal in our country, the North American Review, viz, that of commencing with the Greek, and after getting a competent knowledge of the elementary Greek books, beginning the Latin. This plan, though novel, would undeniably produce beneficial consequences. The reasons for the priority of the Latin have long since ceased, and there can be no necessity for keeping up a custom which is inapplicable to the present state of our country. The Latin is derived from the Greek, and can certainly be best acquired after having a knowledge of it. There is no necessity for reading Greek books with

Latin translations, on the contrary nothing tends more effectually to give a superficial knowledge of Greek than this method of teaching. Nor is there any reason why one word of Latin should be known before commencing the Greek. There are Greek grammars written in English. Let these be thoroughly committed to memory, with every example explained and illustrated in the most familiar manner by the teacher. Then let him read the simple Greek of the Collectanea Græca Minora, or the Testament, having the notes in English. There is now in the press, at Boston, a translation into English of the well known Lexicon of Schrevelius, which will remove every difficulty.

In this manner the Latin and Greek will both be acquired with much more accuracy, nor do we believe they would thus require a longer time. We should then have young men who would not think Greek mere drudgery, who would profit from a perusal of the finest Greek authors, who would have their style formed upon the purest models, and who would in this manner prepare themselves to become enlightened scholars, and if their country should demand their talents, distinguished statesmen.

ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS.

A FRIEND has recently put into our hands a pamphlet published several years ago, containing an account of some remarkable occurrences in the life of Colonel JAMES SMITH, who was taken prisoner by the Indians and continued a long time among them. As the work is rare and the facts it relates are interesting, we shall devote a few pages of our miscellany to a brief recapitulation of those facts, with occasional extracts from the work.

In May 1755 three hundred men were sent out by the government of Pennsylvania, then a British province, to cut a new road over the Alleghany mountains. Smith, who was then only sixteen years of age, was violently in love, and thought he should evince his gallantry and ingratiate himself with his fair one by joining the expedition, which it was supposed would meet with some serious encounters with the Indians. He accordingly went out with the road-cutters, and having proceeded without interruption nearly as far as the Alleghany mountain, was sent back, together with Arnold Vigoras, to hasten some provision wagons. As

they were returning in advance of the wagons, they were surprised by a party of three Indians about five miles from Bedford; Vigoras was killed, and Smith taken prisoner. The savages who proved to be of the Caughnewaga tribe, were extremely inquisitive as to the numbers and strength of the whites in the neighbourhood, but Smith was careful to give them no information. On their return towards the Indian camps they got out of provisions, and suffered from hunger, but Smith was treated kindly and shared the last morsel with his savage companions. On their approach to an Indian camp they gave what was called the *scalp halloo*, or a yell for every scalp and prisoner they had in possession. On entering the camp excessive joy was manifested on both sides, and Smith was surveyed with great apparent delight. At length he was compelled to run the gauntlet. The Indians formed themselves into two ranks, and he was ordered to pass between them. He accordingly ran as fast as possible and was severely beaten all the way. Before he reached the end of the lines, a violent blow brought him to the ground, and as he attempted to rise, some one filled his eyes with sand, so as completely to blind him, and the savages continued beating him until he became quite insensible. On recovering he found himself in a fort among Frenchmen and Indians, and attended by a French physician. He was then informed that the treatment he had received was a customary mode of salutation, and that in future he might expect to be well used. On the 9th day of July 1755, a battle was fought between the French and Indians on the one side, and the British under General Braddock on the other, in which the latter were defeated. On this occasion a number of prisoners were taken by the Indians, and about a dozen were *burnt to death* near the fort where Smith was, and directly in his view. A few days afterwards he was taken up the Alleghany river to an Indian town about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here he went through another curious ceremony. His hair was plucked out by the roots, except a small lock on the top of his head, which was dressed up in their usual mode; his nose and ears were bored and adorned with jewels; he was stripped nearly naked; and his head, face, and body were painted various colors. The object of this ceremony and the impression it made are thus related by Mr. Smith.

"As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand made a long speech very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank into the river until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but as I did not understand them, I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said, *no hurt you;* on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of mockasons, and garters dressed with beads, Porcupine-quills, and red hair—also a tinsel laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colours, and tied a buch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bear skin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco,—also spunk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took seats and for a considerable time there was a profound silence, every one was smoking,—but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as followeth:—'My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewaga nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man; after what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom—. My son, you have now nothing to fear, we are now under the

same obligations to love, support and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another, therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people. At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood, being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech,—for from that day I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing I had plenty, if we were scarce we all shared one fate." pp. 10, 11.

After this adoption, Smith was introduced to his new relations, attended a feast, and witnessed a war dance and war song, which were preparatory to an expedition to the frontiers of Virginia. He attended likewise another dance, which he thus describes.

"The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash, in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again; and so repeated the same thing over and over, for three or four hours, without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first, irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes, they used *ya ne no boo wa ne &c.* like our *fa sol la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each others ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they say." pp. 12, 13.

Smith then went out in company with the Indians to hunt, but not being accustomed to the sport, was not very successful. His companions killed a great many deer, and made a quantity of salt at a buffalo lick between the Muskingum, Ohio, and Scioto rivers. In the course of the expedition they manifested great fear of the Catawba tribe, with which the Caughnewagas were constantly at variance. The following anecdote was related to Mr. Smith by one of his companions.

"He said that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush, and in order to decoy them out, sent two or three Catawbas in the night, past their camp, with buffalo hoofs fixed on their feet, so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning those in the camp followed after their tracks, thinking they were Buffalo, until they were fired on by the Catawbas, and several of them killed; the others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbas; but they, in their subtilty, brought with them rattle-snake poison, which they had collected from the bladder that lieth at the root of the snakes' teeth; this they had corked up in a short piece of a cane-stalk; they had also brought with them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye straw, which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and dipped them in this poison, and stuck them in the ground among the grass, along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers, which answered the design; and as the Catawbas had runners behind to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found that a number of them were lame, being artificially snake bit, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers, and defeated them, and killed and scalped all those that were lame." p. 14.

At another time Smith, being permitted, contrary to previous rule, to go out hunting by himself, was lost in the woods, and continued out all night, in consequence of which his gun was taken from him, and was not restored for near two years. In October he accompanied his adopted brother, Tontileaugo, to the Wyandot towns on Lake Erie. They travelled on foot, carrying each a pack, and Tontileaugo killed deer and other animals for their subsistence on the journey. Before they reached the place of destination, Smith lost some books which he had been so fortunate as to procure, and attributed the loss to the displeasure of the Indians at his reading them, when they probably thought he should have been otherwise engaged. On the banks of a large creek that empties into the lake, they erected a winter cabin, which Mr. Smith thus describes.

"They cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks; and from these walls

to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths; and a cover was made of lynn bark which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down to the but of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long; this bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in the place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bear skin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected." p. 18.

Here they sometimes suffered for want of provisions, and were sometimes surfeited with too great abundance. On one occasion, after a most successful chase, Mr. Smith says,

"The squaws and all that could carry turned out to bring in meat,—every one had their share assigned them, and my load was amongst the least; yet, not being accustomed to carrying in this way, I got exceeding weary, and told them my load was too heavy, I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made a halt and only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried." p. 19.

This severe reproof mortified Smith, and induced him to exercise unremitted diligence to retrieve his credit among the savages. Soon after, feeling the want of horses, they resolved to go to war in order to procure them. Accordingly a chosen band of warriors went out, leaving Smith with the hunters and squaws in the winter habitation. During their absence there was a great scarcity of provisions, and Tontileaugo and Smith went out to hunt bears. This was done by finding a hollow tree in which a bear was concealed in a dormant state, driving out the bear either by climbing as far as the hole or by smoking him out, and then shooting him. In this they were tolerably successful, but in consequence

of the severity of the season were exposed to great hardships. After being absent several weeks they packed up as much meat as they could carry and returned to their winter cabin, where they found the remainder of the party almost starved. The weather, however, soon afterwards moderated, and game became more plenty. In February the squaws made sugar, constructing vessels of bark to receive the water, and boiling it in brass kettles which they had procured for the purpose. In March they went to a village in order to plant corn, and on their way thither stopped at the falls of Canesadooharie.

"While we lay here," says Mr. Smith, "a young Wyandot found my books: on this they collected together; I was a little way from the camp, and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was Scoouwa, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter, they shewed me my books, and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew that I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caughnewaga (for both that and the Wyandot tongue were spoken in this camp) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shewn to me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were damaged: I told them not much. They then shewed how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deer skin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was.—This was the first time that I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Though they had been exceeding kind to me, I still before detested them, on account of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness, or expressed myself in a friendly manner; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information." pp. 23, 24.

A curious incident is related, of a race after wild horses, which we give in the language of the narrator.

"In the morning early we left the camp, and about sunrise we started after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clouts and mockasons. About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses ran all day, in about three or four miles square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I had then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep a-head of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me calling *chakoh chakonaugh,*

which signifies, pull away or do your best. We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me, and about an hour before sundown, we despaired of catching these horses and returned to camp, where we had left our clothes." pp. 24, 25.

When they had reached the Wyandot village and commenced planting corn, Smith went down to the cornfield to see the squaws at work. Here he was induced to join them in their agricultural operations, which gave great offence to his companions, as they said he was adopted in the place of a great man, and ought not to degrade himself by working like a squaw.

In June 1756 the savages made an incursion into Virginia, leaving in the town none but squaws and children, one very old man, another who was lame, and Smith. During the absence of the warriors they were in great distress for provisions, having no hunters, only one gun, and very little ammunition. The lame Indian, a little boy, and Smith, took a canoe and went up the Sandusky to hunt deer. In this they were so successful as to kill three deer in one night. On their return to town they found the warriors had come back with a number of scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder. The prisoners were compelled to run the gauntlet and then taken off to some other part of the country.

Smith now left Tontileaugo and joined another of his adopted brethren, called Tecaughretanego. In company with a large party, they embarked on the lake, encountered many dangers and went up the Cayahaga river, whence they crossed over land to the waters of the Muskingum. Here Smith met with the following adventure, which we give in his own words.

"I went out with Tecaughretanego, and some others beaver hunting: but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed, while the snow was soft; though there was now a crust upon it, we all made a halt looking at the raccoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and if they had to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to the tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had *went*, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep,

and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows and tomahawk, with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation, and as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood, around this hollow: I therefore concluded that I would lodge here; and that I would go to work, and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket, (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins and mockasons,) and with my tomahawk, fell to chopping at the top of a fal en tree that lay near and carried wood and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick, all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a block prepared that I could haul after me, to stop this hole: and before I went in I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in, I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my mockasons, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the mean while, had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon; though I knew it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke, all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold, as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my mockasons, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before, what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straight-way to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and

mused awhile, and then prayed to almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful: it moved about nine inches—With this a considerable quantity of snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell, and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of Heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before; and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees; as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight. I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterwards, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy,) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp, I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c." pp. 35—37.

Another instance of being benighted in the woods is thus given.

"One day as I was looking after my traps, I got benighted, by beaver ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fire-works with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging place, therefore the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and halloo'd the whole night with all my might, and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fire works with me; but when they knew how it was, they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording place. They applauded me for my fortitude, and said as they had now plenty of beaver-skins, they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather, I could make fire, kill provision, and return to camp when the sun shined." pp. 38, 39.

In March 1757 Smith and his party of Indians returned to the forks of the Cayahaga, a distance of forty or fifty

miles, and having a large quantity of baggage and no horses, were compelled to pack on their backs as much as they could carry, proceed five or six miles and encamp, there leave what they had transported and return for more. They commonly made three such journies in a day. When they reached the Cayahaga, they embarked in a canoe and proceeded to the Wyandot town nearly opposite Detroit Here they sold their skins for brandy to a French trader, and most of them got drunk.

"When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts torn, and several blankets were burned:—a number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn planting." p. 43.

In June the Indians went to war again and in August returned with scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder. In November they had a great hunt, in which they killed about thirty deer, and they then had great feasting and rejoicing, but when the severity of the winter came upon them, they had been so lavish of their provisions that they suffered greatly for want. Smith was left in the cabin with no one but Tecaughretanego, who was deprived by the rheumatism of the use of his legs, and his little son then about ten years of age. The following interesting extract relating to his situation at that time will well reward perusal.

"In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening faint and weary. When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked, what success? I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth,—after eating a few mouthfuls my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones, which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked—these Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had

ended my *sweet* repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt. I told him that I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now, was because few men are in a right humour to hear good talk, when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

'*Brother*,

'As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the great being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions; and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo* that doth this: whereas the white people have commonly large flocks of tame cattle, that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the ruler of Heaven and Earth.

'*Brother*,

'I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this.

'*Brother*,

'I have been young, but am now old—I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life, yet, I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

'*Brother*,

'Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him: and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

'*Brother*,

'Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means—go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a hunting—be strong and expert yourself like a man, and the great spirit will direct your way.'

The next morning I went out, and steered about an east

* This it the name of God, in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently, but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry;—it was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape, but my case appeared desperate: If I staid here I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians, they would but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks,—I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them, as they were passing through a small glade—I ran with all my might, and headed them, where I lay in ambush, and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done—I ate it almost raw. When hunger was abated I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moon-light, I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humour. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him *I* would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals, for himself—which he did, but ate it almost raw, as *I* had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in:—when it had boiled awhile, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, 'let it be done enough.' This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner, as if he had not wanted one single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, least he might hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after

some time he might sup some broth. This command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that Owaneeyo is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian, may be thought by those who are unacquainted with them, altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies." pp. 50—53.

In April, Tecaughretanego having recovered sufficiently to walk about, they removed to Detroit, where they spent the summer. The next year they went to Caughnewaga about nine miles above Montreal, where Smith left the Indians, and got on board a French prison ship among a number of English prisoners intended to be exchanged. By this means he effected his escape, and early in the year 1760 returned to his friends in Pennsylvania. They received him with great joy, having long before despaired of ever seeing him again. He found that his sweet-heart was married a few days before he arrived, and he tells us:

"My feelings I must leave on this occasion, for those of my readers to judge, who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time." p. 59.

Thus ended the captivity of Col. Smith, and as we have indulged ourselves in details so minute and extracts so copious, we must defer to a future number all notice of his subsequent adventures, as well as the summary we propose giving, of the valuable information furnished by him respecting the manners and customs of the Indians.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new Poem, entitled *Marino Faliero*, Doge of Venice, from the pen of Lord Byron, is about to be published.

Another novel, by the author of Waverley, is in the English press, entitled THE BUCANIERS! We have just time to read, admire, and criticise one of the productions of this

wonderful author, when our curiosity is excited by the annunciation of another.

Robert Southey Esq. is about to publish a History of the Quakers, and a new poem entitled the Vision of Judgment.

The British Conference of the Methodist Church has appointed Dr. Adam Clarke to write a LIFE OF WESLEY, which is intended as a reply to the late production of Mr. Southey. Dr. Clarke has executed the task agreeably to his appointment, and his work is expected shortly to be in circulation in this country.

The works of the American Novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, are just published in London, and have received the warmest encomiums of the critics.

A work has been recently issued from the British press, entitled: "Selections from Letters written during a tour to the United States, in the summer and autumn of 1819, illustrative of the character of the native Indians, and of their descent from the last ten tribes of Israel; as well as descriptive of the present situation and sufferings of emigrants, and of the soil and state of Agriculture: by Emanuel Howitt."

The following works have recently been published, viz, "Journal of a Horticultural Tour in the Netherlands and North of France, in the autumn of 1817," by P. Neill, J. Hay, and James Macdonald, a deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society.—"A second journey through Persia to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816, by James Morier Esq." royal quarto, with maps, colored costumes, and other engravings—"Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of Laplace," comprehending the First Book, with an Introduction, containing the Rudiments of the Mathematics; being the first part of a work intended to supply the student with every link that is actually required for a complete chain of demonstration, extending to the whole theory of Planetary motions.—"Universal Science, or the Cabinet of Nature and Art," by Alexander Jamieson.

POETRY.

ON SPRING.

By the late Mr. BECK.

Descend with smiles, etherial Spring!
Thy healing balms to Nature bring.
Sad Nature mourns thy lingering stay:
Thy roses shed o'er smiling May!
All hail! she comes! cease wintry strife!
All nature 's starting into life.
Creation greets her lovely Queen:
Earth, smiling, weaves her carpet green.
The shrubs their gladdening verdure steal,
The flowers their infant buds reveal;
A genial warmth the blood refines;
Revived, the vernal kingdom shines.
The lark, the thrush, the linnet sing,
The hallowed groves with echo ring,
And many a youth and many a maid,
Soft parleying, seek the sylvan shade.
Thither, by sacred Love impelled,
Full oft the dear discourse is held,
When evening calm her throne ascends,—
For Love and Evening e'er were friends.

Ye blooming youths! while Nature 's kind,
Be sure you Nature's dictates mind.
No rudeness, in the festive hour,
Must e'er profane the sacred bower.
E'en Age itself this season warms,
Short tumults thrill, and soft alarms.
The visionary scene appears,
Of younger days and former years.
O silvery Thames, thy fabled shore
My fancy traces o'er and o'er.
Thy hallowed shades I see again,
Thy bleating flocks, thy virgin train.
There first, enwrapt in golden dream,
I sipped from wisdom's sacred stream
The lucid drop:—from that full store
Drink yet my soul at every pore!

O thou bright fountain of pure light,
Yet stream it o'er my dazzled sight,
That I, now dim, may pierce this maze,
And seek thee where the planets blaze.

Stupendous system! ne'er proud man
Thy philosophic eye may scan
Yet still a glimpse of this may show,
How great the hand that made them so.
While these sweet bonds all hearts entwine,
And birds, and beasts, and reptiles join,
Shall man alone be silent?—No,
The illumined stream from man shall flow.
Unutterable thought! Not sung,
Till language greets an angel's tongue!

A NUPTIAL SONG.

Translation from Catullus: 62d. Ode.

YOUNG MEN.

Assemble youths, the evening shades advance,
And glimmering twilight now invites the dance.
Arise, arise, the nuptial bed prepare,
The virgin comes, the fairest of the fair;
And now by menial strains my verse prolong—
Hymen, gay Hymen, subject of my song!

MAIDENS.

The sparkling stars above our heads appear;
Join, virgins, join; the generous youths are here.
See ye not how in sportive mien they bound,
Will we stand here, nor join the jovial round?
Still from the choir is heard the hymenian song;
Hymen, oh Hymen, still the theme prolong!

YOUNG MEN.

Companions haste! no easy prize is ours,
The virgin choir exerts its utmost powers:
With one accord they raise the joyful sound,
Nor cease to strike with nimble feet the ground,
While we with different views are now inclined,
Not half intent the grateful prize to find.
If to your hearts it aught of pleasure bring,
Prepare your stubborn minds at least to sing.

They now in joyous train begin the song
Let us at least that grateful strain prolong.

MAIDENS.

Oh cruel shade, that covers nature's face!
Rudely to tear from mother's soft embrace
The loving maid who clings around her neck,
The ardent husband's bed now loth to deck!
More cruel far than vengeful hostile band,
That fondly stalks o'er subjugated land!
Still may the strains in grateful measures flow,
Hymen, Oh Hymen! thy dread power we know.

YOUNG MEN.

Oh pleasant eve, to all true lovers dear,
And first of all the maiden hearts to cheer,
Now bind in wedlock from the happy pair,
To whom may fostering Jove extend his care!
Parents, and sages that have long since past,
Have the example set that e'er must last!
What hour that 's granted by the Gods above,
Affords more bliss than that we give to love?
Let us no longer then refuse to sing
The joyful pleasures that this night will bring.

MAIDENS.

Companions fair, we lose a sprightly maid.
The youth his venturous visits has delayed,
Like some base thief intent his prize to gain,
Who sallies off and quick returns again.
'Tis thus with his each winning art he tries
To captivate the maid, the lover's prize.

YOUNG MEN.

In mournful strains ye raise the piteous cry,
When if a chance present, the same you'd try.
Then join with us, the joyful strains unite,
Let Hymen be the subject of to-night.

MAIDENS.

As some sweet flower, concealed in secret fold,
Not known to herds, nor withered by the cold,
Breathes its sweet fragrance to the sighing gale,
Nor now with dying leaves begins to fail,
We all with one accord its beauty praise,
And hail the flowret in our rapturous lays;

The same, when withered by the tender hand,
Nor joy affords, nor beautifies the land.
So sweet is the maid, while now she remains
Unfettered and free from Love's cruel chains,
Who draws the young men by her unnumbered charms,
And still remains dear to her mother's fond arms.

YOUNG MEN.

As some rude vine within a barren field,—
No clustering boughs the purple grapes to yield
With tender body winding on the ground
And all its height, now unsupported found,—
No bashful maiden fair with ruddy cheek,
Nor herd nor herdsmen its mild fruit to seek,
The same, when winding round the lofty pine,
Its clustering bunches with the boughs entwine,
We all the pleasant prize then wish to gain
And sportive flocks about its shade remain.
So the fair virgin, who betimes grows old,
Learns prematurely to become a scold,
But if in early life she wedlock tries
She marks her triumphs with delighted eyes.
No cruel strife such early matches foil;
Strife is a stranger to so pure a soil.
Your loving parents you must still obey,
Nor yield your husbands unresisted sway
Then furnish, Hymen! thy long joyful strain,
And bind the virgins by thy cruel chain.

TO A FRIEND.

Written at the age of sixteen.

You have stray'd, ere the dew drops of morning have fled,
While around you they softly repos'd:
And did they not look like the tears, which are shed
When misfortune's hard fate is impos'd?

You have stray'd, as the Sun, with his life-cheering beam,
Has kiss'd off those tremulous tears;
And did he not tell you that Pity's soft gleam
Could beguile e'en the sorrows of years?

You have stray'd, while on high a darkly spread cloud
Has shed its deep gloom o'er your way,
And perchance have then thought, how misfortune's dark shroud
Can chase hope's sweetest moonbeam away.

You have stray'd, while that moon-beam which darkness endear'd,
Has shed its soft beauty around,
And have wish'd that compassion, by sorrow rever'd,
Thus 'mid darkness and gloom might be found.

My friend, let this lesson be dear to your heart,
And oh think, if your pity be given,
That the woe you relieve, and the joy you impart,
Will insure you true glory in Heaven.

The tears which you wipe from misfortune's sad eye,
And the sighs which you steal from the heart,
Will form a more beautiful chaplet on high,
Than riches and splendour impart.

Whilst the light which you shed on a grief-darken'd soul,
That by sorrow or sin has been driven,
Reflected will beam, without earthly controul,
With more exquisite brightness in Heaven.

C.

To HER *who will understand and appreciate the following*

EFFUSION OF GRATITUDE.

Lady, gentle, soft, and fair,
Take the stranger to thy care;
Lovely lady, on thy face
Every virtue bright we trace,
In thy clear, expressive eye
Shines the flame of minstrelsy.
There bewitching, sweetly roll
The fine affections of the soul.
First sparkles friendship's lambent glow,
Source of every bliss below,
Dispelling fondly each harsh care,
That rankles in the bosom fair,

Proffering aid to sorrow's child,
With sympathy benign and mild;
Next brightly beams the stranger's star*
That guides him from his home afar
Towards Kentucky's honest pride,†
******** to hear and sit beside.
O, ever, ever, may she shine,
Whilst hospitality benign
Is sacred held; till time shall end,
Be still the *traveller's, stranger's friend!*
Beauteous lady, on thy face
Are stamp'd both dignity and grace,
And whilst the Loves and Graces bind
In soft attraction every mind,
Thy dignified and polish'd art
Exalts and captivates the heart!

OSCAR.

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* Hospitality. † Lexington.

TWILIGHT.

Dear is the hour,
Sacred to mild affection's power,
When Eve her dewy mantle throws
O'er nature's sweets, and banish'd heats,
Just sinking to repose.

Dear is the shade,
That bids the evening star disclose its beam,
Which like a bashful maid,
Half willing, half afraid,
Shrinks from the gaze of man, as fearful to be seen.

Dear is the breeze,
That woos the leaves of many a fragrant flower,
Then stealing far away,
As if in frolic play,
Returns again to prove its lordly power.

Dear is the light,
That throws its witching shades o'er ocean's breast,

Whilst spirits on each wave
Sing dirges o'er the brave,
Who, sunk in dread repose, sleep on in tearless rest.

This is the hour,—
A sacred hour to mortals given,—
When friendship's speaking eye,
And fond affection's sigh,
Tell the enraptur'd soul of joys in Heaven.

Let this calm hour,
Devoted be to the Almighty Power,
To him our prayers ascend,
Our father and our friend,
The Orphan's God, whom we and all adore.

C.

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

ODE 65.

In slumber once appeared sublime,
The Teian Bard of dulcet rhyme,
On me his starry eyes were gazing!
I met the minstrel face to face,
I met his offered, loved embrace,
Breast joined to breast with joy amazing.

His ringlets waved like feathery snows;
Though pale his cheek, its fairness shows
The bed where roses once were blooming.
His lips were breathing odours sweet,
Such balm as Venus' kisses mete,
The etherial seats of Heav'n perfuming.

His crown from his white head he took,
And said, with more than mortal look,
"Here, take this wreath the Muses gave me."
This round my brow I thoughtless pressed,
Now, hapless me! I'm rapt, possessed!
I burn! not all the world can save me.

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

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An Appeal to Impartial Posterity, by Madam Roland, *wife of the Minister of the Interior, or a Collection of Tracts written by her during her confinement in the Prisons of the Abbey and St. Pelagie, in Paris.* In Four Parts. Translated from the French. *New York.* 1798.

Were we to revert to those periods of the past which are most calculated to excite the feelings of the philanthropist, and to elicit the talents of men, it would be to revolutions in nations. Revolutions are, at the same time, the most lamentable, and most admirable events in the annals of the world Every good citizen will agree, that a civil war, in ordinary circumstances, is one of the greatest calamities that can come upon a country. Every lover of peace and society will unite cordially in preventing so dreadful a misfortune. Notwithstanding this, affairs may be in a condition to demand a change Such may be the vastness of the oppression, both physical and moral, that a revolution would be the ardent desire and aim of all valuable citizens. Accordingly, revolutions in states have meliorated the condition of society, for the very obvious reason that they subvert the usurped power of tyrants. Power, used to the oppression of the people, for whose welfare the government itself was formed, affords a just cause for revolt. It was in consideration of this truth that our ancestors opposed the unauthorised and unnatural impositions of the government of Great Britain; and our revolution, though sanguinary, has secured to us the most inestimable of all terrestrial blessings. It was in consideration of this maxim, that France enkindled the flame of national freedom, which for a time burned with great intensity, and promised to illuminate and vivify the continent of Europe. Splendid delusion! Although France is not now the residence of freemen, yet her condition is

far better than it was before her memorable struggle. South America too begins to reap the fruits of her long and arduous labors. She is consummating the highest and most noble exertions of which mankind are capable, and is hailing each succeeding sun with matin lays of Bolivar and liberty.

It appears somewhat strange that revolutions, which are so well calculated to call forth the benevolent feelings, and to awaken and extend all the powers of the mind, should be so generally considered a political and moral evil. A thorough investigation of this subject shows that war is one of the greatest improvers of mankind. United with letters and religion, it has produced the best social blessings. It is an old adage that good flows from evil. It is equally true that evil flows from much that is apparent and present good. The apathy which makes society hate revolutions is a bar to improvement, and must be forcibly disturbed, or no beneficial change can be effected. War removes this apathy, and prepares mankind for improvement and the enjoyment of the highest virtues. It is however agreed, that every nation ought to have the most sacred regard for the lives of its citizens. This is a fundamental principle in government. The next great object in the institution of society, is the preservation of liberty, without which life itself is an evil. The third object is the protection of property. These three, life, liberty, and property, are the great subjects of man's interests and exertions, and consequently their preservation constitutes his supreme happiness as an individual and a member of the community. But when a nation is involved in a revolution, not one of these is secure. What then can be a more desperate condition? Not a solitary avenue is open. Might not a critic say, that a revolution is rather the result of evils than an evil itself? No: for though revolutions spring from oppression and corruption, yet they are the consummation of those evils, and are that crisis of things where a new and a different era commences. There is an ultimate point of degradation acknowledged by all. It is that point precisely, where the human mind is to suffer annihilation, or must make a violent exertion. The former is incompatible with its nature, the latter is the necessary course. Hence, as a revolution arises from an intolerable weight of oppression, the mind is necessarily called into action, and steers its

course more uniformly and more vigorously, because it becomes, as it advances, more and more acquainted with its faculties. It is thus that the philosophical traveller ascending a mountain, step by step, and observing the beauties of nature, enlarges his view as he mounts up, and forgets the difficulties of the ascent in the magnificence of the prospect. But the summit must end his career. How similar, when we limit our view to this world, is the advancement of the mind! But how much more delightful does this advancement become, when we connect with it the idea of infinity! There is then no summit to stop its progress; it continually mounts upwards without any boundary to its hope, and, though pleased with the progress already made, is enchanted with what is yet to make. Besides, a revolution affords to the mind now kindled, all the requisite fuel for the preservation and extension of its ardour, and is therefore best calculated to call forth the talents, and elevate the fame of a nation.

One more point. In a revolution there must be parties, and as these parties are members of the same community, we must suppose matters to be gone to a great extremity before violent commotion begins. The same causes which induce men to commence a revolution, will cause them to be harsh and unmerciful in its prosecution, since every one will consider himself the true friend to the public good, and will make it a point of patriotic duty to destroy every other who may differ from him. Here we have the most dismal condition in which a state can be placed; every one in arms, for or against whom or what he cannot comprehend. No distinction of sex is regarded, not even distinction between the innocent and the guilty. All are in a slaughter pen, equally liable to be butchered by the hands of savages calling themselves civilized. Take up the history of any revolution, particularly that of France in 1793, and see if any thing imaginable can produce an equal effect upon the human passions. As this was one of the most dismal and sanguinary that ever happened, we have selected it as the strongest proof of the preceding remarks, and for that purpose we shall attend to the first volume of Madam Roland's Appeal, which contains a luminous and spirited account of the public transactions in France during a part of the revolution, with a more particular reference to her own conduct, and that of Roland himself.

Before we enter upon the merits of the book we will make a few cursory observations in regard to its author. France probably has produced more illustrious instances of female talents than any nation in the world. This is owing no doubt to the superior value which the French ladies have placed on the cultivation of their minds. It is in general true, however, that the people of France have turned themselves to the light accomplishments, considerably to the neglect of the more dignified and important. In a nation, however, where the cultivation of the mind is valued, many pay their homage to the more elevated employments of life. Madam Roland was one of this class of persons. By nature endowed with a vigorous mind, she soon perceived the necessity of its improvement, in order to give her that rank to which she most ardently aspired, but which the circumstances of her family did not allow her to inherit. After her marriage to Roland, a new and extensive field was opened for the full exertion of all her powers. Her husband had obtained extensive information in the commercial and manufacturing concerns of the nations, was engaged with Brissot and Diderot in preparing the Encyclopedia, and finally had the management of the home affairs of France. These though they drew forth the talents which occasioned her death, afforded her the opportunity of becoming one of the most illustrious females that adorn the annals of ancient or modern times. The intrinsic merit of this woman was concealed in a great degree, from the public view, by the veil of genuine modesty. Bosc, the editor of her works, observes, "that it was necessary to be intimately acquainted with her to be able to form a just estimate of her native merit, her acquired talents, and her strength of mind." Wherefore it is probable that she never would have handed down her name to posterity, had it not been for that persecution which induced her to take up her pen in her own defence and that of her husband. How ungenerous and unjust is the idea, that she was destitute of the modesty natural to her sex!

In epistolary composition, Bosc decidedly places her before Sevigne' and Maintenon, "because she was far better informed than they, and because her correspondence consisted of things, and not of words."

When Madam Roland commenced writing these historical memoirs she was in Abbey prison, June 1793. To a

woman of her rank, who had held the highest seats of honour in the nation, we should reasonably suppose that a public prison would be death. But the fact is otherwise. Reflecting on the great change wrought in her condition in so short a period, she thus begins:

"Such is the fate of virtue in revolutionary times. After the first commotions of a nation, weary of the abuses, by which it has been aggrieved, have subsided, enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights and assisted in regaining them, are called into places of authority; but they cannot long maintain themselves there; for the ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumstances, soon contrive to mislead the people by flattery, and set them against their real defenders, that they themselves may acquire consequence and power." p. 11.

This exordium is well calculated to inspire us with an appropriate idea of the dignity and importance of what is to succeed. It is in a strain widely different from that of female writers generally, and is assimilated closely to that of the most philosophical authors.

The chief object of the book seems to be to justify the conduct and administration of Roland. Wherefore she immediately gives us an idea of his character, by shewing the influence he had on the state of France.

"Roland kept a usurping commune in awe. Roland gave to all the administrative bodies a regular, uniform, and harmonious motion; he watched over the supply of the provisions of the great national family; he found means to re-establish peace in all the departments; he diffused throughout them that order which proceeds from justice, and that confidence which is kept alive by a vigilant administration; and he set on foot between them a friendly correspondence, and a ready communication of knowledge. Roland ought therefore to have been supported; but since weakness denied the means, he, to whom that weakness was well known, could not choose but retire." p. 13.

Garat succeeds Roland, under whose administration Madam Roland observes:

"The relaxation of the machine soon occasioned the dislocation of its parts, and proved the weakness of its regulator. The departments were thrown into commotion; scarcity began to be felt; the flames of civil war were lighted up in la Vendee; the authorities of Paris exceeded their powers; the Jacobins assumed the reins of government; and the puppet Pache, dismissed from the department, which he had thrown into confusion, was raised by a cabal to the mayoralty, where his supple-

ness was wanted, while his place at the council-board was filled by the idiot Bouchotte, as supple as he, and even surpassing him in stupidity." p. 14.

Such was the effect of those two *different* ministers on the affairs of France, a memorable example of the vast influence that *one* man may have on the destinies of a nation. These delineations are masterly, and give us an adequate idea of the characters for whom they were designed. In speaking of the Parisians, upon whose good nature praises were bestowed, and who were determined not to have another second of September, she with much vivacity says:

"Nobody wants you to execute another (2nd. Sept.;) you need only suffer it as you did before; but you are necessary to collect the victims, and you kindly lend your aid to apprehend them; you are necessary to give the appearance of a legitimate insurrection to the violence of the galleries by whom you are governed, and you approve their undertakings: you obey their orders, you swear fealty to the monstrous authorities they create; you surround the legislative bodies with your bayonets, and you permit rebels to dictate to the national representation the decrees they wish to pass." p. 17.

This account of the temper of the Parisians, at that time, is very accurate, though disgraceful to the citizens of the seat of learning, civilization, and refinement. It is a character which the rude savage of the forest would shudder to have applied to his tribe. The quotation will also afford us a correct opinion of the condition of legislation at that time. It is by no means wonderful that the virtuous should have suffered, when the legislature itself, the colossal pillar of government, was no longer free and deliberative, but servile and obedient to the mad orders of an infuriated faction. The state of Paris was lamentable. "Law was no more than an empty name, employed for the purpose of trampling more securely on the most acknowledged rights," and violence prevailed beyond the power of language to express. When the enemies of Roland had issued a writ for his arrest, and he made his escape, his wife was arrested and taken to prison. Not a particle of reason was alledged for this procedure. On her way to the prison, even the women, whose bosoms ought to be the residence of every virtue, forgot the noblest dictates of their nature, and insulted her by exclaiming, in accents of brutal joy, "away with her to the guillotine." And when the commissioner asked if

he should draw the curtains to protect her from the scoffs of the female crowd, she said: "No: Innocence, however oppressed, never puts on the guise of criminality. I fear not the eye of any one, nor will I conceal myself from any person's view." Upon his telling her that she had much strength of mind, and waited patiently for justice, she exclaimed:

"Justice! were justice done, I should not now be in your hands, but should an iniquitous procedure send me to the scaffold, I shall walk to it with the same firmness and tranquility, with which I now go to prison. My heart bleeds for my country; and I regret my mistake in supposing it qualified for liberty and happiness; but life I appreciate at its due value; I never feared aught but guilt; and injustice and death I despise."
pp. 32, 33.

Nothing can be more exalting to the human character than such sentiments as those of Madam Roland. Though they are given by herself, yet it is with so much ingenuousness, that we do not hesitate to say she is the greater, because she can write concerning herself as if she were another person. Again, speaking of herself after she had entered the prison, she says:

"I recalled the past to my mind: I calculated future events :and if while listening to a tender heart I sometimes felt too powerful an affection, I did not discover one that could suffuse my cheek with a blush, not one but what served to keep alive my courage, nor one that my reason was not able to subdue." p. 35.

Let us not be accused of credulity, or of a disposition to listen to the seductive charm of woman's language. All-powerful as it is supposed to be, when it is false it bears its characteristic marks, and when it is true, it is indeed irresistible, and strikes by intuition. Such, we acknowledge, is the effect which the narrative of this woman is calculated to produce on the mind of the reader.

One or two other extracts, and we shall have done with Madam Roland as a woman. When speaking of escaping from trial, she says:

"I have naturally an aversion to every thing inconsistent with the grand, bold, and ingenuous proceedings of innocence: an effort to escape from the hand of injustice would be to me more painful than any thing it can inflict." p. 26.

How similar to the sentiment expressed by Socrates when his friend urged him to escape, by declaring his regret to

see him perish innocently! "What," said Socrates, "would you rather see me perish guilty."

When Roland was in office and expected assassination, his friends wished him to leave his own house. This his wife opposed, on the ground that no place was secure against such villains, and that if her husband must be sacrificed, it should be at his post, where his death would call aloud for vengeance. But when he was out of office, the obligation was destroyed, and she approved of his escape.

To give a competent idea of Madame Roland's knowledge of human nature, it will only be necessary to present two or three instances. When Roland was first appointed minister of home affairs, he became charmed with the conduct of Louis XVI, and expressed great gratification at the disposition of the King to support the constitution by which his power was greatly restrained. His wife observed to him, that Louis was born and brought up in despotism, was accustomed to exercise arbitrary sway, was a weak man, and would not suffer himself to yield. The fact is, Louis never intended to support that constitution. When she first saw Dumouriez, she made the following remark on his character, as expressed in his countenance.

"In Dumouriez I recognize a libertine of great parts, a determined adventurer, inclined to make a jest of every thing except his own interest and fame."

With him she contrasted Roland thus:

"In Roland we behold integrity and frankness personified, with rigid justice devoid of all courtly arts, and of all the dexterous manœuvres of a man of the world."

Roland certainly was worthy the compliment paid him by his wife; and further, he stood high in the republic of letters. He possessed considerable vigour of mind, was of a philosophical turn of thinking, methodical in his plans, zealous and active in their execution; and above all, was a genuine republican, a friend to the liberties of mankind, and a universal philanthropist. The great importance of diffusing knowledge, struck Roland very forcibly. For this purpose, he obtained a few persons of intelligence and fidelity to distribute such publications as might be transmitted to them. A correspondence was kept up between his department and all societies, and even many clergymen and private persons, for the purpose of instructing and enlightening each other.

Five or six hundred societies, and a number of persons were engaged by these means, in disseminating the seeds of knowledge, the surest mode of bursting asunder the shackles of tyranny. But even the institution of this patriotic correspondence excited the jealousies of weak men, and Roland was represented as a dangerous man, denounced as a corrupter of public opinion, and as a conspirator. Out of the money allowed by the nation for the distribution of useful writings, he used about one third, of which he rendered even a minute account to the national assembly. And when he withdrew from the ministry, he published a similar account of his administration, and demanded an examination and report, which was refused him. And yet he was proscribed.

We next present an extract containing the portrait of Brissot, on which a comment is useless:

"I know nothing so pleasing as a first interview between persons, who have grown intimate by an epistolary correspondence, without being personally acquainted. They gaze upon each other curious to observe whether the features of the face accord with the physiognomy of the mind, and whether the person's outside confirms the opinion of him that has been previously entertained. The simple manners, natural intelligence, and frankness of Brissot appeared to me in perfect harmony with the austerity of his principles; but I found in him a sort of levity of mind and disposition, which was not equally suitable to the gravity of a philosopher. This always gave me pain, and of this, his enemies never failed to take advantage. In proportion as I became more acquainted with him, I esteemed him the more. It is not in human nature to combine more complete disinterestedness, with greater zeal for the public welfare, or to pursue the general good with more entire forgetfulness of private interest: but his writings are better fitted to effectuate it, than his person, for they carry with them all the authority which reason, justice, and intelligence can give, while in person he can assume none, for the want of dignity. He is the best of men. A good husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, anda virtuous citizen; his company is as agreeable as his temper is easy: confiding ever to imprudence, and as gay as simple, and as ingenuous as a boy of fifteen, he was formed to live with the wise, and to be the dupe of the wicked. Learned in the science of law, and devoted from his youth to the study of social duties, and the great means of human happiness, he judges well of man, but of men he has no sort of knowledge. He knows that vice exists, but he cannot believe

any one vicious, who speaks to him with an open countenance, and when he has discovered a man to be so, he treats him as an ideot, who is to be pitied, without harbouring the least mistrust. His activity and good nature, that make him ready to do any thing, which he conceives may be of use, have given him an appearance of interfering in every thing; and have drawn upon him the charge of intriguing from those who are in want of a subject of accusation."

It was Brissot who was joined with Laclos to draw up a petition to the assembly, requesting it to pass judgment on Louis, and to declare tha. he had lost the confidence of the nation. At the close of the petition, Laclos proposed a clause for the restoration of royalty, in the person of d' Orleans, which Brissot rejected with contempt and astonishment. Of Dumouriez and the ministers, she speaks in this manner:

"Dumouriez has more of what is called parts than all of them put together, and less morality than any one of the number. Diligent, brave, unable general, an artful courtier. writing well, speaking fluently, and capable of great undertakings, he wants nothing but strength of mind proportioned to his genius, and a cooler head to execute the plans he had conceived. Agreeable in his commerce and ready to deceive them all, he was made for the ministerial intrigues of a corrupt and faithless court."

This great general was successful for a considerable time in the Netherlands and Belgium, but was so badly supported by the assembly, that he finally yielded to the Imperialists. Through Col. Mack, an officer of great merit, he formed a plan of invading Paris, and declared his object to be to restore liberty to the French, by crushing the corrupt legislature, and re-establishing the constitution of 1789.

Dumouriez seems not to have known, as did Roland, Buzot, and Brissot, that it was the firm resolution of Louis not to support that constitution. In fact, during such disturbances, it was very difficult to know, even at Paris, and of course peculiarly so to Dumouriez, who was far off. It is very certain, however, that the Imperialists were only to be subservient to Dumouriez in the invasion, and to supply such aid only, as was absolutely necessary to effect his purpose. In speaking of Roland, after having complimented him highly, he says:

"Perhaps it was prejudicial to the interests of Roland that

he was governed by his wife, who was a woman of fine talents, and whom he acknowledged to be the critic, that gave a polish to his numerous works." Again: 'among the women who have risen to celebrity during the French revolution, none has acted a more conspicuous, or more noble part than Madame Roland?' Again: 'every day the partizans of Madam Roland paid their respects to her, and on Friday of every week, they dined at her house, where the conduct and politics of statesmen took their character from Madame Roland's opinions."

When we recollect that this circle of politicians was composed of men of extensive information, and who were genuine republicans, friends of liberty, and haters of tyranny, we are constrained to esteem the woman still more, although Dumouriez mentions the fact to throw contempt upon that party. However the modesty of Madam Roland would not permit her to receive the compliment bestowed upon her. She says that all the assistance she gave Roland, was in writing letters on the common concerns of the nation, to which he had not time to attend, and that at the dinners which she gave to Roland's friends, and during the debates common at such dinners, she never opened her mouth, but sat in one corner of the room, pursuing domestic business, or writing familiar epistles. She acknowledges that Roland had great confidence in her, and that they in private examined the affairs of the nation great and small, and no doubt her advice had weight, for it was always salutary, as it invariably proceeded from the purest motives that could influence the human heart. This agency is all that could have constituted Madam Roland a *criminal* during the revolution. After a long imprisonment at the Abbey she was examined and discharged, discharged only to give her a "foretaste of liberty," in order to make her the more unhappy. Scarcely had she reached her home, when she was stopped, arrested again, and sent to the prison of St. Pelagie. The pretext was, that the first arrest was illegal, and that it was necessary to give her liberty, in order to arrest her legally. In her reflections on this second arrest, she draws the following most dismal picture of France at that time.

"In their silly stupor, the majority (of the people) incapable of reasoning, consider the sacrifice of a few individuals as a trifling misfortune; they think to establish justice, peace, and security for themselves, by suffering them to be violated in the persons of their representatives, and receive the pledge of their

servitude as the sign of salvation. In the mean time a rod of iron is held over the weak Parisians, the pusillanimous witnesses of horror, which they lament, but dare not make known: famine threatens them: poverty prey upon their vitals: oppression overwhelms them: the reign of proscription begins: denunciations come showering down on every side, and the prisons overflow."

It is impossible to find language adequate to express our feelings on this subject. A moment's reflection on the sad condition of our country, during her revolution, will enable us to enter into feelings in regard to France, which probably none but Americans can entertain. The splendid array of talents on the side of the patriots, had induced the favorers of freedom to hope for the most consummate success, but an equal opposition in talent, aided by powerful fanaticism, and moral corruption, was finally predominant; the good were proscribed, the vile triumphant. The charge, on which Madam Roland stood her last trial, was that of being an accomplice of men called conspirators. The defence which she wrote is characterised by invincible firmness and magnanimity. Robespiere and other ruffians were her judges. She was not allowed to speak. After condemnation, she persevered in those sentiments which characterise a great mind, and an exalted soul. "She often spoke from the grates of the prison door with freedom and energy. Such republican language, from the mouth of an interesting French woman, for whom the scaffold was preparing, was one of the miracles of the revolution, which was not often to be found. All stood around, listening in admiration and astonishment." "Sometimes her sex would recover the ascendance, and it was easy to see that the recollection of her daughter and husband had drawn tears from her eyes." At the place of execution she bowed down before the statue of liberty, and pronounced these memorable words,

"O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Thus died Madam Roland, a memorable example of innocence persecuted. As a woman she was amiable, as an author eminent, as a politician able and independent, and as a sufferer heroic and magnanimous. It is impossible to to give her book an impartial perusal without having the strings of the heart tuned to their softest notes. When we contemplate the important services she had rendered, the eminence she had obtained, the ingratitude and cruelty

of the French towards her, the severity of the punishment she was destined to undergo, and above all, that pre-eminent degree of magnanimous indifference, yielding, now and then, faintly to the most interesting dictates of nature, wefeel our whole system relaxed and give way to the tenderestemotions. The books which she has written have accomplished the end she proposed, which was to justify herself and Roland. To delineate their characters is all that is necessary to exalt and consecrate their names.

Voyages and Travels in various parts of the world, during the years 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, *and* 1817. *By* G. H. VON LANGSDORFF, *Aulic Counsellor to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, Consul General at the Brazils, Knight of the order of St. Anne, and Member of various Academies and Learned Societies. Carlisle*, George Philips, 1817. 8vo. pp. 717.

The advantages of travelling are too obvious to require illustration. It affords the very best means of removing our prejudices, enlarging our views, and correcting our erroneous opinions. To travel however into distant lands, is not within the power of the mass of the community, nor indeed of a great majority of our scholars and professional men. To such the best substitute for actual observation is an acquaintance with the observations of others. The man who cannot with convenience travel himself, can almost always avail himself of the information communicated to the public by those who have enjoyed more favorable opportunities. Well written accounts of voyages and travels afford therefore a species of reading at once the most interesting and most useful. They give us practical, rather than theoretical information, and familiarize us with all the varieties and intricacies of the human character. The volume now before us is a work of this description. It contains a great mass of useful and amusing matter, some of which indeed may be familiar to readers in general, but the greater proportion of which is as novel as it is interesting.

The author set out from Copenhagen in September, 1813, in company with the Russian Embassy to Japan, and under the directions of Von Krusenstern the celebrated navigator. After landing at Falmouth in England, they proceeded to the Island of Teneriffe, and having spent a few days there, "set

forward to the Brazils" where they arrived, after a voyage of 52 days, on the 18th of December. In Brazil they remained, till the fourth of February 1814, and our author made many observations on the appearance of the country, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, the state of the arts among them, their knowledge and public institutions, their advancement in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, accounts of which he lays before his readers with much accuracy and minuteness. They then extended the voyage around Cape Horn to an interesting group of Islands, called Washington's Islands, which they reached on the sixth of May, and on the sixteenth of the same month set sail for the Sandwich Islands, at the principal of which, called Owhyhee, they arrived on the seventh of June. Here they stayed but three days and on the fifteenth of July arrived at Kamschatka. On the seventh of September following, they embarked for Japan, where, after a tempestuous voyage, they arrived on the eighth of October, and remained until the eighteenth of April 1815, a period of more than six months. They then set out on their return to Kamschatka, which place they reached, after having touched at several Islands on their way, on the fourth of June. At Kamschatka the course of the expedition was changed, and Von Langsdorff separating from Capt. VonKrusenstern, accompanied the Russian Ambassador, who had accomplished the objects of his mission to Japan, by way of the Aleutian Islands and the North west coast of America, over the north east parts of Asia, through Siberia to St. Petersburgh.

In the course of this last expedition our travellers visited Oonalashka, Kodiak, Sitcha, New Albion, St. Francisco, and Alaksa, returned to Kamschatka, sailed thence to Ochotsk, proceeded by land to Jakutsk and Irkutsk, thence through Tobolsk, Kasan, and Moscow, to St. Petersburgh.

In such a tour how extensive is the field for observation! To us especially who are interested in every thing relating to the Amercan continent, how numerous and important are the themes of speculation! Within the narrow compass of this review, it is impossible to embrace even a summary of the interesting details contained in the large and well filled volume before us. We can only glance at the most prominent objects, and refer the reader, for further gratification, to the book itself.

The Island of Teneriffe, the first place visited by Von

Langsdorff after leaving England, is in a flourishing condition, carrying on an extensive passive commerce with those ships which stop at it on their way to other parts of the world. Its fruits are abundant and excellent: its wine is universally well known and is scarcely inferior to any: its climate is mild, so that even in winter very little clothing is necessary. Yet the lower class of its population is excessively poor. The higher orders however are rich and hospitable. Our travellers did not visit the far-famed Peak of Teneriffe, but the volume under review contains an interesting account of it, taken from the manuscript of Mr. Cordier, a French gentleman of science, who ascended it in April 1813.

The observations made at Brazil we shall pass over, having already occupied a considerable space in a late number of our review with a notice of that country. We proceed therefore with our travellers to Nukahiwa, one of Washington's Islands.On their approach to the shore, Von Langsdorff observes:

"The strong surf occasioned by the waves beating against these broken rocks was every moment more and more clearly to be discerned. We were, indeed, now so near the shore, that we looked about with the utmost anxiety in hopes of discovering some of the inhabitants, or a canoe, which the rarity of seeing an European ship might have enticed from some creek; but we looked in vain, and at length almost abandoned the hope of being welcomed by these islanders while still upon the sea. Captain Krusenstern now ordered out two of the boats to reconnoitre the coast and the harbour, when at length he perceived some islanders fishing, but, as far as we could perceive, they seemed to see us sail by with the most perfect indifference. A short time after, to our great joy, a canoe appeared, carrying a white flag, and navigated by eight men entirely naked, which rowed directly up to one of our boats. We observed it very anxiously, and were rejoiced to see one of the men, without the least appearance of reluctance or timidity, spring from the canoe into our boat, when our men immediately began to return towards the ship. This gave rise to a great variety of conjectures; but how much were we surprised, when, instead of a South Sea Islander, we saw an European entirely in the costume of the country, with only a piece of cloth round the waist, spring upon our deck.

An English sailor of the name of Roberts, who had, God knows how, or on what occasion, come hither, now stood before us, and informed us that he had inhabited the island some

years. Such had been the influence of the climate upon his exterior, that he was scarcely to be distinguished by his colour from the natives. Several written testimonials, which he had from captains of ships who had touched here, of the services he had rendered them, gave us naturally great confidence in him, and we rejoiced not a little at having so unexpectedly found an European, from whom we should receive, according to his own promises, all the information we could desire relative to the island, given with perfect fidelity and accuracy.

He was now besieged with a thousand questions, every one being solicitous that his should be the first answered. As we inquired for the chief of the island, he replied that it was governed by a king, who, with his brothers, was now in a canoe rowing round our ship. It seemed very laughable to us when we immediately gave permission for his majesty to come on board. A large robust man with his body tatooed all over, instantly presented himself before us, and climbed upon deck. He was, as were likewise all his attendants, entirely naked, and had no badge or characteristic by which he was to be distinguished from them. He appeared so extremely shy and timid, that we could not help being astonished how a person so athletic and powerful could be impressed with apprehensions, which to us, unaccustomed to the habits of people living in these remote climates, seemed altogether childish." pp. 87, 88.

"After our guests had remained a while trembling on board the ship, and seemed desirous of returning to their canoe, they were presented with some nails, knives, red cloth, and other things, with which they jumped overboard highly delighted, and swam away. We, in the mean time, had, under the direction of our Englishman, who was a pilot, made our way into the harbour, where we cast anchor at one in the afternoon, about half a mile from the shore. Every thing was still silent as death on the nearest part of the land; it was not long, however, before a number of people of both sexes appeared: the women were most of them to be distinguished at a distance by having a piece of cloth made of the paper mulberry tree, *morus papyrifera*, principally of a yellowish colour, thrown over them." p. 89.

Besides Roberts, the English sailor here mentioned, they found on Washington's Islands another European, a native of Bordeaux, whose name was Jean Baptiste Cabri. From these two men, who were extremely hostile to each other, our author gathered much information respecting the inhabitants of the islands, which, together with his own observations, he has laid before the public. Nukahiwa, the prin-

cipal island, is represented as containing about eighteen thousand inhabitants, who have a very remarkable custom prevalent among them, of ornamenting their bodies by *tattooing*, or making punctures in the skin. On this subject we make the following extract.

"Among all the known nations of the earth, none have carried the art of tattooing to so high a degree of perfection as the inhabitants of Washington's Islands. The regular designs with which the bodies of the men of Nukahiwa are punctured from head to foot supplies in some sort the absence of clothing; for, under so warm a heaven, clothing would be insupportable to them. Many people here seek as much to obtain distinction by the symmetry and regularity with which they are tattooed, as among us by the elegant manner in which they are dressed; and although no real elevation of rank is designated by the greater superiority of these decorations, yet as only persons of rank can afford to be at the expense attendant upon any refinement in the ornaments, it does become in fact a badge of distinction.

The operation of tattooing is performed by certain persons, who gain their livelihood by it entirely, and I presume that those who perform it with the greatest dexterity, and evince the greatest degree of taste in the disposition of the ornaments, are as much sought after as among us a particularly good tailor. Thus much, however, must be said, that the choice made is not a matter of equal indifference with them as with us; for if the punctured garment be spoiled in the making, the mischief is irreparable, it must be worn with all its faults the whole life through.

For performing the operation, the artist uses the wing of a tropic bird, *phaeton æthereus*, which is jagged and pointed at the end after the manner of a comb, sometimes in the form of a crescent, sometimes in a strait line, and larger or smaller according to the figures which the artist intends to make. This instrument is fixed into a bamboo handle about as thick as the finger, with which the puncturer, by means of another cane, strikes so gently and so dexterously, that it scarcely pierces through the skin. The principal strokes of the figures to be tattooed are first sketched upon the body with the same dye that is sometimes rubbed into the punctures, to serve as guides in the use of the instrument. The punctures being made so that the blood and lymph ooze through the orifice, a thick dye, composed of ashes from the kernel of the burning nut, *alieurites triloba*, mixed with water, is rubbed in. This occasions at first a slight degree of smarting and inflammation, it then heals, and when the crust comes off, after some days the bluish or blackish-blue figure appears.

As soon as the inhabitant of Nukahiwa approaches towards the age of manhood, the operation of tattooing is begun, and this is one of the most important epochs of his life. The artist is sent for, and the agreement made with him that he is to receive so many hogs as his pay; the number is commonly regulated according to the wealth of the person to be tattooed, and the quantity of decoration bestowed is regulated by the pay. While we were at the island, a son of the chief Katanuah was to be tattooed. For this purpose, as belonging to the principal person in the island, he was put into a separate house for several weeks, which was *tabooed;* that is to say, it was forbidden to every body, except those who were exempted from the *taboo* by his father, to approach the house. Here he was to remain during the whole time that the operation continued. All women, even the mother, are prohibited from seeing the youth while the *taboo* remains in force. Both the *operator* and *operatee* are fed with the very best food during the continuance of the operation: to the former these are days of great festivity. In the first year only the ground-work of the principal figures upon the breast, arms, back, and thighs, is laid; and in doing this, the first punctures must be entirely healed, and the crust must have come off before new ones are made. Every single mark takes three or four days to heal; and the first *sitting*, as it may be called, commonly lasts three or four weeks.

While the patient is going through the operation, he must drink very little, for fear of creating too much inflammation, and he is not allowed to eat early in the morning, only at noon and in the evening. When once the decorations are begun, some addition is constantly made to them at intervals of from three to six months, and this is not unfrequently continued for thirty or forty years before the whole tattooing is completed. We saw some old men of the higher ranks, who were punctured over and over to such a degree, that the outlines of each separate figure were scarcely to be distinguished, and the body had an almost negro-like appearance. This is, according to the general idea, the height of perfection in ornament, probably because the cost of it has been very great, and it therefore shews a person of superlative wealth. It is singular, that the men of distinction should place their gratification in acquiring this dark hue, while the women place theirs in preserving their original fair complexion uninjured.

The tattooing of persons in a middling station is performed in houses erected for the purpose by the tattooers, and *tabooed* by authority. A tattooer, who visited us several times on board the ship, had three of these houses, which could each receive eight or ten persons at a time: they paid for their decorations according to the greater or less quantity of them, and to the

trouble the figures required. The poorer islanders, who have not a superabundance of hogs to dispose of in luxuries, but live chiefly themselves upon bread fruit, are operated upon by novices in the art, who take them at a very low price as subjects for practice, but their works are easily distinguishable, even by a stranger, from those of an experienced artist. The lowest class of all, the fishermen principally, but few of whom we saw, are often not able to afford even the pay required by a novice, and are therefore not tattooed at all." pp. 111—113.

The food of these islanders is principally the bread fruit, which resembles, in size and form, a cocoa nut or a melon, but is not like them eaten raw, being usually baked or roasted with hot stones. Their animal food is sometimes fish and poultry, but more commonly swine's flesh, and in times of scarcity, that of *human beings!* Their habitations are wretched, and the entrance is usually so low as to require the shortest among them to stoop in passing it. They have scarcely any thing that can be called a civil government, but are restrained in their conduct chiefly by superstitious prejudices, the fear of invisible spirits, &c. They are warlike active, and hardy, are fond of singing and dancing, and although they seldom wear any clothes, value very highly feathers and other ornaments, with which they decorate their bodies. As they have no pockets, they carry many things in their mouths; Von Langsdorff mentions an instance of a man's having six little crabs alive in his mouth, which he had caught upon the beach and did not know how otherwise to dispose of while he was seeking for more. They are remarkable for their dexterity in swimming and in running on stilts. When two friends meet, instead of kissing, they salute each other by pressing the points of their noses together. Such are some of the most prominent peculiarities of this savage people, who are so little known to the civilized world.

The Sandwich Islands, which were next visited by Von Langsdorff, are better known than those just mentioned, as they are constantly touched at by voyagers to the Northwest Coast. The intercourse of their inhabitants with Americans and Europeans has improved their manners, and greatly advanced their civilization.

Kamschatka presents little of interest to the traveller or philosophical enquirer. Its climate is severe, its population thin, and its cultivation slight. We pass therefore to a no-

tice of Japan, where Von Langsdorff and the whole Russian Embassy spent six months. The people of this country, it is well known, are highly cultivated, skilled in the arts, acquainted with geography, history &c. but have scarcely any intercourse with other nations. The reception of the Ambassador was exceedingly formal and stately. The utmost reverence was required towards the governor and other great men, to whom he was introduced, but profound respect was shown him in return.

"The interpreters said that both the governors had a just idea of the greatness and dignity of the Imperial Russian representative, and on that account had given orders to all the princes of the country, as well as to the inhabitants of Nangasaki and the neighborhood, not only to make known the arrival of so distinguished a personage from Russia, but had also strictly commanded that this *Great man* and all Russians should be received with the utmost respect and esteem, and that every occasion of giving them displeasure should be carefully avoided. All the princes and people of distinction of the country, they said, had been summoned to Nangasaki, to be present at the reception of the ambassador, and the town itself was to be cleaned for the occasion. At the same time they gave us to understand that the boats by which our ship was always surrounded were intended as a guard of honour. Towards noon they left us, repeating their promise that an answer should be brought the next day respecting the change of anchorage."

pp. 208, 209.

The intercourse of the Russian visitors with the Japanese was attended with so much ceremony and caution, as to be tedious and unpleasant. There was nothing like confidence evinced, although the utmost friendship was professed. Two months and a half elapsed before the Russians were suffered to land, and then they were watched with extreme caution and not even permitted to pass from the ship to the shore, or *vice versa*, without giving a public signal. Von Langsdorff is exceedingly minute in relating all the circumstances which occurred during his continuance there, but we have neither time nor room even to give the substance of his interesting narrative. We must content ourselves with making a few extracts. Before they were permitted to land, our author says;

"He who can put himself in our place can yet have but a very imperfect idea how disagreeable we found our situation. After encountering many storms, and experiencing much in-

convenience, we had at last reached an interesting foreign country, where we hoped to be received, if not as friends, at least as strangers of distinction, entitled to all possible deference and respect. Instead of this, we were treated as criminals or state prisoners, confined in a place at the utmost not exceeding a hundred paces in the square, where we were locked up and watched on every side. This was equally hard and unjust.

Spring was now coming on: all nature began to be alive, and we were shut out entirely from the view of so charming a spectacle by immense barricadoes of bamboo canes. Being deprived besides of our arms, we were wholly at the mercy of this suspicious nation. All means of exerting ourselves for the promotion of science and knowledge were precluded, so that the mind grew contracted for want of freedom and a wider range in which it might expand itself. The fish alone brought to us as provisions afforded an object of scientific investigation, and by secret promises we at length prevailed upon our caterer to bring us every time different kinds of fish: with these Counsellor Tilesius and myself sometimes entertained ourselves very agreeably. We were not only precluded from all purchases, but were equally prohibited making the most trifling present to any Japanese. Some insignificant objects, such as Indian ink, a couple of pictures, some fans, tobacco-pipes, &c. were brought us secretly by such of the interpreters as were the most in our confidence; but in so doing they incurred the risk of an examination: and if they had been detected their lives would probably have atoned the misdemeanor." p. 253.

Previous to their audience with the governor, the etiquette to be observed was mutually agreed on.

"As to the question of compliments, the Japanese required that the ambassador, according to the customs of their country, should kneel to the governor and to the representatives of the emperor, and then bow the head, in the manner that has been mentioned, as a customary token of respect. Both these things the ambassador refused, and declared that he would salute these *Great Men* only after the European fashion, and in the same manner that he would pay his respects to his own emperor. With much difficulty, and after a good deal of discussion, this point was conceded to him. The interpreters farther desired to know in what position the ambassador would remain during the audience. As, according to the oriental custom, the use of chairs was unknown in Japan, and the people sat, or rather knelt, upon the carpets and mats, they hoped he would find it convenient to comply with this fashion, one which the greatest princes in the country were bound to observe, and that he would, like the *Great Man* from Jedo and the governor kneel upon

soft stuffed straw mats. This the ambassador at first refused, saying, that he would stand in the same manner as he would do in the presence of his own emperor. On being repeatedly urged upon the subject, however, and on being assured that this would be the most disrespectful thing he could possibly do, he consented to lie down with his feet stretched out sideways. The interpreters also intreated that the ambassador would not think of wearing his sword in the Hall of Audience, assuring him that notwithstanding the *Great People*, as he had seen, usually wear two swords, they were always laid aside in that place. After many animadversions, the ambassador yielded this point, assuring the interpreters that he did so only as a proof of his great respect for the Emperor of Japan."

pp. 255, 256.

The Japanese Emperor refused to receive the presents brought him by the Ambassador, and yet insisted on sending two thousand pieces of silk to the Emperor of Russia, and circumstances induced the Ambassador reluctantly to accept them.

The inhabitants of Oonalashka are described as a sort of middle race between the Mongul Tartars and the North Americans. They are generous and kind-hearted, but high-spirited and indifferent to danger. Their habitations are holes in the ground, covered with roofs, over which the grass grows, "so that a village has the appearance of a church yard full of graves." The entrance at the top serves at once for a door and a chimney. The population of the island is small and appears to be diminishing. The food most commonly used is fish, sea-dogs, and whales. Vegetables are scarce and not much regarded. The dress of the islanders is made principally of the skins of sea-dogs or of several sorts of birds, particularly of the sea-parrot and of the sea-raven. They are very fond of ornaments, which they wear in great profusion about their necks, arms, and ancles, and in their ears, noses, and under lips. Tattooing, which was formerly very common, is now little practised among them. Their religion is little more than a belief in charms. They have no buildings dedicated to religious purposes, nor have they any priests or religious orders among them. Some few converts have been made to Christianity, but the examples set them by the depraved Europeans who have visited their shores, have not impressed them with much respect for the moral or religious principles of Christendom. They have no marriage ceremony, but polygamy is practised a-

mong them. Their amusements are principally dancing and music. On the whole they are a degraded and uncultivated, but amiable and well disposed people.

Kodiak is the largest of the northern islands between America and Asia, and is the seat of a considerable Russian factory. But

"The inhabitants differ very little from those of Oonalashka. The men are in general somewhat taller and more robust, but are undoubtedly of the same race. Their language is somewhat different, but their manners, customs, modes of life, food, and clothing, are almost entirely the same. Their habitations are in their most essential features like those of the other Aleutians, the principal variation is, that they are more spacious, and that more wood is used in building them; the entrance is not in the roof, but on the side; it is, however, commonly so small, that the people are obliged to crawl in upon their hands and knees. Instead of a door, a frame with the skin of a sea-dog stretched over it is placed before the opening. These huts, half sunk into the earth, and destitute of stoves, protect the inhabitants very sufficiently from the cold of winter.

The principal garment of the people of Kodiak, which they call a konagen, is of the same form as that worn by the other Aleutians, and is made, like theirs, of sea-dogs' skins, or of the skins of sea-fowl, particularly the *alca arctica, alca cirrhata*, and *pelecanus urile*. But as Kodiak is richer in natural productions than the other islands lying more to the west, the inhabitants find more resources for satisfying their wants; they make use, for example, of bear-skins for their dresses, and use also the entrails of bears, as well as of sea-dogs, for their rain garments. Instead of the wooden caps worn at Oonalashka, they make head dresses of straw and bark of trees, which are woven together very ingeniously, and died in various ways with different colored ochres.

The slit in the under-lip, and the ornaments of glass beads and muscle-shells in the nostrils and ears, the tattooing of the chin and neck, and many other customs in which these people formerly took great delight, are now rarely seen. In the state of oppression, and consequent depression of mind, under which they live, all taste for former objects of pleasure gradually vanishes; they still, however, sometimes dye their faces, rubbing them with coal, red clay, or other sorts of earth of different colours." pp. 356, 357.

There is in Kodiak a church and an ecclesiastical establishment, yet the utmost profligacy of manners prevails. The most despotic government is exercised by the Russian Company, and no regular laws are established.

"The injustice and arbitrary power exercised by the under-directors and stewards of the Company over the natives is carried so far, that the latter have lost all kind of property, and scarcely now possess even a garment that they can call their own. What Sauer relates in his travels, that the company have got posession of almost all the baidars, or leather boats, belonging to the Aleutians, is the principal cause of the oppression under which they labor; for when people, who depend almost entirely upon the water both for their food and clothing, are derived of their boats, they have no resource left for the support of life. The Aleutians are at present so completely the slaves of the company, that they hold of them their baidars, their clothing, and even the bone with which their javelins are pointed, and the whole produce of their hunting parties is entirely at their disposal. The stewards and overseers order as many people of either sex as they have occasion for, to go out hunting, or compel them to do other kinds of work as they please, to prepare skins, to make clothes, to fabricate baidarkas, to clean and dry fish; thus all freedom of action is destroyed amongst them; they cannot even employ their time according to their own choice. It is revolting to a mind of any feeling to see these poor creatures half-starved and almost naked, as if they were in a house of correction, when at the same time the warehouses of the company are full of clothing and provisions.

Nor is this the case with the natives alone: the Russian Promuschleniks, who are not employed as mechanics or under-directors, but are either sailors, laborers in husbandry, or fellers of timber, are not in a much better situation. They are extremely ill-treated, and kept at their work till their strength is entirely exhausted; if they be ill they must never hope for medical assistance, or support in any other way; while as little attention is paid to their minds as to their bodies. The bad quality of their food, which consists chiefly of the flesh of whales and sea-dogs, the moist foggy climate, the dirtiness of their habitations in the barracks, the want of a proper change of linen and clothing, all these are circumstances to undermine the strongest constitutions. The scurvy in consequence generally breaks out upon them after a very short stay in the country, and not a year passes in which it does not carry off many. If it were known how many Promuschleniks had gone within the last thirty years to America, and how few ever returned to their native country, or are now alive, or if a faithful account were published from the head-quarters, of the former and present state of the population of these islands, the truth of what I have advanced would be fully confirmed." pp. 363, 364.

The principal occupations of the people are hunting and fishing. Vegetables are better and more abundant than in Oonalashka. Manufactures of various kinds have been established and encouraged by the Russians, and there are therefore among the natives many excellent workmen, such as watch-makers, shoe-makers, tailors, &c. Education begins to be attended to. Most persons can read and write, and the children from twelve to sixteen years of age are usually sent to school.

Sitcha, a settlement of Russians on the Northwest coast of America, was, at the time it was visited by Von Langsdorff, quite in its infancy, surrounded by natives who had been driven from the spot by force, and who were not of course very favorably disposed. During his continuance there, a fine ship arrived from Bristol, Rhode Island, the property of Mr. De Wolf, which was purchased by the governor of the island in behalf of the Russian company.

"By this purchase the company obtained an excellent swift sailing vessel, with a rich lading of objects of great importance for trading with the natives on the north-west coast of America, consisting of a great quantity of linen and woollen cloth, of kitchen utensils, knives, axes, hatchets, some fire arms, &c. &c. But above all, a large supply of excellent provisions was obtained, by which all apprehensions of the menaced famine were removed. In fact, it was principally for the sake of this supply that the purchase was made." pp. 377, 378.

By this means the settlement was enabled to support itself and to provide for its numerous guests, the Russian ambassador and his suite, who remained there during the winter. The Kaluschians, or natives of the country, notwithstanding their feelings of hostility, occasionally visit the Russian settlement, and profess the utmost friendship.

"Their visits are commonly made in large companies of both sexes; they come in canoes, very neatly and ingeniously hollowed from the trunk of a single tree, and they always advance towards the Russian settlement singing and rowing to a measured time. When they have reached the landing place they stop, and one from the midst of them makes a long oration, nor do they attempt to land till Nanok, as he is called by them, that is the Commandant Von Baranoff, or somebody deputed by him, comes down to invite them on shore, and assures them they will meet with a friendly reception. I was informed by the interpreters that these speeches are composed with method, and even rhetorically; they consist of long periods, the great art of

which appears to be repeating the same thought over and over again under different words. "We were your enemies, we sought to do you injury, you were our enemies, you sought to injure us:—we wish to be good friends, we would forget the past, we no longer wish to molest you, forbear to injure us, be henceforward good friends to us." These orations will sometimes last half an hour.

When the proper assurances of friendship are given they venture on shore, and the commandant, who has studied their humours, orders a tent to be pitched for them, and a profuse dinner to be prepared. The chiefs alone, or the most distinguished among the guests, are permitted to come upon the fortified hill, the rest dare not think of it. It is astonishing how much, and what a variety of things these people will eat. They are very fond of rice, berries, the flesh and fat of sea-dogs, fish, &c. &c., but will not touch the fat or train oil of whales, and always intreat that it may not be set before them. Though they would like brandy very much they reject it, because they see the effect that it produces, and are afraid that, if deprived of their senses, they should fall into the power of the Russians."

pp. 395, 396.

Von Langsdorff was not satisfied with the information respecting these people derived from their visits to the Russian settlement, but determined to make an excursion himself, in company with Mr. De Wolf, to their principal place of residence on the north-east side of the island. Here they were kindly and hospitably received, and well entertained. The Kaluschians are represented as a strong, hardy race, having commonly large features, black hair, and dirty complexions. Their clothing is simple in its construction, but they are fond of gaudy colors and ornaments to their persons. The females are in the habit of making an opening in the centre of the under lip, into which they run, at first, a thick wire, then a piece of wood, resembling two buttons, or a small cylinder thick at each end.

"This ornament, so horrible in its appearance to us Europeans, this truly singular idea of beauty, extends along the north-west coast of America, from about the fiftieth to the sixtieth degree of latitude. All the women, without distinction, have it, but the circumference of the piece of board seems to mark the age or rank of the wearer: the usual size is from two to three inches long, about an inch and a half or two inches broad, and at the utmost half an inch thick, but the wives of the chiefs have it much longer and broader. I have even seen ladies of very high rank with this ornament, full five inches long and

three broad; and Mr. DeWolf, who is very far from being likely to exaggerate, and who is well acquainted with all this part of the coast, from having so often traded here for sea otter skins, assured me, that at Chatham Street he had seen an old woman, the wife of a chief, whose lip ornament was so large, that by a peculiar motion of her under-lip she could almost conceal her whole face with it. It will be easily conceived, from this account to what a horrible and deformed size the lip must be extended." p. 399.

The settlement of St. Francisco was founded by Spanish missionaries, who have made some considerable progress in civilizing and christianizing the natives of the country. The missionaries are Roman Catholic monks, who have established a monastery, where they live nearly as comfortably as is usual in similar establishments in Europe. The natives are amiable but stupid, and consequently are completely subjected to the control of the ecclesiastics. They are kept constantly at work, tilling the ground, tending cattle, or engaged in mechanical trades, and the women are employed in grinding corn, and in other laborious occupations.

Ochotsk is an unpleasant and an unhealthy place, low, flat, and sandy, little inhabited, except in the summer, when ships are constantly coming and going. Jakutsk contains between five and six hundred houses, all of wood, five churches, and a convent of monks. Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, lies on the bank of the river Augara, containing about thirty thousand inhabitants, with thirty churches and two convents. It carries on a considerable trade, being the general depot of the furs from America and the eastern parts of Asia, and of the merchandize transported from Russia to China, Kamschatka, and America.

"The mode of living among the inhabitants has several peculiarities. Here are many Oriental customs, and very little happiness. The greatest distrust of each other prevails among the people of all ranks. A stranger seldom sees the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens, excepting at public festivals, balls, weddings, christenings, or at church; in a social circle they are never to be seen. The place abounds with unhappy exiles. They are left entirely at liberty; some by their industry have acquired property: among them may be found the most skilful artisans and mechanics of every kind. Irkutsk lies in latitude 52 degrees north, consequently not in a very rugged and ungenial climate. The summer is pleasant,

and upon the whole it is very far from being the horrible abode which is generally supposed. The country about produces a superabundance of corn; and those who wish for luxuries, and have the means of affording them, may purchase them at a very reasonable rate." pp. 615, 616.

We must pass over a great variety of details which cannot fail to interest the inquisitive reader, and conclude by remarking, that seldom have we seen comprised within the compass of a single volume, a greater mass of valuable and amusing matter than is to be found in the work under review.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

'Tis but a counsel, and we women still,
Take which we like---the counsel or our will.

POPE.

Ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos, heu, mihi postes et heu
Limina dura;——

HOR.

It has long been a subject of regret and astonishment to those who appreciate the mutual benefits arising from social intimacies, that the society of the one sex should be so extensively prohibited to the other. Man, abstractedly considered, may collect more solid information, and obtain more scientific instruction from conversation with his fellow man, but he can seldom attain that polished manner and gentlemanly address which female society is calculated to confer. He may with philosophical indifference pursue the path that leads to philosophical eminence, without condescending to saunter in the bowers of politeness, but when that eminence is attained be found wanting in his common duties to society, and unadorned with that brilliant polish which essentially constitutes the character of a gentleman. This remark is by no means unsupported by examples, which in the intercourse of life are daily presented to our

view: men, whose minds are stored with a valuable fund of knowledge, whose literary celebrity can be alone exceeded by the admiration it creates, may be found deficient in the most common rules of decorum; in manners, dress, and conversation. With such vast powers of mind, how easy would be the task, and how pleasing in its consequences, were they, by mixing in female society, to rub off the rust of the book-worm and assume the polish of the man of the world! It is by no means necessary to circumscribe one's society to a few fellow philosophers to attain literary eminence—on the contrary, a very useful general knowledge may oftentimes be collected from general society, which future attention might abridge into valuable particulars—nor is it more necessary in becoming a man of the world, to plunge into its vices and irregularities, or abandon the pleasures of science, but as it is the duty so ought it to be the practice of every man, not to live solely for himself but for his fellow creatures, from whom he receives mutual advantages. When a man in learned abstraction, forgets the finer feelings and neglects the minor duties of his nature, deservedly dear as he may be to posthumous fame, his living reputation is greatly obscured by the intimate knowledge of his domestic habits, and the lamentable deficiency of his social qualifications. Such was the case with Dr. Johnson. His name, with his labors, will descend to a distant posterity, when the record of his morose habits and narrow minded prejudices, may be rendered less glaring and impressive by the softening hand of time, or perhaps be consigned to oblivion. In his great mind, Learning and Woman produced no association of ideas—they were distinct and separate, and never came into collision. In his choice of a partner through life, he seems not to have shewn much observation or knowledge respecting the female character, which is the natural consequence of the supercilious contempt or fancied superiority of the "lords of creation." So palpable is it that the greatest minds may act in direct contradiction to their established opinions, that he was led into the very connection he so emphatically deprecates, in which the only question that arises, is, "whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted," and probably a dispute about that.

Whatever the general situation of the women of Great Britain may be with regard to mental endowments, we do

not think justice would compel us to rank them above those of our own country: nor will we yield one inch, (the Quarterly Review to the contrary notwithstanding,) in asserting their fair claims to superiority, in adherence to the rigid rules of morality and the solemn ties of domestic life. That an attempt should be made, through the vehicle of a prostituted press, to scandalize general habits, and depreciate the literary resources of our country, is a matter not so very astonishing, considering the eye of jealousy with which our regular and unimpeded advancement towards literary superiority is regarded; but that a periodical publication of such a nature should descend from its dignity to indulge in petty, scurrilous, ill founded, attacks on the most useful portion of society, calls for the most decided and indignant reprehension. The means used to produce proofs of the little regard the American female entertains for the sacred vows of marriage, simply consist in an exaggerated estimate of the number of public advertisements respecting those who have abandoned the protection of their husbands. This is indeed being reduced to the last extremity. We challenge the Editors of the Quarterly Review to produce from among the whole of their vast repository of infidelity, one instance of the kind which has happened among any other than the lowest classes of society, among those who generally had no character to lose. Our citizens of respectability, whatever evil habits they may have imbibed from a connexion with the mother country, have not yet arrived to that pitch of insensibility, that despicable want of respect for the female character, to publish to the world examples of their own and their partner's infamy; supposing the reality of that infamy. We have no daily occurrence of *crim. con.* cases to excite the curiosity of the idle, and afford subject of conversation to the scurrilous. Yet among the first circles of Great Britain, we have numerous examples upon which to ground the opinion that their frequent recurrence has deadened the feelings which such depravity is calculated to excite, and afforded precedents whose atrocity is swallowed up in the whirlpool of fashion. In our cities such a crime would be held in utter abomination. The man whose artful wiles should destroy the peace of a whole family, would be hooted out of society as a foul blemish to humanity. No man of high consequence and standing would be found willing to take him by the hand

and endeavor to support him against the popular prejudices: or the torrent of general opinion would include him in the merited destruction. In London, such an every-day occurrence, serves in a great degree to add a relish to the dish of scandal round the tea table of some antiquated Duchess, or affords some noble "popinjay" a fair opportunity of scattering his *double entendres* and witty sayings among the Right Honorables in the drawing room. The criminal's morals remain as pure as ever in the eye of the fashionable world: he becomes a celebrated character, and his society is more assiduously cultivated by those whose sex and situation ought to teach them to spurn him from their doors.

The only proper means of judging is by comparison, or we should have disdained to exalt our fair country women to the detriment of the British fair. Let the fault be placed to the proper account, and we shall be found justifiable not upon the vulgar plea of retaliation, but self-defence.

We had commenced this essay with a view of deprecating various customs which have insidiously crept into our society, but were led away by a short digression from our subject.

Of these evils the primary and most to be lamented, is the deprivation of social intimacy with the other sex, so universally the complaint among gentlemen. The time was when importations of foreign manners were less frequent, and our worthy fathers and mothers less fastidious that the happy circle round the evening fire was a source at once of amusement and instruction. No false ideas of delicacy or narrow conceits of fashionable distance broke in upon the hilarity of the party, but every lady's fire-side was an attraction at once to Wit, Innocence, and Beauty—where individual exertion augmented and supported the general fund (not of scandal and ill-nature) but solid, interesting, and rational conversation. Nor do we find, from tradition, that delicacy of manners, purity of character, or solidity of intellect were less respected and cultivated than at the present day. The strict observance of female decorum became the natural consequence of well regulated, liberal education, the principles of which it consists were drawn from real life and strengthened by example, the results of its non-observance were portrayed in strong and glaring colors, the mind became enlarged, the powers of reason confirmed, and their ideas almost insensibly expanded, through the

medium of general society. We do not allude to that general society which includes vice and immorality in its denomination, nor advise its introduction as a warning beacon to the unwary. We are not among those who counsel a seeking after and observance of the progress of vice, for the purpose of confirming one's own virtue, lest the weakness and fallibility of human nature should become apparent during the inspection, and the gilded covering mislead the dazzled eye of the mind. But we allude to the general society of men of information and respectability, whose moral characters would serve as a passport to their esteem, and whose fund of conversation would "brush away the cobwebs of care," or replenish the "store-house of the mind" by useful and well-timed discussion.

Could such a revolution be brought about in society, we should view a gradual improvement in the general habits and qualities of both sexes. If a person of observation were to judge the intellectual endowments of another by the standard of a "morning call," what a miserable opinion of the fashionable world, (and this consists of the higher circles,) would he be forced to form! What poor encouragement would it be for him, to overcome difficulties raised up by fastidious ceremony, and seek an acquaintance with the mysteries of the great! It would seem as if no locomotive powers of reasoning, no point, no observation could find access to the drawing room during the lifeless visits of ceremony. The only topic of discussion, the weather—the only object of satire, the theatre—and the only theme of observation, the times Such visits generally appear to us no less absurd than unnecessary, and to the particular agents no doubt equally tiresome. And yet they are tolerated, nay encouraged in direct contradiction to the wishes, and often to the convenience of all parties. It can be considered no compliment, no expression of esteem for any one to kill five minutes in idle chat in this manner, as the recollection of the last party and the contemplation of the one to come, are most probably the hidden points of attraction. Like painted butterflies fluttering around the rose, they forget the beauty of the flower in the enjoyment of its sweets.

But even when both sexes are assembled together, not in the cheerful family circle, but amid the restraints and shackles of high life, what is the result? In vain do we seek among the gay throng for that development of talent, formed

to please and to instruct. Those who have it in their possession, yield to the lures of the world and conceal it beneath the covering of fashionable folly, and the natural consequence is, that those who are wanting cannot be distinguished from those who are misled. Yielding to universal custom the fine prerogatives of their nature, how often do we see women of strong minds court the transitory attentions of the reigning coxcomb of the day, and look with an air of triumph and self-complacency at the momentary conquest of the chattering simpleton before her, whom in her own heart she most emphatically despises. "All is Vanity," saith the preacher, "and these public praises are the sweetest and most acceptable sacrifices that can be offered by her votaries."

> "Tis these that early taint the female soul:
> Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll:
> Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
> And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

How then is the female heart to be judged? How are the disposition, the natural manners, the mental accomplishments of a woman to be contemplated? Not in the ball or the supper room; not led away by the vanities of her nature, or indulging the full scope of her fashionable propensities, but at the evening fire-side, in that *sanctum sanctorum* where man is hardly ever permitted to enter. There she appears *as she is:* her mind and person unadulterated with the trappings of customary fashion or folly, engaged in the calm and tranquil pleasures of domestic life, forming her habits by praise-worthy industry, or cultivating her mind by useful information. But of what avail are these laudable exertions if they are buried in oblivion, or if, at length drawn forth by the ceremonies of the church, one alone is pleased and instructed, where thousands might have been benefitted.

Such is the situation to which, by almost imperceptible degrees, our society has degenerated. It remains for those whose influence and respectability will serve as shields against the shafts of ignorant malevolence, to break through customs so diametrically opposed to the general good, and which, in course of time, will otherwise become an irremediable law.

THE INTERNAL WORLD.

Our readers are aware that Captain John Cleves Symmes has announced to the world the important discovery that the earth is hollow and inhabited within, being composed of a number of concentric spheres; and that he has long been devoting himself, with enthusiastic zeal, to the support of this amusing theory. It now appears, from a work recently published at New York, that one Captain Adam Seaborn, availing himself of the information communicated by Capt. Symmes, has visited the internal world, and published an account of his travels and adventures. He set out from the United States, if we may believe his book, in a steam vessel of 400 tons, on the first day of August 1817, bound ostensibly for the South Seas, in quest of Seals. After passing the "icy hoop" around the south pole, which is spoken of by Capt Symmes, he found a piece of land which he named, after himself, *Seaborn's land.* Beyond this, he found the compass utterly useless as "the needle pointed sometimes one way and sometimes another, changing its position every five minutes." Just around the *verge* within the internal world, he discovered an island, which he called *Token Island*, "considering its discovery a *token* of great things to come." On the 24th of December he reached an internal continent, which, in compliment to capt. Symmes, he very properly called Symzonia. Here he found a people of wonderful delicacy of complexion and beauty of form; small in stature; but remarkably strong and active, with minds no less vigorous and lively than their bodies. Such is described to be their improvement in the arts, that they sail about in the air with as much ease, as we make voyages upon the ocean. Their memories are so perfect, that they never forget any thing they have once learned. In order to teach them English therefore, Capt. Seaborn found it only necessary to read to them the alphabet and to pronounce the most familiar words. But though they had many books in manuscript, they were totally ignorant of the art of printing, until it was introduced among them by Capt. Seaborn. The climate within is stated to be, as Capt. Symmes had supposed, remarkably mild and agreeable. There is no intense heat or severe cold, and the quantity of light obtained from the refracted and reflected rays of the sun, is amply sufficient without being glaring. The Symzonians sleep but three hours out of the twenty-four, and eat so little that what is

only a moderate meal for a single man on our side of the globe, would be quite enough for ten of the internals. Their temperance in every respect is truly wonderful. At their public amusements "there are no temptations to vice by offers of seducing cordials, wines, agreeable decoctions, or other intoxicating drinks, as in our places of resort for recreation. The enjoyments of this refined people are intellectual and pure, not the debasing gratifications of animal passions and sensual appetites." They eat no gross animal food, but live almost entirely upon milk, honey, fruits, and vegetables. Oysters and other shell fish, however, abound in their waters, and are sometimes used by them as food. Gold is found in great quantities among them, and pearls are so numerous that they are scarcely regarded as of any value. Iron however is very scarce and highly prized.

If this story be true, which perhaps some of the incredulous may be inclined to doubt, we have opened before us a new course of trade, of vast importance to our commercial interests. If a few of our enterprising seamen would fit out vessels, and sail to the internal world, and bring thence some of their gold, silver, and pearls, which are so abundant in those delightful regions, our banks might speedily resume specie payments, and we need no longer complain of hard times. We have but one fear in relation to this discovery. As the climate of Symzonia is so fine, its productions so valuable, and its inhabitants so enlightened and amiable, should it become fashionable among our countrymen to emigrate thither, we fear our western lands would long remain unsettled, and that a large portion of our population would soon be transferred to the internal world. We learn however from Capt. Seaborn, that the Symzonians are not very favorable to an intercourse with us, that they apprehend great corruption and depravity as the consequence of an introduction among them of our habits and customs, and that therefore they will throw every obstacle in the way both of our commercial intercourse with them and of the residence of our citizens among them. So much, indeed, were they disgusted with the information respecting us which they derived from conversing with Capt. Seaborn and reading his books, that they soon ordered him to leave the country, and refused him the privilege of taking with him any of its curiosities or valuable productions. A little perseverance however, on the part of our enterprising countrymen, with the exercise of prudence, and the strict ob-

servance of integrity may overcome this prejudice and lead to the establishment of an interesting and profitable commercial intercourse. Should this be the favorable result of captain Symms' perseverance in maintaining his theory, and capt. Seaborn's enterprise in exploring the country, how extensive will be the fame, how permanent the glory of these illustrious discoverers. Yet after all, we cannot but have our fears that Capt. Symmes' theory is not perfectly correct, and that Capt. Seaborn's narrative is too wonderful to be true. Unfortunately for the latter gentleman, he appears to be but little known in the external world, and has produced no certificates of his general character for veracity and integrity. As we never heard of him before, he must excuse us for doubting the truth of some parts of his book, and if he wishes to be believed by the public generally, he must produce some testimonials, either in confirmation of the correctness of his story, or in support of his own reputation. If on the contrary any part of his statement be incorrect, its errors ought to be promptly exposed, as the propagation of falsehood on a subject so important, may lead to many fruitless voyages, and may tend to bring into contempt the far famed theory of Captain John Cleves Symmes.

RIGHTS OF THE ABORIGINES OF OUR COUNTRY.

Were our ancestors justifiable in taking possession of any portion of this continent without the consent of the natives?

We have a right to express some surprise at the partial manner in which this question has been usually discussed. An artificial state of feeling, a sympathy with the aborigines without sufficient reflection, seems to have prevented even our historians and statesmen from bringing their minds fairly to the examination of the subject. First principles have been overlooked, general views and consequences have been forgotten, and the rhetoric of an ill directed humanity has been substituted for argument. It has been often taken for granted that the natives had a right to the whole continent, and to live in any manner they chose without regard to the condition or the wants of the rest of mankind. The charge of usurpation and tyranny has been freely made against our ancestors for taking possession of any portion of the country, although it was not used by the

savages, and although our forefathers covered the soil with improvements, and made it the scene of happiness for increasing and enlightened millions. The origin of property, which is occupancy with a view to use, is the same for savages and for white people. The limitations of the rights of civilized nations must be applied to the uncivilized. The aborigines of a country are not exclusively the children of our Common Parent, nor have they any peculiar privileges growing out of their title as natives of the soil. What they use not, they cannot claim. Others may take it, and apply it to the purposes for which it was given.

This article of our Journal is intended to correct some popular errors in regard to the conduct of our forefathers, and to defend their characters as enterprising discoverers, and as the founders of a great and glorious empire. Our vindication however is not to be indiscriminate. Severe censure is due to individuals, who were unprincipled and inhuman in their intercourse with the natives. But we are not now to examine minutiæ. We mean to investigate the general principles only which bear upon the question, and to make a fair application of them to the subject, leaving individuals and particular instances of fraud or violence to be treated according the settled rules of ethics.

The world was originally a common; at least we may so consider it for the present purpose. It is the same essentially, whether the author of nature instituted property directly, or gave the world to his creatures, and led them to institute it under the pressure of their mutual wants. The divine will is as clearly ascertained by the acknowledged tendencies of his works, as by specific instructions in the form of words. The principles of a common require, that each proprietor should have his just proportion of its use, and that he should take no more than is consistent with the rights of the others. In regard to the world, considered as a common, this idea must also be understood, that individuals have the liberty to multiply themselves, and to supply the wants of their offspring as well as those which they personally feel. Every birth introduces a new proprietor into the list of commoners, and his claims are as just as those of his seniors. Nature has made some more prolific than others, and of course a competent provision for this unequal increase is found in the original constitution of things. A barren pair have no right to complain of their prolific neighbors, that too many new members are introduced into the general family. The world was given to all who will

live in it, and make it subservient to their use and enjoyment. Indeed, if barrenness be the result of voluntary causes, it is a vice, of which the prolific may complain, and which society may condemn and labor to prevent. Shakerism is not found in the great code of nature, but is immediately at war with every part of the system. It is not only a folly, but a crime, not indeed of such a nature as to require the interposition of law or of violence for its punishment, but it deserves to be ridiculed, castigated by satire, and put down by common sense. It is so absurd and silly that there is no danger of its spreading; otherwise, it might alarm a patriotic mind.

There must not only be room for mankind to increase, but all the principles necessary to the improvement and happiness of the additional numbers must be acknowledged to be legitimate, to be recognized by the Maker of the whole, and to be a proper part of our standard of correct reasoning. Any modes of thinking, which tend to thwart this increase, are unsound and inadmissible. If the habits or energies of some families enable them to multiply more rapidly than others, and thus to extend their wants and claims, no opposition is to be permitted, and no charge of injustice or usurpation is to be regarded. One community has a right to make better laws, to adopt better institutions, and to improve and grow more rapidly than another. For this improvement there ought to be a reward, and there actually is, as we find in the consequent extension of power, wealth, security, and enjoyment. Were the world completely full of inhabitants, and were all the land and resources wanted, each should have no more than such a support as would be compatible with the support of the whole. Suppose however that this state of things should never exist, still, the tendency toward it should not be forgotten, but our actual approximation be remembered, and our elementary reasonings be such as would comport with its introduction. No indulgence must be allowed to lazy and unproductive nations at the expense of the welfare and enlargement of the industrious, the productive, the intelligent, and the virtuous. Men are a society, and have social relations to sustain, social duties to discharge, social restrictions to bear, and social benefits to render. No community has a right to adopt and persevere in a mode of living, which is hostile to the increase, extension, and improvement of the human race. If all mankind cannot live by pasturage, agriculture must be followed, and the pastoral

nations have no good claim to wander over so much ground as will stint the cultivator, and baulk his purpose. The pretence is unavailing, that each individual may live as he pleases. The pleasure of one must consist with the pleasure of the whole, or the whole will punish him. The rule of christians is the rule of common sense and of nations, "*no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.*"

The just principle of equality is, that every one shall use, to as good advantage as he can, the powers which God has given him. If one has more strength, more knowledge, more wisdom, better circumstances, and better means, than another, he may employ them for his own and the common benefit. Equality does not demand, that the man of genius and skill shall be kept back with the sluggard and the dolt. Whatever is power, he may apply to the purposes of his existence, provided the power be lawful, and the application be just. Knowledge is power, character is power, experience is power, office is power, to be well connected is power, and all these a good man may employ for good objects. That is a miserable idea of equality, which goes to show that great talents are no better than small, that favorable circumstances are on a level with privations, that the virtuous have no more rights and privileges than the vicious, that strength ought not to use itself any more successfully than weakness, that speed should be reined-in to prevent it from getting before tardiness, and that the gifted should sacrifice the bounties of nature and the fruits of cultivation to reduce themselves to the humble station of the stupid and the silly. A just view of equality is as plain as arithmetic. Two are equal to two, not to four, nor eight, nor ten, nor twenty. The principal differences, which exist in society, are the necessary results of equal rights, and of unequal endowments and advantages. When Nature gave talents, she intended that they should be employed. No nonsense was ever more broadly marked than that which forbids all inequality in the community, after our Maker has endowed us so differently, and given us such different circumstances in which to act. True equality is an equality of rights, according to the talents, character, and connexions, which we bring with us into the common stock of society. Every partner must receive, from the whole amount of profits, in proportion to his capital, his skill, and his activity. It would be usurpation and injustice to compel the capitalists to take no more than the paupers, and the skilful and active to be content with a share no larger than that assigned to the ig-

norant and idle. Those, who rise to the top by fair means, are there *by right* and by the principle of equality, and not by injustice or wrong. It is a law of nature, that mind shall govern matter, and those who think those who toil. There is no evil in this. On the contrary, it is a wise and a benevolent arrangement of nature. It is for the greatest good of society, for the highest improvement and happiness of man.

Our readers will now desire to know what application we mean to make of these general remarks. The answer is ready. Our European ancestors were a far more able, cultivated, powerful, and efficient people than the natives of this country, and had a right to all the advantages which spring from superior attainments and modes of living. They were not indeed authorised to take away or invade the rights of the savages, but they are not to be blamed for the fact that savages faded before them, and became, in a variety of respects, subject to their influence. Our ancestors could not in justice have taken any land actually possessed by the natives and necessary to the support and comfort of these original possessors. But they had a right to take any other lands, and to disregard all such claims of the aborigines as rested on the general idea, that all the territory might be wanted, at some future period, for hunting and pasturage, and that the Europeans ought not to interfere with the mode of living which was adopted by the natives. It was not necessary that Europe should be full in order to justify this measure of our ancestors. It was enough, if the great purposes of human improvement and happiness were promoted by their emigration and their enterprise. It is evidently the design of nature that the best breeds or stocks shall spread more extensively than those which are of an inferior kind. It would be not only unwise, but injurious and selfish to oppose and endeavor to defeat this tendency of our system. It is political fanaticism, and an excessive as well as misguided humanity, to say that the ignorant, idle, unproductive, and degraded savages ought to enjoy as many privileges and blessings as the well informed, active, energetic, prolific, and elevated Europeans. This is to attack the first principle of equality, which is the proportion of means to ends, of capital to profit, of causes to effects. All levelling, which contradicts this idea of equality, is unprincipled and vile. Virtue and vice are not to be put in the same rank, nor are knowledge and ignorance, industry and sloth, refinement and barbarity. We

are not to be cruel to horses and oxen, nor to the negro or the Indian. Every animal is to be treated with humanity and kindness, but the actual value of each is to be reckoned by the degree, and cultivation, and useful application, and productive employment of the mind. That negroes and indians are at present inferior stocks to the European, we have not the least doubt. How this inferiority has been produced, we do not know. We are willing to waive the question altogether concerning the origin of all men of all sorts from one pair, and to allow that they did so descend, or that they did not. If one pair was the source of all, then some portions of the race have degenerated, and other portions have improved. If there were different stocks in the beginning, then some afford a better breed than others. At this time, the fact is irresistible, that the whites are superior to the blacks and to the copper-colored. A few remarks will illustrate this assertion.

That race, which principally governs, is superior to that which is governed. The same, as a general rule, may be said of individuals. The higher animals govern the lower. The ablest individual in a flock or herd soon finds himself at the head, and the weaker members learn his superiority. Men govern animals even the strongest, and higher orders govern us, and God governs the whole. Man makes matter into machines, and compels these machines to carry him, and weave for him, and render him an infinite variety of services. The well informed and efficient rule the ill informed and imbecile. Brute matter works for enlightened and directing mind. Even demagogues show their power for a time, and appear able, so far as mere cunning and delusion are concerned. But being without truth and honesty, they at last fail, and fail in consequence of that part of their character and policy where they are weak and inconsistent.

The standard of superiority may easily be traced in arts, in letters, in science, in complex institutions, in machinery, in the increase of population, in laying out capital to the greatest advantage, in extending our wishes and the means of their gratification, and in gaining and keeping power. Try the whites with negroes and indians in all the modes of ascertaining superiority, and the whites have it. They govern, they beat in war and in peace, they are victorious in negotiation as well as in force, they have more comforts, they multiply faster, they have more desires and more gratifications, they avoid privations and they are not afraid of wants. The self-denial of savages is good for nothing, because it

leads to no end. The self denial of a white man is only a mean of increasing his enjoyment at last. The indian endures want because he cannot avoid it, but the white man will not endure it since he has talents and skill enough to remove it, and obtain plenty. Savage virtues are few, and of a coarse sort, adapted indeed to their condition, but not at all needed in a civilized society. We do not desire their capacity to bear pain, because we can get access to pleasure, and can secure glory of a much higher order. The sagacity of an indian is praised chiefly because it is contrasted with the miserable manner in which he lives, and the general stupidity and suffering of his existence. If a savage can find his way through a wood better than a white man, still he has not energy enough to clear the wood, cultivate the soil, cover it with houses, and preclude the use of that sort of sagacity which only goes far enough to discover the evil without producing any remedy. An Indian, in the midst of sufferings, can find out a few modes of evading a difficulty, but not of preventing its recurrence. A white man sees it ahead, and provides for it, and has no need for the sagacity that comes too late, and acts after the evil is experienced.

Eloquence is low among savages. As great folly on this subject is cherished by common error as on any. A rush light shines at a considerable distance in darkness, but is feeble and dirty in the day. The smart sayings of children are smart only for their age, and would be silly for men. The orations of negroes and indians are meagre enough when compared with those of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Henry, and Ames. The figures of Indians are few and perpetually repeated, their thoughts and illustrations limited, their plans narrow and mean, their lives and minds monotonous and sluggish. Indian Eloquence is good enough for indians, but would be disgraceful to a polished European orator.

Religious societies make no essential change in the character of savage communities. They are still the same, and are still vastly inferior to the whites, even when the whites direct them.

Population is slow among Indians, females are depressed, society sparse, habits wandering, wants numerous, comforts few, enjoyments brutal, temper suspicious and ferocious, and the whole character degraded. No one good principle of political economy is introduced among them, and they show no real marks of social greatness. One fact goes far

to show the superiority of the whites, a fact well attested by experienced witnesses. When whites mix with the indians, the half-bloods uniformly become chiefs when they arrive at manhood. But half-bloods in a white community keep the level of the negro or the indian, although they are individually of a higher rank.

We govern blacks and indians, and always shall, because we have more mind, more knowledge, more skill, and of course more power. Europe governs the world for the same reason, and its stock is undoubtedly superior to the other stocks on the globe. We are of the same race, and for this purpose are to be considered as European. We think that the indians are capable of some improvement, though not of the same degree as ourselves. Nor are we at all inclined to nurse a poor stock in preference to a good one. We would however insist upon humanity and justice for the indian and negro as well as for the white man, and would provide for their improvement as far as possible, while we acquiesce in the course of providence, by which it is evident that the whites are destined to govern the planet which we inhabit.

War, commerce, the art of printing, and a liberal religion, are clearly the great means of human improvement. War breaks up abuses, puts down usurpation, reforms errors, detects corruptions, rouses apathy, puts talents into operation, makes mind work, and produces glorious results. Commerce gives to each nation the knowledge, the arts, and the institutions of all, and excites the mind while it provides the means of making the excitement effectual. The art of printing diffuses and preserves all kinds of knowledge, and renders it universally accessible. A liberal and encouraging form of religion is necessary to complete the list of sources for the improvement of our race. A narrow, bigotted, fanatical, or denunciatory religion is always at war with the march of the mind; but the mind will not upon the whole regard such a religion; it will practically adopt a better one.

This is a remarkable fact, that wars among indians do not improve them, any more than wars among dogs, wolves, and tygers, while wars among whites are the history of civilization and of advancement toward the true glory of man. Into this subject, however, we do not now mean to enter, but we throw out a hint to be pursued hereafter in another article, and in connection with another object.

We have said enough to show, that upon general princi-

ples the indians had no right to claim this continent for themselves. They could hold so much as they actually wanted, and no more. The Europeans had a right to take the rest, and use it. We need not go into the origin of property by occupancy. This is well enough understood by all. Occupancy is good for nothing but with a view to use. The Indians could not use the whole continent; they could not even *run over* the whole of it; they would never cultivate it, nor use it all; and Europeans were at liberty to make the soil answer the purposes for which it was created.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

This admirable work, which is conducted with a degree of ability, that does honor to our country, has just assumed a new dress. The 32d number, which is the first of the fourth volume in the present series, is printed on beautiful paper and with a new type, and affords a splendid specimen of typography, not probably surpassed by any periodical publication in Europe. It contains a learned article on *Pothier's Maritime Contracts*, followed by an able, but calm and candid reply to the Essay "on the complaints in America against the British Press," which recently appeared in the London New Monthly Magazine. The third article is a review of Warden's Statistical, Historical, and Topographical Account of the United States. The introduction to this work is spoken of with high praise. It is pronounced "a summary and admirable view of the history, progress, and present condition of the United States." The main body of the work however is severally criticised. Its arrangement is considered radically defective, numerous errors are pointed out in its statements, and the reviewer sums up his opinion with the following concluding remarks:

"The author certainly deserves the thanks of every American for the diligence and fidelity with which he has collected materials for presenting a complete statistical view of the country. The distance, however, at which he was, when he made use of these materials, has occasioned many imperfections and errors, which would have been avoided if the book had been published here. It also presents itself under the disadvantage of having been printed in one country, while the author was in another, by which, and for the want of some person, acquainted with the

subject, to superintend the press, innumerable typographical errors are left uncorrected. It is also defective and confused in its system and arrangement, and awkward in the disposition of the subjects, many being brought into the same paragraph which have no connexion together; and the style is neither dignified nor elegant, nor always English. With all these defects, however, it contains more information about the United States of America, than is to be found in any other work, and is very deserving of our attention. We think it might serve for the ground work of an excellent book on our country, leaving out the two volumes which describe the individual states, and bringing down the information it contains to the present time. The new census will furnish the necessary materials for a part of this work, and we hope some person will be found disposed and able to perform it."

The next article relates to FLORIDA, and furnishes a condensed historical account of the discovery, settlement, and political changes, of this interesting country. Then follows a review of Dr. Bigelow's American Medical Botany. This article embraces a compendious and interesting history of the progress of botanical learning in the United States, furnishing the names of the authors who have cultivated the science, and pointing out the general and particular defects in the botanical collections relating to this country. The sixth article is a satirical notice of Captain Seaborn's voyage to the internal world, in the course of which the reviewer takes occasion to be merry at the expense of us in the west.

"Messrs. Murray, Fairman, & Co." he observes, "have an ingenious machine, by the aid of which, and a productive paper-mill, they can make money almost as fast as a woman of fashion can spend it; such beautiful money, too, that our brethren in the west have already borrowed a million or two of it from one bank, 'without the demand being half satisfied;' nay, have even given a premium for the new bills over the old, as we ourselves, in our earlier days, remember to have entertained a strong prejudice in favor of a bright cent. So rapid is the operation of this wonder-working machine, that what was hemp and flax yesterday, and linen, and rags, and money to day, too often brings you down to rags tomorrow, and not perhaps quite so often as it might, to hemp again, the day after. This is superficial money, while the true, interior, substantial coin must be dug deep out of a dreary mine, amidst the rushing of subterranean waters, and the toiling of ponderous engines, and be beaten, and roasted, and smelted, and coined, and milled, out of rough, unseemly ores; and after all is but a white or yellow counter, with an ugly Spanish nose upon it,

while the other money is covered with ships, and eagles, and lions, and goddesses as gay as the pantheon."

We have next an account of the Internal Improvements in South Carolina. This enlightened and public-spirited state has, for years past, done itself great credit and laid the foundation for a vast increase of its trade and prosperity by the policy it has adopted for the improvement of its roads, the construction of canals, the encouragement of steam navigation, and the diffusion of the means of education. If all the states of the union would follow the example of New-York, Virginia, and North and South Carolina, we should have less cause to complain of hard times, and fewer difficulties to contend with in the prosecution of our commerce. South Carolina has a civil and military engineer, appointed by the legislature with a handsome salary, and a Board of Public Works, also appointed by the legislature, and composed of five members, two of whom are professional engineers with salaries, the others public spirited individuals, who serve without compensation. One million of dollars was at once appropriated to the various works devised and carried on by these enlightened officers, and the state is now reaping the vast advantages of this liberal and judicious policy.

The next article is a review of Mr. Wheaton's anniversary discourse before the New-York Historical Society, which embraces a concise history of the science of public or international law. Great praise is given to this production, and the reviewer concludes by renewing his thanks to its author "for finding time to favour the public with a performance so instructive and agreeable, in the intervals of leisure permitted by the active duties of a laborious profession."

The article which follows, is an interesting review of the History of the American Revolution, originally written in Italian by Charles Botta, and recently translated into English by George Alexander Otis. This valuable work has never yet reached us in the west, and we have therefore derived all the information we possess respecting it from reviews, newspaper paragraphs, and detached quotations. From these sources however we have obtained a sufficient knowledge of its character, to feel no little anxiety for an opportunity to peruse it. There are indeed errors pointed out in its statements of facts, and incorrect opinions advanced by its author respecting the feelings and views which led to the revolution. But it is doubtless the production of no

common mind, and must be deeply interesting to every American. The following specimen is given of the graphic powers of the author and of the style of the translator, in a description of the sea fight between Paul Jones and Capt. Pearson in 1779.

'Paul Jones, a Scotchman by birth, but engaged in the service of the United States, had established his cruise at first in the seas of Ireland, and afterwards in those of Scotland, where he was waiting for an opportunity to make some prize, or, according to his practice, to land upon some point of the coast in order to sack the country. His flotilla was composed of the Bonhomme Richard of forty guns, the Alliance of thirty-six, both American ships; the Pallas, a French frigate of thirty-two, in the pay of Congress, with two other smaller vessels. He fell in with a British merchant fleet, on its return from the Baltic, convoyed by captain Pearson, with the frigate Serapis, of forty-four guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty.

'Pearson had no sooner perceived Jones, than he bore down to engage him, while the merchantmen endeavored to gain the coast. The American flotilla formed to receive him. The two enemies joined battle at about seven in the evening, with great resolution, and the conflict was supported on both sides with equal valor. The Serapis had the advantage of metal and manœuvre; to obviate which, Jones took the resolution to fight her closer. He advanced till the two frigates were engaged yard to yard, and their sides so near that the muzzles of their guns came in contact. In this position they continued to fight from eight in the evening till ten, with an audacity bordering on frenzy. But the artillery of the Americans was no longer capable of producing much effect The Richard having received several heavy shot between wind and water, could now make no use whatever of her lower batteries, and two or three of her upper guns had burst, to the destruction of those who served them. Jones, at length, had only three left that could be worked, and he employed them against the masts of the hostile frigate. Seeing the little impression made by chain-shot, he resorted to another mode of attack. He threw a vast quantity of grenades and fire-works on board the British frigate. But his own now admitted the water on all sides, and threatened every moment to go to the bottom. Some of his officers having perceived it, asked him if he would surrender? "No," he answered them in a tremendous tone, and continued to push the grenades. The Serapis was already on fire in several places; the English could, with difficulty, extinguish the flames. Finally, they caught a cartridge, which, in an instant, fired all the others with a horrible explosion. All who stood near the helm were killed and all the cannon of that part were dismounted. Meanwhile, Pear-

son was not disheartened: he ordered his people to board. Paul Jones prepared himself to repulse them. The English in jumping on board him found the Americans ready to receive them on the point of their pikes; they made the best of their way back to their own vessel. But during this interval, the fire had communicated itself from the Serapis to the Bonhomme Richard, and both were a prey to the flames. No peril could shake these desperate men. The night was dark, the combatants could no longer see each other but by the blaze of the conflagration, and through dense volumes of smoke, while the sea was illuminated afar. At this moment, the American frigate Alliance came up. Amidst the confusion she discharged her broadside into the Richard, and killed a part of her remaining defenders. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fell with augmented fury upon the Serapis. Then the valiant Englishman, seeing a great part of his crew either killed or disabled, his artillery dismounted, his vessel dismasted, and quite enveloped in flames, surrendered. All joined to extinguish the fire, and at length it was accomplished. The efforts made to stop the numerous leaks of the Richard proved less fortunate; she sunk the next morning. Out of three hundred and seventy-five men that were aboard that vessel, three hundred were killed or wounded. The English had but forty-nine killed, and their wounded amounted to no more than sixty-eight. History, perhaps, offers no example of an action more fierce, obstinate. and sanguinary. During this time the Pallas had attacked the Countess of Scarborough and had captured her, not however without a stubborn resistance. After a victory so hard-earned, so deplorable, Jones wandered with his shattered vessels for some days, at the mercy of the winds, in the north sea. He finally made his way good, on the sixth of October, into the waters of the Texel.' pp. 112—114.

The work next reviewed is a collection of the writings of Bernardin de St. Pierre, preceded by a life of the author. Very little is said of the productions which constitute the great mass of the volumes reviewed, but the article is almost exclusively composed of a condensed but very interesting view of the life of St. Pierre.

Next follow a review of Lord Byron's new Tragedy, and a justly merited eulogium on that too much neglected work, Silliman's Journal of Science and the Arts.

We cannot close this brief notice of a work, which has long since commanded the respect and extorted the praises of the literary dictators in Europe, without congratulating our country, on its continued prosecution, its improved and constantly improving character and appearance; and on the increase of patronage and encouragement which we are happy to learn it has recently received.

ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS.

In our last we gave a brief abstract of the adventures of Col. James Smith, during his captivity among the Indians, which terminated in the year 1760. We now proceed to notice some of the events, which are recorded in his pamphlet, as having happened at a subsequent period.

In 1763, hostilities recommenced between the Indians and the frontier inhabitants of Western Pennsylvania. Col. Smith, who was then married, was appointed captain of a company of rangers, which went out against the savages, and were remarkably successful in defending the settlements. In 1765, in consequence of some incursions by the Indians, all persons were prohibited from trading with them, and especially from furnishing them any ammunition or warlike stores. Notwithstanding that prohibition a number of wagons and pack horses were sent out from the settlement to supply the Indians. To prevent the success of this nefarious expedition, a party of about fifty armed men, under the command of Mr. William Duffield, marched out and met the traders. But the latter, far from being intimidated by this interference and regardless of all the arguments and remonstrances that could be used, persisted in the prosecution of the enterprise. Smith, however, incensed at the base disregard of duty and contemptible avarice of these worse than savages, determined, if possible, to defeat their efforts. He accordingly tells us,

"When I beheld this, and found that Mr. Duffield would not compel them to store up their goods, I collected ten of my old warriors, that I had formerly disciplined in the Indian way, went off privately, after night, and encamped in the woods. The next day, as usual, we blacked and painted, and way-layed them near Sidelong Hill. I scattered my men about forty rod along the side of the road and ordered every two to take a tree, and about eight or ten rod between each couple, with orders to keep a reserve fire, one not to fire until his comrade had loaded his gun; by this means we kept up a constant, slow fire, upon them from front to rear: We then heard nothing of these trader's merriment or burlesque. When they saw their pack-horses falling close by them, they called out *pray gentlemen, what would you have us to do?* The reply was, *collect all your loads to the front, and unload them in one place; take your private property, and immediately retire.* When they were gone, we burnt what they left, which consisted of blankets, shirts, vermillion, lead, beads, wampum, tomahawks, scalping knives, &c.

"The traders went back to Fort Loudon, and applied to the commanding officer there, and got a party of Highland soldiers, and went with them in quest of the robbers, as they called us, and without applying to a magistrate, or obtaining any civil authority, but barely upon suspicion, they took a number of creditable persons prisoners, (who were chiefly not any way concerned in this action) and confined them in the guard-house in Fort Loudon. I then raised three hundred riflemen, marched to Fort Loudon, and encamped on a hill in sight of the fort. We were not long there, until we had more than double as many of the British troops prisoners in our camp, as they had of our people in the guard house. Captain Grant, a Highland officer, who commanded Fort Loudon, then sent a flag of truce to our camp, where we settled a cartel, and gave them above two for one which enabled us to redeem all our men from the guard-house, without further difficulty.

"After this Captain Grant kept a number of rifle guns, which the Highlanders had taken from the country people, and refused to give them up. As he was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gun-powder that the traders had stored up, lest it might be conveyed privately to the Indians. The king's troops, and our party, had now got entirely out of the channel of the civil law, and many unjustifiable things were done by both parties. This convinced me more than ever I had been before, of the absolute necessity of the civil law, in order to govern mankind."

In 1766, a treaty was made with the Indians, and a quantity of land purchased between the Ohio and Cherokee Rivers. Smith set out in company with four acquaintances to explore the country, and went as far as the Cumberland and Tennessee. Speaking of the country south of the Kentucky, he says, "there was no more sign of white men there then, than there is now west of the head waters of the Missouri." His companions resolving to proceed to the Illinois, and being disposed himself to pass through the wilderness to Carolina, he directed his way thither with no other company than a mulatto slave. On this journey an accident happened, the circumstances of which he thus relates.

"About eight days after I left my company at the mouth of Tennessee, on my journey eastward, I got a cane stab in my foot, which occasioned my leg to swell, and I suffered much pain. I was now in a doleful situation; far from any of the human species, excepting black Jamie, or the savages, and I knew not when I might meet with them; my case appeared desperate, and

I tho't something must be done. All the surgical instruments I had, was a knife, a mockason awl, and a pair of bullet moulds; with these I determined to draw the snag from my foot, if possible. I stuck the awl in the skin, and with the knife I cut the flesh away from around the cane, and then I commanded the mulatto fellow to catch it with the bullit moulds, and pull it out, which he did. When I saw it, it seemed a shocking thing to be in any person's foot; it will therefore be supposed that I was very glad to have it out. The black fellow attended upon me, and obeyed my directions faithfully. I ordered him to search for Indian medicine, and told him to get me a quantity of bark from the rute of a lynn tree, which I made him beat on a stone, with a tomahawk, and boil it in a kettle, and with the ooze I bathed my foot and leg: what remained when I had finished bathing, I boiled to a jelly, and made poultices thereof. As I had no rags, I made use of the green moss that grows upon logs, and wrapped it round with elm bark; by this means (simple as it may seem) the swelling and inflamation in a great measure abated. As stormy weather appeared, I ordered Jamie to make up a shelter, which he did by errecting forks and poles, and covering them over with cane tops, like a fodder-house. It was but about one hundred yards from a large buffaloe road. As we were almost out of provision, I commanded Jamie to take my gun, and I went along as well as I could, concealed myself near the road, and killed a buffaloe."

While in this situation, our unfortunate adventurer turned poet, and composed a hymn which he tells us he frequently sang. He continued in the wilderness eleven months, during three of which he saw none of the human species except his mulatto attendant. When he reached the settlement he was viewed with wonder, and his narrative almost universally discredited, for he observes:

"I had not travelled far after I came in before I was strictly examined by the inhabitants. I told them the truth, and where I came from, &c. but my story appeared so strange to them, that they did not believe me. They said they had never heard of any one coming through the mountains from the mouth of Tennessee; and if any one would undertake such a journey, surely no man would lend him his slave. They said that they thought that all I had told them were lies, and on suspicion they took me into custody, and set a guard over me."

He soon however met with on old acquaintance through whose interference he was released, and after many difficulties, again reached his wife and friends, in the fall of the year 1767.

In 1769, the Indians were again troublesome and were again supported and encouraged by the white traders. Under these circumstances, Col. Smith says,

"The frontiers took the alarm, and a number of persons collected, destroyed and plundered a quantity of their powder, lead, &c. in Bedford county. Shortly after this, some of these persons, with others, were apprehended and laid in irons in the guard house in Fort Bedford, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of this crime.

"Though I did not altogether approve of the conduct of this new club of black boys, yet I concluded that they should not lie in irons in the guard-house, or remain in confinement, by arbitrary or military power. I resolved therefore, if possible, to release them, if they even should be tried by the civil law afterwards. I collected eighteen of my old black-boys, that I had seen tried in the Indian war, &c. I did not desire a large party, lest they should be too much alarmed at Bedford, and accordingly prepare for us. We marched along the public road in day light, and made no secret of our design: We told those whom we met, that we were going to take Fort Bedford, which appeared to them a very unlikely story. Before this I made it known to one William Thompson, a man whom I could trust, and who lived there: him I employed as a spy, and sent him along on horse-back, before, with orders to meet me at a certain place near Bedford, one hour before day. The next day a little before sun-set we encamped near the crossings of Juniata, about fourteen miles from Bedford, and erected tents, as though we intended staying all night, and not a man in my company knew to the contrary, save myself. Knowing that they would hear this in Bedford, and wishing it to be the case, I thought to surprize them, by stealing a march.

"As the moon rose about eleven o'clock, I ordered my boys to march, and we went on at the rate of five miles an hour, until we met Thompson at the place appointed. He told us that the commanding officer had frequently heard of us by travellers, and had ordered thirty men upon guard. He said they knew our number, and only made game of the notion of eighteen men coming to rescue the prisoners, but they did not expect us until towards the middle of the day. I asked him if the gate was open? He said it was then shut, but he expected they would open it as usual, at day-light, as they apprehended no danger. I then moved my men privately up under the banks of Juniata, where we lay concealed about one hundred yards from the fort gate. I had ordered the men to keep a profound silence, until we got into it. I then sent off Thompson again, to spy. At day-light he returned, and told us that the gate was open, and three centinels were standing on the wall; that the guards were taking a morn-

ing dram, and the arms standing together in one place. I then concluded to rush into the fort, and told Thompson to run before me to the arms. We ran with all our might, and as it was a misty morning, the centinels scarcely saw us until we were within the gate, and took possession of the arms. Just as we were entering, two of them discharged their guns, though I do not believe they aimed at us. We then raised a shout, which surprized the town, though some of them were well pleased with the news. We compelled a black-smith to take the irons off the prisoners, and then we left the place. This, I believe, was the first British fort in America, that was taken by what they called American rebels."

Not long after this, Smith was assailed on the highway by some persons who wished to be revenged upon him for his rescue of the prisoners, and in the course of the affray a man was killed. They then seized Smith, accused him of murder, and committed him for trial. His friends however were active in his behalf, and he informs us,

"Shortly after I came here, we heard that a number of my old black boys were coming to tear down the jail. I told the sheriff that I would not be rescued, as I knew that the indictment was wrong; therefore I wished to stand my trial. As I had found the black boys to be always under good command, I expected I could prevail on them to return, and therefore wished to write to them—to this the sheriff readily agreed. I wrote a letter to them, with irons on my hands, which was immediately sent; but as they heard that I was in irons, they would come on. When we heard they were near the town, I told the sheriff I would speak to them out of the window, and if the irons were off, I made no doubt but I could prevail on them to desist. The sheriff ordered them to be taken off, and just as they were taken off the black boys came running up to the jail. I went to the window and called to them, and they gave attention. I told them as my indictment was for wilful murder, to admit of being rescued, would appear dishonorable. I thanked them for their kind intentions, and told them the greatest favor they could confer upon me, would be to grant me this one request, *to withdraw from the jail, and return in peace:* to this they complied and withdrew. While I was speaking, the irons were taken off my feet, and never again put on.

"Before this party arrived at Conococheague, they met about three hundred more, on the way, coming to their assistance, and were resolved to take me out; they then turned, and all came together, to Carlisle. The reason they gave for coming again, was, because they thought that government was so enraged at me that I would not get a fair trial; but my friends and myself together again prevailed on them to return in peace."

After continuing in prison four months he was brought to trial, and honourably acquitted. In 1774 another Indian war commenced and Smith was appointed to the command of the Pennsylvania line. After the declaration of Independence he was elected a member of the Convention in Westmoreland County; and afterwards a representative in the State legislature. He did not however abandon his military pursuits, for he observes;

"While I attended the assembly in Philadelphia, in the year 1777, I saw in the street, some of my old boys, on their way to the Jerseys, against the British, and they desired me to go with them; I petitioned the house for leave of absence, in order to head a scouting party, which was granted me. We marched into the Jerseys, and went before General Washington's army, way-laid the road at Rocky Hill, attacked about two hundred of the British, and with thirty six men drove them out of the woods into a large open field.. After this we attacked a party that were guarding the officers baggage, and took the wagon and twenty two Hessians; and also re-took some of our continental soldiers which they had with them. In a few days we killed and took more of the British, than there were of our party. At this time I took the camp fever, and was carried in a stage wagon to Burlington, where I lay until I recovered. When I took sick, my companion, Major James M'Common, took the command of the party, and had greater success than I had. If every officer and his party that lifted arms against the English, had fought with the same success that Major M'Common did, we would have made short work of the British war."

On his return to Philadelphia, Smith applied to the Assembly for leave to raise a battallion of riflemen, but was referred to General Washington, then at Morristown. On making his application to the General he was offered the place of major in a battallion already raised, but, he says,

"As I entertained no high opinion of the colonel that I was to serve under, and with him I had no prospect of getting my old boys again, I thought I would be of more use in the cause we were then struggling to support, to remain with them as a militia officer, therefore I did not accept this offer.

"In the year 1778, I received a colonel's commission, and after my return to Westmoreland, the Indians made an attack upon our frontiers. I then raised men and pursued them, and the second day we overtook and defeated them. We likewise took four scalps, and recovered the horses and plunder which they were carrying off. At the time of this attack, Captain John Hinkston pursued an Indian, both their guns being empty, and after the

fray was over he was missing:—While we were enquiring about him, he came walking up, seemingly unconcerned, with a bloody scalp in his hand—he had pursued the Indian about a quarter of a mile, and tomahawked him.

"Not long after this I was called upon to command four hundred riflemen, on an expedition against the Indian town on French Creek. It was some time in November, before I received orders from General M'Intosh, to march, and then we were poorly equipped, and scarce of provisions. We marched in three columns, forty rod from each other. There were also flankers on the outside of each column, that marched abreast, in the rear, in scattered order; and even in the columns, the men were one rod apart; and in the front, the volunteers marched abreast, in the same manner of the flankers, scouring the woods. In case of an attack, the officers were immediately to order the men to face out and take trees; in this position the Indians could not avail themselves by surrounding us, or have an opportunity of shooting a man from either side of the tree. If attacked, the centre column was to reinforce whatever part appeared to require it most. When we encamped, our encampment formed a hollow square, including about thirty or forty acres; on the outside of the square there were centinels placed, whose business it was to watch for the enemy, and see that neither horses or bullocks went out: And when encamped, if any attacks were made by an enemy, each officer was immediately to order the men to face out and take trees, as before mentioned; and in this form they could not take the advantage by surrounding us, as they commonly had done when they fought the whites."

This party however did not reap the benefit of their arrangements for on arriving at the place of destination they found the Indian town evacuated, and being in want of provisions, were compelled to return.

"After peace was made with the Indians, I met with some of them in Pittsburgh, and enquired of them in their own tongue, concerning this expedition; not letting them know I was there. They told me that they watched the movements of this army ever after they had left Fort Pitt, and as they passed through the glades or barrens they had a full view of them from the adjacent hills, and computed their number to be about one thousand. They said they also examined their camps, both before and after they were gone, and found, they could not make an advantageous attack, and therefore moved off from their town and hunting ground before we arrived."

Col. Smith concludes his interesting narrative by remarking,

"In the year 1788 I settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, seven miles above Paris; and in the same year was elected a member of the convention, that sat at Danville, to confer about a separation from the state of Virginia—and from that year until the year 1799, I represented Bourbon county, either in convention or as a member of the general assembly, except two years that I was left a few votes behind."

The pamphlet contains an Appendix, on the manners and customs of the Indians, their traditions and religious sentiments, their police or civil government, their discipline and method of war. The following extracts must suffice.

"Their traditions are vague, whimsical, romantic and many of them scarce worth relating; and not any of them reach back to the creation of the world. The Wiandots come the nearest to this. They tell of a squaw that was found when an infant, in the water in a canoe made of bull-rushes; this squaw became a great prophetess and did many wonderful things; she turned water into dry land, and at length made this continent, which was, at that time, only a very small island, and but a few Indians in it. Though they were then but few they had not sufficient room to hunt; therefore this squaw went to the water side, and prayed that this little island might be enlarged. The great being then heard her prayer, and sent great number of Water Tortoises, and Muskrats, which brought with them mud and other materials, for enlarging this island, and by this means, they say, it was encreased to the size that it now remains; therefore they say, that the white people ought not to encroach upon them, or take their land from them, because their great-grand-mother made it. They say, that about this time the angels or heavenly inhabitants, as they call them, frequently visited them and talked with their forefathers; and gave direction how to pray, and how to appease the great being when he was offended. They told them they were to offer sacrifice, burnt tobacco, buffaloe and deer bones; but that they were not to burn bears or raccoons bones in sacrifice."

"The Indians generally, are of opinion that there are great numbers of inferior Deities, which they call *Carreyagaroona*, which signifies the Heavenly Inhabitants. These beings they suppose are employed as assistants, in managing the affairs of the universe, and in inspecting the actions of men: and that even the irrational animals are engaged in viewing their actions, and bearing intelligence to the Gods. The eagle, for this purpose, with her keen eye, is soaring about in the day, and the owl, with her nightly eye, perched on the trees around their camp in the night; therefore, when they observe the eagle or the owl near, they immediately offer sacrifice, or burn tobacco, that they may

have a good report to carry to the Gods. They say that there are also great numbers of evil spirits, which they call *Onasahroona*, which signifies the inhabitants of the Lower Region. These they say are employed in disturbing the world, and the good spirits are always going after them, and setting things right, so that they are constantly working in opposition to each other. Some talk of a future state, but not with any certainty: at best their notions are vague and unsettled. Others deny a future state altogether, and say that after death they neither think or live.

"I have often heard of Indian Kings, but never saw any. How any term used by the Indians in their own tongue, for the chief man of a nation, could be rendered King, I know not. The chief of a nation is neither the supreme ruler, monarch or potentate; He can neither make war or peace, leagues or treaties; He cannot impress soldiers, or dispose of magazines; He cannot adjourn, prorogue or dissolve a general assembly, nor can he refuse his assent to their conclusions, or in any manner controul them; With them there is no such thing as hereditary succession, title of nobility or royal blood, even talked of: The chief of a nation, even with the consent of his assembly, or council, cannot raise one shilling of tax off the citizens, but only receive what they please to give as free and voluntary donations, The chief of a nation has to hunt for his living, as any other citizen.

"I have often heard the British officers call the Indians, the undisciplined savages, which is a capital mistake; as they have all the essentials of discipline. They are under good command, and punctual in obeying orders: they can act in concert, and when their officers lay a plan and give orders, they will cheerfully unite in putting all their directions into immediate execution; and by each man observing the motion or movement of his right hand companion, they can communicate the motion from right to left, and march a-breast in concert, and in scattered order, though the line may be more than a mile long, and continue, if occasion requires, for a considerable distance, without disorder or confusion.

"Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens? No! We are not above borrowing language from them, such as homony, pone, tomahawk, &c. which is of little or no use to us. I apprehended that the reasons why we have not improved more in this respect, are as follows: no important acquisition is to be obtained but by attention and diligence; and as it is easier to learn to move and act in concert, in close order, in the open plain, than to act in concert in scattered order, in the woods; so it is easier to learn our discipline, than the Indian manœuvres. They train up their boys to the art of war from

the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; whereas the principal chance our people had of learning, was by observing their movements when in action against us. I have long been astonished that no one has written upon this important subject, as their art of war would not only be of use to us in case of another rupture with them; but were only part of our men taught this art, accompanied with our continental discipline, I think no European power, after trial, would venture to shew its head in the American woods."

MUSIC.

A letter from a lady to a gentleman who was thought not to be pleased with Music, nor to have a good opinion of the intellectual powers of those who indulge in it.

March 30th, 1804.

You ask me for my sentiments upon my favourite art, and your observations last evening have furnished me with some excitement for the performance of the task. I am unused to a systematic expression of my opinions and feelings, and may expose to your scrutinizing eye and correct judgment many errors both of thought and style. When you make the request however, I cannot hesitate to comply.

In regard to music, you must allow me to be a little extravagant, or at least to have a fondness for it, which, if I understood you in our last conversation, you might consider as falling under this censure. Nature has, in this particular, made me something of an enthusiast. Music is to me the most delightful of all arts. I could not, if I would, resist its thrilling influence, nor should I be able to look upon any condition of existence as tolerable, where I was permanently to be deprived of it. It enters so essentially into all my ideas of accomplishment and of good society that I could never consent to abandon it, nor even to bring my mind to a full complacency toward those who should disregard it. As its chief aim is to gratify the mind by the ear, it is not expected that the understanding should be especially strengthened by its influence, although with respect to this object, no source of information, certainly not the sensations produced by music, ought to be considered as beneath our notice. In moral use, music abounds. It refines while it elevates and expands the mind; it increases the social and benevolent affections; and it calls forth the liveliest feelings of gratitude to God, particularly when it is associ-

ated with the pious sentiments of our sacred songs. Nothing has such a wonderful power to compose and harmonize the passions. To inspire a sweet serenity, to diffuse a holy calm, to soothe the soul by its gentle action, are appropriate expressions to denote its chastening effect. Should you be ruffled by provocation, a few soft and interesting notes from an instrument, or a few tones from some enchanting sympathetic voice, would soon hush the contending emotions, and reduce all to peace. A plaintive air easily blends with a melancholy spirit, and diverts attention so as to become a pleasure. It inserts an agreeable emotion where even the most friendly conversation would fail. Sensations of the purest and most delightful kind flow from music. Bad feelings are never excited by it, when it is unaccompanied by words. If it ever contribute to waken anger, to fire us with revenge, or to increase the excesses of a revel, the effect is chargeable to the expressions which convey the sounds.

Consider then the genuine influence of music, and ask if it is to be contemned. Is it a fair objection, that this influence is not as directly calculated to invigorate the intellectual powers as those studies are, to which you have been so much devoted in your academical course? Do not our affections and sentiments require and deserve cultivation as much as our reasoning faculties? Indeed, will not the power of reasoning itself suffer, will not our circle of perceptions be narrowed, if our affections and sentiments are disregarded and permitted to wither? Must not the understanding be aided in its operations by the emotions which are excited by music? How can a knowledge of this part of our constitution be otherwise obtained? And where is the advantage that any mind can derive from the loss of a large and interesting class of ideas and feelings? It is not unnatural to suppose that an organization, which is defective in this particular, and which is without the power of conveying to the soul the exquisite emotions that harmonious sounds are fitted to produce, must also be defective in other respects where the nerves are to act, and fail to enable the individual to be a discerning critic in works of taste at large. Sounds without words are a more delicate way of calling up ideas by association than that which demands the words and which requires that every thing should be expressed in full, leaving little or no opportunity for the play of imagination. It cannot be denied that there have been sensible, accomplished, and distinguished men without a taste for

music, and that orators of an ethereal character have arisen whose nerves do not vibrate to the laws of the gamut. These men however would have been still greater and more commanding, had they united to their other endowments the capacity of feeling the power, enjoying the thrill, and delineating the charms of this divine art.

It is not my wish that the pleasures of music should be unreasonably pursued, or that its emotions should be excessively indulged. Such a course would indeed be unfortunate. It would enervate the mind, and lead to the most pernicious consequences. When I speak with admiration of a taste for music and skill in the art, and when I consider it as among the sweetest enjoyments of life, I would not justify the inference that it should be cultivated at the expense of the more sober and important studies. It would be culpable to neglect duty for amusement. Even a female, whose time is generally thought not to be demanded for the severer studies, is not at liberty to pursue amusement exclusively, nor to make mere accomplishments her chief employment. In a man such a life would be still more unpardonable. There are however few persons so constantly engaged that they cannot spare some time for relaxation without encroaching upon their duty, or the rules of a reasonable discipline. It must also be remembered that relaxation has its uses as well as effort. They are to be judiciously mingled and proportioned.

You cannot suppose that I should be pleased to see any of my male friends so far forget himself in the pursuits of taste, and particularly of music, as to suffer his manly virtues to sink into effeminacy. Were this the necessary consequence of that attention to music, which I now defend, much as I love it, I should be among the first to yield and denounce it. But I must believe at present, that no real disadvantage arises from a considerable attention to this heavenly art, and that a man may make it tributary, in a high degree, to his improvement and happiness, without subjecting himself to the charge of changing his proper character for that of a woman. A cultivated taste for music, and good sense, may be found together. A clear and strong understanding does not demand an insensible ear, nor an unfeeling heart. When the business and cares of the day are over, relaxation is not only excusable, but necessary. In the still and serene hours of evening, what can afford a more innocent and appropriate amusement than music? If any thing earthly can claim the peculiar charac-

ter of fitting the mind for the contemplation and enjoyment of heaven, it must be this. "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?" Old as this question is, it can never be repeated too often with a view to show how defective in the common sensibilities of our nature he must be, who has no feeling for "the concord of sweet sounds." I have heard it asserted, that men, who have scarcely acknowledged any pleasure from music during the ambitious period of life, while their minds were employed in severe studies and in laborious enterprises, have, as they advanced in years, as they became more benevolent and sympathetic, as they increased their amiable affections, and actually rose to a higher elevation of soul, enjoyed, and sometimes exquisitely, the pleasures which flow from this sacred source. I would not say, that in such instances the mind had become enervated, but that it had become improved, that more faculties were developed, that a greater variety of capacities were addressed, and that really more knowledge of the individual's nature was furnished him by this new action of his sympathies.

You tell me that nations do not cultivate music to a very great extent, till they become luxurious and effeminate, and you refer to modern Italy. It will be granted that the present successors of the Romans are not as hardy and enterprising as their ancestors, but music is not the cause. Other causes have produced the general effeminacy, and, under this condition, the Italians attend to music as among the employments best suited to their character and taste. When music is said to soften the mind, the only proper meaning is, that it calls out our amiable feelings, and sends emotions of delight through the heart, not that it diminishes the vigor of the understanding, that it takes away the proper manhood of the soul, that it incapacitates for high achievements, and leaves weakness to paralyze energy. Even in camps and in the onset of battle, music is employed to stimulate courage and lead the soldier to deeds of desperate valour. It does however, unquestionably, operate against the savage virtues, and prevent ferocity. It does not favour that greatness which has no feeling, nor prepare for enterprises of inhumanity. Its tendency is to the increase of civilization and refinement, and undoubtedly permits excess in this course, unless it be regulated and balanced by other pursuits. The proper business of music is not to make philosophers and metaphysicians, statesmen and warriors, polemics and inquisitors. Its appropriate province is to ele-

vate and charm the whole circle of human feelings. It does indeed minister to the understanding in the manner already described, but it serves still more the great cause of virtue and happiness. With this, as with every thing else, let the motto be "*usus non abusus.*"

POETRY.

The following is a short Latin Prayer, composed and repeated immediately before her execution, by the beautiful, but unfortunate MARY, Queen of Scots.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me;
In dura catena, in misera pæna desidero te!
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

TRANSLATION.

My constant trust has been in thee!
Oh Jesus, wilt thou set me free!
With groans and sighs,
And tearful eyes,
My longing thoughts are fixed on thee.
From galling chains, and bitter pains,
From kindred foes, and fearful woes,
My humble prayer,
O Jesus hear,
And say, "I will—be Mary free."

On reading a work of great celebrity by Miss CHARLOTTE SMITH, addressed to the author.

Hail gentle spirit! may no vulgar breath,
Sully the page where thy pure pencil glow'd!
In fairer colours painted spring's gay wreath,
Or in the smoother tide elegiac flow'd!

The liquid lapse of dews soft eve distills
The silvery beaming of the moon's pale ray,
The lengthening shades which slope across the hills,
And earliest dawnings of the star of day,

Must yield the palm to Charlotte's gentle song,
When she divinely breathes the vocal strain,
Or from her lute the low-dirge glides along,
And breathes an opiate to the sting of pain!

Soft as the melting accents be thy bed!
And spotless laurels grace thy hallow'd head!

C.

TO MR. AND MRS. ——,

A New-Year's Wish,—BY A LADY.

Happy, happy, may you be,
Fed by hope unmix'd with fear,
Free from ill, from sorrow free,
Through every new succeeding year.

May contentment be your lot,
Smiling peace and plenty's cheer:
Health, be this thy dwelling spot.
Bliss, attend the coming year.

Hither come, bright God of Pleasure:
Hope and Love, be ever here;
Fancy, hither bring thy treasure,
Smiling ever on the year.

Mild as summer's happy morn,
Sweet as the music of the spheres,
Pure as the dew drop on the thorn,
Be all your joys through future years.

1802.

MARTIAL'S 59th EPIGRAM OF BOOK 4th, WITH AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram:

Quo, dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulcro,
Vipera si tumulo meliore jacet.

TRANSLATION.

On the tear-dropping* boughs of a poplar, there played
A Viper, unconcious of danger so near,
An amber drop fell, which the reptile soon laid
In a crystalline prison and checked his career.

In rapture he gazed on this splendid abode
In praise of whose beauty was spent his last breath,
Nor knew till too late that the bright path he trode
Meandered through splendour that ended in death.

Thus Egypt's fair Queen once revelled in glory,
Fleeting joy her sole object, unheeded her doom;
In life, though more famed than this reptile in story,
Than his amber grave darker by far was her tomb.

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* It may not be unnecessary to remark, that according to Heathen mythology, Phaeton, the son of Apollo, in driving the chariot of the Sun, when in danger of setting the world on fire; was precipitated by Jupiter into the river Padus, now the Po in Italy; and that his sisters, mourning his premature death, were in compassion changed by the Gods into poplar trees and their tears into amber. They were called Heliades from Helias, the Greek name of Apollo.

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THE PROPHECY OF DANTE,

A POEM, BY LORD BYRON. *Philadelphia, M. Carey & Sons,* 1821. pp. 48.

SOME weeks since, we read the noble bard's Doge of Venice, but were not sufficiently excited by it to write a review. It has undoubtedly great merits, but there is too much of formal, sometimes cold dialogue, and the whole is not strongly marked by the characteristic originality and force of this wonderful writer. The Prophecy of Dante we think much better, and have been far more excited by it. We doubt whether we shall not be in the minority in this opinion, for we have found the preference given to the Doge, both in colloquial criticism and in some of the oracles from the press. We are however decidedly in favour of the Prophecy, and even declare our delight in the *terza rima*, notwithstanding the charges which we have heard made against its heaviness and stiffness. The work bears repeated study, and unfolds new beauties, and starts new trains of feeling, as it is perseveringly scanned. We are always gratified to get a book where the thoughts are not all on the surface; where there is an under tone of meaning to reward a second, a third, a fourth, a continued perusal; where there is nothing ambiguous when properly studied, but much that demands our search and close attention. Pedantic and artificial people attempt to laugh down the poetry of the Natural School as obscure, careless, mean, prosaic, mawkish, and flat. The qualities however, denoted by these terms, are chiefly in the minds and hearts of such readers, and not in the poets whom they censure. Real feeling and philanthrophy are, to a great extent, denounced by the mechanical critics as nothing but sentimentality and heresy, and as deserving the reprobation of all orthodox men of taste, not only because the lines are without the balance and metre of

Pope, but because genuine passion will never speak in the prescribed language of the creeds of purists and bigots. We are very far from casting any slur upon the old poets, but we insist upon doing equal justice to the new. We abhor the fanaticism that fixes itself exclusively upon either the ancients or the moderns, and that can relish no beauties but those of the one set or of the other. The full resounding line of Dryden we like, but we like also the variety and activity of Scott, the luxuriance and splendor of Moore, the simplicity and sentiment of Hunt, and the deep tone of original and strong feeling in Byron. We have, and we may as well acknowledge it, a great contempt, mingled with no small share of pity, for those gentlemen in society who can find no poetry in England since the time of Pope, or, at most, of Cowper. We have very little more regard for those classical mules, whose sympathies can never be awakened by any thing modern, and who admire only when the names of Homer, and Pindar, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Virgil, and Horace, are mentioned.

In the Prophecy of Dante, Byron has made an effort in a new measure, and tells us that he considers these four cantos, as a metrical experiment. The measure he calls the *terza rima*, the same in which Dante wrote his Divina Commediā. Three lines rhyme alternately, i, e, with one line of another set of rhymes interposed between the rhyming lines of each set reciprocally. We own that we are highly pleased with the measure, especially for the strain and sentiment of prophecy. A quick and lively movement would not be consistent with the character of Dante's muse, and would not accord with the solemn and melancholy associations which we always give to his name, his life, and his works. Byron has so steeped himself in the learning, the antiquities, the magnificence, the inspiration, the grandeur, of Greece and Rome, as they once were, that whenever he enters upon either of these themes he instantly assumes the port and the tones becoming the characters and the times thus presented to our imagination. The period of Dante, though later, and comparatively modern, has a similar, but yet more hallowed association, an association deriving a peculiarity of interest and awe from the pervading influence of Christianity in his great work, and from the sorrows of his life, as well as the fidelity of his devotion to the ascended spirit of his beloved and adored Beatrice. Whatever may be the actual habits of Byron in regard to his morals,

there can be no doubt that he has high and holy emotions. No man can express what he does not conceive. He may be irregular and censurable in his conduct, and yet have the noblest thoughts. His criminality is in this way increased, and so must be his punishment.

We turn our attention to the Prophecy in particular. The Dedication is eminently happy.

"LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spak'st; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?"

We confess that we are not much pleased with Byron's constant attacks upon England. We were amused at first, and were willing to allow him a degree of good reason for his dislike. But the perpetual flings of his muse against his native land offend us, and we are forced to infer a bad temper on his part. It is never a good indication of character in any individual to hate his native country. Byron shuns Englishmen and libels England in an unprecedented manner, and greatly to his own dishonour. We have no partiality for many of the features of John Bull, and we are particularly disgusted with much of his ill timed nationality when he is abroad. But we can never be reconciled to the child who treats even a surly parent in the same way that a stranger may.

As it regards the "*sunny South*," we are delighted with it in poetry, but not in fact. A northern climate has decidedly the preference, on a great majority of accounts. It is more favourable to study, to intellectual vigour, to efficiency of character, to health, to the arts, to festivity, and even to imagination and poetry.

The Prophecy of Dante is perfectly simple in its plan. It is intended to give a brief history of his feelings, and the author's opinions concerning the principal men of genius

in Italy. The part already presented to the public, introduces Ariosto, Tasso, Michael Angelo, and Petrarch. The most remarkable circumstances in Dante's life are attended to, and facts are followed throughout. Gemma was his wife, but Beatrice the object of his love and adoration. The wife was measurably a Xantippe, and gave no happiness to her husband. The mistress was accomplished and beautiful, died early, and was always afterward the ideal perfection of the poet's fancy. His Paradise was incomplete without her. The elevation and strength of this attachment had no small influence in making Dante the interesting poet that he proved to be.

"Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath prest, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My Paradise had still been incomplete.
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught." (pp, 11, 12.)

The charm of society is to be found among lovely and accomplished females. The man, who has no taste for this mode of employing his affections, must necessarily be coarse and unamiable. He may be successful in a profession or in business, but he wants the perfection of the soul.

"Man wrongs, and Time avenges" (p. 13,) is a truth finely told, and offers itself to the reader attended with no small consolation. "Conquerors, and virtue's *other* foes" (p, 13,) is a neat article of satire, and is too often just. "Loves her, loves her, even in her ire" in reference to his country, is genuine patriotism. The following is admirably said:

"Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe

Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Ate range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks——Great God!
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence." (pp, 15, 16.)

Feelings were never better expressed than in the extract, which we now transcribe.

"To die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile—not a slave of me. (pp, 17, 18.)

The Italian language receives a description equal to the subject, and the country itself is inimitably portrayed.

"But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which exprest

The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
  Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
  That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realize a poet's proudest dream,
  And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
  So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
  Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
  This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan Bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
  Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
  Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
  Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
  Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
  The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
  The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
  The elements await but for the word,
  "Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
  Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,
  Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
  Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
  Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
  With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
  Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
  And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
  From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
  Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
  Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but portray'd
  In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
  Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
  Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
  And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
  Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
  The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou—Thou must wither to each tyrant's will." (pp,20-22.)

"As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign" (p, 33,)

refers to Alphonzo, duke of Ferrara, brother of Eleonora, whom Tasso loved so much that he embraced her in a public assembly.

We now give Byron's true and striking account of what constitutes poetry.

"Many are poets, who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.
They felt, and lov'd, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings: They compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their fralties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea shore?
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they,
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!
Despair and Genius are too oft connected." (pp, 37-38)

"Art's mistaken gratitude" (p, 40,) is a most happy and well applied phrase.

Dante (p, 42,) calls the "whole world his dungeon," because he could not return to Florence. Exile seems to be the greatest of all punishments to a man of strong passions, and particularly of strong local and personal attachments. The manner, in which Byron has delineated this part of Dante's experience, leads us to believe that much of his apparent dislike of England and of her climate is affected, and that he, in truth, yearns to be in her society and among his countrymen, at least occasionally, notwithstanding his sedulous avoidance of both.

We cannot take leave of this short, but beautiful and striking poem without expressing our gratitude to the author for the peculiar pleasure that it has given us, and we hope that the work will be continued according to the plan and the promise. The sentiments are of the purest and noblest kind, and are uniformly honourable to the writer. While his lordship furnishes us with such productions, we hope he will continue to print, disregarding the intimations of those who fear that he has exhausted his muse and lived down his genius.

A Collection of some of the most interesting Narratives of Indian Warfare in the West, containing an Account of the Adventures of Col. DANIEL BOONE, *one of the first settlers of Kentucky, comprehending the most important occurrences relative to its early history; also an account of the Manners and Customs of the Indians, their Traditions and Religious Sentiments, their Police or Civil Government, their Discipline and Method of War: to which is added an account of the Expeditions of Generals* HARMER, SCOTT, WILKINSON, ST. CLAIR, *and* WAYNE. *The whole compiled from the best authorities, by* SAMUEL L. METCALF. *Lexington*, 1821, 8vo. pp. 270.

As this is a new work published among ourselves, it may be expected that we should say something of its character, and give an opinion of its claims to public notice. It is, as it professes to be, merely a compilation. It makes no pretensions to originality, but is a praise-worthy effort to preserve from oblivion those important documents relative to the early history of Kentucky, which were originally published in an ephemeral form, and which the lapse of a few years has already nearly destroyed. Our only regret is, that this effort has not been more extensive, that a larger and more

complete collection has not been made. The narratives here preserved are indeed among the most interesting and valuable, but there are still many others which ought not to be lost, and we hope the present enterprise will be sufficiently patronized, to induce its projector or some other person equally well qualified,to collect those which remain. We confess we feel some anxiety on this subject. The difficulties and dangers which attended the first settlement of this now delightful country: the fortitude and skill displayed by those enterprising spirits who first penetrated its trackless wilds: and their almost miraculous escapes from savage ferocity, constitute themes too interesting to their descendants to be lost through indifference, or to be preserved in any other than the most authentic and unquestionable forms. We wish to see handed down to posterity the simple, unaffected narratives of those who witnessed the events they relate, or who received their accounts directly from the principal actors themselves. The volume now before us is worthy of perusal and preservation by every Kentuckian. It contains the unadorned narrative of the enterprising, heroic, and indefatigable Boone, and those of many others who were his coadjutors or immediate successors. Such narratives are not merely valuable as furnishing materials to be interwoven with history. They should be preserved in their original simplicity, and with all their minuteness of detail. It is impossible for the historian, in condensing the mass of facts and documents which claim his attention, to preserve the true spirit of narratives like these. Their animation is diminished, and much of their interest lost, by the process they are compelled to undergo, of abridgment, verbal alteration, division, and chronological arrangement. These things are indeed necessary in order to connect them with the train of events, and to introduce their respective parts, in proper order, in the course of a general narrative. We do not object to their being thus treated by the historian. But we wish to see them preserved entire, and handed down with veneration to posterity. We congratulate the public on the appearance of the present collection, and we look forward with confidence to the further prosecution of the enterprise, until all the fleeting documents, which are in danger of being lost, shall be collected and preserved for succeeding generations.

Memoir upon the Negotiations between Spain and the United States of America, which led to the Treaty of 1819; *with a Statistical Notice of that country; accompanied with an appendix containing important Documents for the better illustration of the subject. By* D. Luis De Onis, *late Minister Plenipotentiary near that Republic, and present Ambassador from H. M. at the Court of Naples. Madrid,* 1820. *From the press of D. M. De Burgos. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes, by* Tobias Watkins. *Washington,* 1821.

Although we have not a high opinion of this work, we are happy to see it. Don Onis is evidently not a man of distinguished talents,nor does he write like a great scholar, a great statesman, or a great philoscpher. He makes many remarks however, and starts many trains of thought, which are valuable to the American student, and which may be used to no small profit in our reflections. He often libels us, and sometimes the slander is gross, but he mingles with this a good deal of intentional praise, and much that is unintentional. He tells us some disagreeable truths, which we ought to regard. We are no doubt vain and boastful, but we have as good a right to be so as any of the European nations. We are, in one sense of the word, avaricious, but our love of money is of the most natural and reasonable kind. We are not hoarders of treasure, but we pursue the acquisition of property as the great mean of supplying our various wants. We are industrious and enterprising; our public offices give but small salaries; and our men of talents can obtain much more reward for their efforts in private life; and we have no privileged orders, no hereditary nobles, to inherit estates and be above the necessity of providing for their own support. It marks but a narrow and unphilosophical observer of society to confound the condition of our country, in regard to the pursuit of property, with the condition of the monarchies of Europe. We have no men who are placed above their fellows by the laws and institutions of the land. There is no aristocracy here but that which is made by difference of talents, merits, efforts, and means. We are obliged to maintain ourselves, and therefore may easily appear to foreigners to be more avaricious than we are. In Europe, there are large classes of people who are born to affluence, who think not of property,who are educated from infancy in the pursuits of taste,sentiment, elegance, and accomplishment, and who give a tone to the colouring

of the whole mass of society. That, which some foreigners call avarice among us, is only necessary industry, prudence, and economy. Whenever a traveller or writer states our love of money, he should also state our circumstances and the utility of this feature in our character.

Don Onis's book is miscellaneous, not well divided, and the divisions are not uniformly announced. Some of the parts have titles, but many things are introduced into each which the title does not embrace. The work is chiefly statistical, and contains no new information. It is compiled from authorities already before the public. There are many errors in it, and many sweeping conclusions. Contradictions are not wanting. Among his opinions he gives this, that the best population is in the north, and that the federalists are the most intelligent and respectable people of the country. On this subject, a difference of sentiment is to be expected. Whatever may have been true heretofore, the remarks of the Spaniard are not applicable to the political parties as now organized. A new condition of the country is already produced, and the members of the old parties are so greatly mixed as not to retain their former relative claims.

Don Onis has no hesitation whatever in predicting the dissolution of the Union of these states. He seems to think the event inevitable. We trust that he will be proved to be as bad a prophet as he is a writer, and that his failure will be as total in the one case as it is in the other. The interests of all the parts of our country are too intimately blended to permit such an issue to become a portion of our future history. We have stood many severe trials, probably as severe as any that we shall hereafter experience. We have never yet been near the verge of dissolution, although rhetorical partizans have often decided otherwise. Our national sovereignty is continually becoming more firmly settled, and is doing daily more obvious good to the confederacy. Habit and interest unite with elementary principles to insure our union. There is a good deal of jealousy in the minds of a few politicians towards the powers of the Supreme Court of the United States, and some of the members of the Confederacy have attempted an opposition. But the opposition yields and must yield as causes are tried, and as the power of the nation is actually brought to bear upon the power of any single state. The several members balance each other on this subject. During the war, Massachusetts

set up state sovereignty against the national on the subject of the militia, but Virginia condemned this, and would have fought with the nation against the refractory state. Now, Virginia sets up state sovereignty against the national in reference to the powers of the Supreme Court, but Massachusetts will oppose Virginia, as will nearly all the states. Kentucky made a law and gave an order to invade the vaults of a Branch of the Bank of the United States, but had too much good sense and patriotism to execute it. Ohio went on, and has involved herself in a difficulty, from which she would no doubt be very glad to be delivered. The issue can be but of a given kind, and that is the superiority of the whole to a twenty-fourth part. The states are not independent sovereignties, but are subordinate to the nation as a whole. They have certain powers, and can make laws within certain limits, but are responsible for the consistency of their laws with the federal constitution, the acts of Congress, and the decisions of the federal court. All this is so far provided for in theory, and goes into operation so steadily in fact, that, although there is a good deal of diversity of opinion about it, and no small amount of speculative opposition, the result will be increased and established strength in the whole, and a just subordination among the parts.

As it regards Don Onis's Memoir more particularly, it is divided in the following manner:

The first part contains a general view of the United States, its policy, the writer's residence here six years without being recognized as a minister, his residence after being recognized during five years, an account of our waters and the facilities afforded by them for internal and external communication, our population, and our treatment of the Indians. The second part is devoted to the agriculture, manufactories, and industry of the United States. The third treats of our commerce; the fourth, of our military force; the fifth, of our revenue; the sixth, of our political system, our foreign relations, and our love of territorial aggrandisement; and the seventh, of Don Onis's negotiation with the United States, containing a defence of the treaty which he made, and pointing out several errors in the Spanish policy in regard to this country.

From this notice of the topics introduced into the work, it will easily be seen that the title of the book is not very appropriate, and does by no means embrace the greater number of subjects considered, or point them out to the reader's

expectation. We would not however contend with him about this, were the work a valuable one, were it filled with important matter, were it a store house of philosophical observations and political wisdom. Pearls are of great worth, though they may not be strung or well set. A confused mass of common beads will not attract much regard.

Our population is declared to be stationary. This is not true, nor is there any reason for the random remark. The ratio of increase may not be as great hereafter as it has been, but that it will be greater than that of any other country we believe. While our freedom continues, which we trust will be forever, our political, moral, and physical condition must offer the strongest inducements to foreigners to come among us, and incorporate themselves with our people. We send away very few Americans to other countries, but retain nearly every individual of our natural increase. What is to limit our growth? Nothing but the loss of our liberties.

Our treatment of the Indians is severely condemned as fraudulent and cruel. This charge we deny. We are accustomed to hear a great deal of frothy declamation upon this subject, but we demand facts, and we are willing to be tried by general principles. We say that we are not to be blamed for the decrease of the Indians, and for their retirement from the coast into the interior. It is a law of nature, the will of heaven, that this result should take place. The Indians know not how to use the coast for commerce, or for any other distinguished advantage. They have no political systems, or modes of enterprise, which are to be compared with ours, and they can make no great use of the facilities which salt or fresh water furnishes. They are at present, whatever may be the cause, or however they may have been equal in the beginning, a very inferior race to us, and cannot, and ought not, to appropriate the country and its blessings to themselves at the expense of white population and the progress of civilization. It is right and useful to have poor breeds of animals and poor kinds of vegetables succeeded by good breeds and good kinds. We are not wantonly to destroy any thing, nor to sport with any of the bounties of nature. We are bound to be humane to the Indians, and to improve them, as much as we can, while they live, but we are not bound to take better care of them than we take of our own citizens and brethren. We are able to maintain ourselves and to advance in population, wealth, and strength. We do not give to any community of whites

the same amount of supplies that we do to the Indians by our regular agents for the different tribes. We buy their lands, we pay them the stipulated sums, we send teachers among them, we give them our protection, and yet they fade before us. We do all that we are required to do, and the whining rhetoric of our enemies is altogether misplaced. The Creator did not intend that in any country a lazy, vagrant, ignorant, inefficient people should stand before an active, settled, intelligent, civilized, and energetic people. The nonsense of our canting brawlers on this question is too obvious to need much effort to expose it. We see no advantage to be gained by nursing and preserving a miserable race of natives instead of rearing a noble breed of European Americans.

Our agriculture is censured, and there is no doubt but it may and ought to be much improved. That we follow the English system of tillage is true in general, though we depart from it in many respects. While we have so much land, it is not to be expected that we should adopt so exact and careful a mode of cultivation as is adopted in countries where the territory is small in comparison with the extent of population. We are establishing agricultural societies, and are making considerable advances in the arts of tillage. We are sensible of our defects, and are labouring to remove them. We have however no idea that it is necessary at present to be so particular in our agriculture as the Don supposes. That we do not irrigate our fields as much as we might is true with regard to some portions of our country, especially those, where the streams are near to the surface, and may be easily turned into the various directions required. But it would be difficult and expensive in a state like Kentucky, where the stone is lime, and where the streams are deep in the earth, to make the machinery necessary to irrigate our fields, and to keep it in opperation. We must rely upon the showers of heaven, and these are sufficient to give us abundant harvests.

Our manufactures are yet in their infancy, but are advancing very rapidly in the eastern part of the United States. Were they advancing as rapidly in the west, we should be quite satisfied with their progress, notwithstanding the censures of the plenipotentiary. Our duty in this respect is every day becoming more apparent, and will be more faithfully met.

Our commerce has more justice done to it, and is allowed to be as considerable and profitable as it actually is, possibly more so than it is at this moment.

The militia system is both eulogised and condemned, the strength and courage of our people are fully allowed, and yet they are never to make good soldiers. The following extract may amuse our readers:

"According to the President's message to Congress, on the 9th March, 1816, the total of the militia of the Union amounted to 748,566 men; and as the number of the citizens of the Republic cannot have increased much since that period, it must be very little different at present. It is a generally acknowledged truth, that the militia are the firmest and most powerful bulwark of national defence, particularly in a republic; and I believe they might become equally so in a monarchy. Well organized, and well disciplined, they might serve in garrisons, and in the field when necessary; and besides, they might furnish the best recruits for the army, and supply a people already acquainted with and accustomed to arms, for the formation of new veteran corps, as circumstances required.

"The Anglo-Americans are, in general, of a robust constitution, and have all the qualities necessary to make good soldiers. They have personal courage, fortitude and pride: they think themselves superior to other men, and the spirit of liberty which every where animates them, inspires them with arrogance and audacity. Notwithstanding this, however, they will never be good soldiers, under their present systems of laws, government, and customs. Their militia, except that of the state of Massachusetts, are very badly organized, and entirely without subordination and discipline: every State has its own, and they are bound to serve only within the State, and for a limited time, which in general does not exceed six months. The Executive has no authority to dispose of them, except in the case of foreign invasion, or in the event of an insurrection or civil commotion; and even in these cases, the generals and officers who command them, must be appointed by their respective State. It is hardly necessary to point out the embarrassment, confusion, delays, and evils of every kind, that must occur in this Republic, whenever it becomes necessary to call out and employ the militia for the defence of the country, against an expert and powerful invading enemy, or to quell a well arranged and well supported revolution. It must be remembered moreover, that although the Anglo Americans are presumptuous in the extreme, they have generally an aversion to military service: they all live more or less at their ease, employed in some kind of industry, and either content with their situation, or animated with the

flattering hope of rendering it better, they think of nothing less than the service of arms, and look upon it with disgust, or with profound repugnance. The vague ideas they entertain of civil liberty, makes them still more incapable of submitting to the discipline, subordination and fatigues of military service; for all consider themselves equal, all resist obedience, and all believe that there is no law for disturbing them in the course of their proper occupations, or in the repose of their domestic life.

"Such are the people, of whom the Anglo-American militia are composed, and I must not omit to observe, that although their number is very considerable, there are few who have arms. The Congress have passed various acts, at different periods, ordering that each State should provide its militia with a complete armament; but the order has never been complied with in the greater part of them.

"The veteran army in time of peace, is reduced to ten thousand men, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. In time of war, it is increased by volunteer recruits from the different bodies of militia, for the Constitution does not allow of conscription or forced enlistments for the service; and hence it comes. that the government find it impossible to augment the army as it judges necessary or convenient in time of war, for it is difficult to find recruits. In the late war with Great Britain, authority was given to the President of the United States to increase the army to 62,448 men; but notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the people were inspired by the persuasion that the Republic took up arms only to defend *their commercial rights and the liberty of the seas*—notwithstanding all the efforts and artifices that were employed to obtain volunteers and recruits; and notwithstanding the premium of 150 dollars for enlistment, and 150 *acres* of uncultivated land, offered to e ery soldier at the conclusion of the war, they were unable to enlist, by these means, in 1814, more than 13,898 men, and during the heat of the war, which was in 1815, the whole army did not exceed 32,160 men. This proves, how difficult it is to induce the inhabitants of that country, to quit the conveniences and pleasures of domestic life to take up arms, even in cases of the highest importance, and such as would seem most calculated to rouse their self love and their national pride. This little army, however, cost the United States, in the year 1815, the exorbitant sum of 29,423,763 dollars according to the statement of the War minister, including 600 thousand dollars for the expenses of fortifications, 2500 for books and plans, &c. required for the War Department, and 7,500 for the military Academy.

"The highest rank they yet have in the Anglo-American ar-

my, is that of Major general; next to that is the Brigadier general, and the Adjutant and Inspector general. The first receives 200 dollars pay per month, and fifteen rations a day. The Brigadier general has 104 dollars a month, and twelve rations per day: the Adjutant and Inspector general has the pay and rank of a Brigadier, and six rations a day: a colonel 90 dollars a month, and six rations a day: the lieutenant colonel 75 dollars, and five rations; the major 66 dollars and four rations; the captain 50 and three rations: a sergeant has eight dollars a month, a corporal 7, and the soldier 5. This little army costs the United States more than one of treble the force would cost any power in Europe; it is badly organized, and possesses but few notions of modern tactics. The art of attack and defence of fortified places is still unknown to the Anglo-Americans, as well as that of the most important and decisive evolutions in the field. They have not yet adopted a Staff in their army, nor have they gone beyond the simple practice which they learned from the English or French in their war of emancipation and independence." (pp, 83-87)

The navy is more unqualifiedly praised.

"But if every thing conspires to render their army insignificant, their fleet is every day receiving augmentation, and is already upon a respectable and brilliant footing. The Anglo-American sailors, if they do not exceed the English in skill or courage, like them possess the profoundest knowledge of naval tactics, and great experience in every thing that can contribute to a favourable result in naval actions, except of ship to ship, and with small divisions on the Lakes but in all they have manifested great skill and great bravery. When their navy shall be adapted for grand battles, they will no doubt show the same superiority, of which the English now boast so much; and will, perhaps, surpass them, excited as they will be by emulation, pride, and that fierceness of enthusiasm which a republican spirit inspires. Every thing is well organized in their marine: the vessels are of excellent construction, perfectly fitted and armed; a rigorous discipline, due subordination, and the best order, are observed in them. There is no instance of an Anglo-American commander or officer having faltered in his duty, or of his having failed to support, even in the most difficult extremities, the honour of his flag: an officer who should conduct himself in any other manner, would not only be punished with severity, but his name would be forever loaded with infamy, and abandoned to public execration. These are the principles which make an army or a navy formidable; without them, no matter how many soldiers or ships a state may have, it must not flatter itself that it has an army or a navy; it may spend immense sums to support these two bodies, which

are the pillars of national defence, but it will experience nothing but disasters, defeats and losses, when the necessity for employing them shall arrive." (pp, 89-90.)

In regard to our revenue, our taxes are allowed to be collected economically. Fewer abuses prevail among us in this department than in any European nation. We are however younger, and have not had time for so many abuses to be introduced. We shall no doubt hereafter have our share. The division, headed National Revenue, is singularly miscellaneous, and includes a discussion concerning the character and conduct of our lawyers, of whom he speaks severely and slanderously.

"Besides the general laws of the Union, there are particular laws in each state, made by its respective legislature; and hence it results, that what is a capital crime in one state, is not so in another, and that a debtor, who has no means of paying his debts, is free in some states, and sent to prison in others. This difference favours the frauds of the corrupt, and affords impunity to crimes, and triumph to collusion and swindling. Under such a legislation, imposition must become an art, and in fact there is no country in the world, where there is so much of it. The lawyers convert the forum into a hall of ostentatious declamation and refined sophistry: they support the *pro* and the *con* with equal serenity, and always find in the laws some text or other in their favour. It may be said, that no art has made such progress in the United States as the art of pleading, or forensick intrigue: it affords considerable fortunes to those who follow it; and it rarely happens that the lawyer does not accumulate wealth, or acquire a brilliant establishment—their number consequently is immense. In a single city in the United States, no doubt more lawyers would be found, than in a whole province, or perhaps a whole kingdom, of Europe.

"In a country where the people are moderate and enlightened, and where the laws are simple, clear and defenite, the institution of trial by jury is in its nature excellent, but it is of little use in the United States; for not being yet in that condition, the judge there has always too much influence on the jury, and even sometimes dictates to them, how they should decide in the case before them. In criminal cases, the proceeding is generally conducted with great humanity, or with great indulgence; and the repugnance to inflict capital punishment is so great, that I have been present at trials of the most horrible cases, even for assassinations well proved, where the delinquent has escaped, under the pretext of some informality in the process. In cases of this nature, the law has no modification of punishment, and the culprit must either be acquitted or condemned: an informality in the process

prevents his being condemned, and he is consequently acquitted. There is a case well known thoughout the Union, of a rich Jew at Norfolk having a few years ago publickly assassinated an honorable merchant of that city, and being permitted to go at large, on the very spot where the assasination was committed, saved from the gallows by this means. With regard to civil cases, the passions meet in conflict as every where else, and intrigue exercises all its power. In suits instituted by foreigners against Anglo-American citizens, the juries very seldom decide against their countrymen, for patriotism will not always suffer them to fulfil the strict duties of equity, particularly where it opposes the predominant policy, which is to let no money go out of the country. The laws furnish subterfuges to elude the most clear and tenable actions, and the judges generally lean to the interest of the country, even when tney are conscious it wants both reason and justice.

"Law suits are interminable, when the lawyers unite for that purpose; and they act with absolute independence, in the direction and prosecution of suits, almost always without consulting the parties, and without asking any information or instruction from them, after they have taken upon themselves the prosecution or defence, and received the documents and papers upon which either is founded. They make the parties pay exorbiant fees, and almost always in advance.

"I might here enumerate other vices and abuses of judicial proceedings in the United States, all emanating from the defect of the laws, and the arbitrariness of the judges, as well as from the tortuous course which the lawyers are permitted freely to pursue. I will merely remark, that in no country in the world, is there so much use made of oaths in tribunals, or where perjury is less common. But the only punishment that results from the proof of a witness, or either of the parties (for both must establish their actions by oath) having committed perjury, is that his testimony produces no effect." (pp, 111 -114.)

We extract the following as a specimen of the minister's feelings toward us.

"This people, however do not appear capable of raising themselves to that colossal greatness to which they aspire, nor to any solid and lasting glory. A compound of individuals of various nations, they have no true national character, and devoted to commerce and speculation, interest is their idol. They carried with them to the deserts of North America, the corruption and the vices of the most degenerate people in Europe; and this corruption and these vices have met with no barriers in a country where all are free, and where *luxury and an insatiable thirst of gold are the predominant passions: extreme egotism, avarice, and other sordid passions, distinguish the character of the Americans.* Their man-

ners, in general, resemble those of the English, though they are always accompanied with a certain rusticity, and a provoking arrogance that particularize them. The inhabitants of the United States are *descended for the most part from English families*, and although a multitude of individuals from other nations are incorporated in their population, the *anglomania* is always prevalent The institutions of the country, copied chiefly from those of England; the same laws for the administration of justice in civil and criminal cases; the same language, the same enthusiasm for commerce, and the same spirit of domination and pride, render the two people very similar. The Anglo-American looks upon every nation with disdain or contempt, admiring the English only, and making it a glory to draw his origin from her. But their situation at the head of the New World, without rivals to impede or restrain their march; an immense and varied surface of territory; their rapid and astonishing progress in population, the arts and industry; the brilliant series of their prosperity; the powerful success of their arms in the late war against Great Britain; and the respect which they fancy they have inspired in the principal powers of Europe, have raised their vanity to an extreme, of which it is scarcely possible to form an idea. They consider themselves superiour to the rest of mankind, and look upon their Republic as the only establishment upon earth, founded upon a grand and solid basis; embellished by wisdom, and destined one day to become the most sublime colossus of human power, and the wonder of the universe. It is not only in the mouths of enthusiasts, or demagogues, who seek to inflame the imaginations of the mob with seductive and exalted ideas, that this language is heard; it resounds from every side. The works of all the Anglo-American writers, are strewed with these haughty sentiments, these brilliant predictions, suggested by an overweaning vanity. Their public monuments attest the excess of this pride and ostentatious confidence. The house in which the Congress hold their sessions, they call the *Capitol*: a little rivulet near it, about three yards wide and a fourth deep, they denominate the *Tiber*. Many of the meanest settlements, have the names of the most celebrated cities of Greece and Rome. Every thing breathes extreme affectation and vanity in the United States; but the sensible man, who examines things with impartiality and profound reflection, cannot but foresee the ruin of these States, in the blind impetuosity of their ambition, and the excess of their pride. The very Constitution, in which they glory, involves the elements of their discord and dissolution. A federative Republic, where the interests of the States are at variance with each other, and where the passions and vices carry every thing before them, would be a singular phenomenon in the history of human establishments, if it should endure long. The States of the South

are dependant for nothing upon those of the North: their interests, and even the feelings and customs of the inhabitants are different. Those of the East are, as it were, insulated from both; and it is New-Orleans only, and the regions of the Mississippi, that offer a brilliant and flattering prospect to their trade and speculations. These States and all those that at present exist, or that hereafter may be formed, in the vast regions of the Mississippi and the Missouri and along their waters, will of necessity break the chain which unites them to the federation; for their relations and their interests will not then depend, nor do they now depend, upon the Atlantic States, and the immense distance which separates them, will stimulate their inhabitants to the division."

pp, 103--108.

The plenipotentiary is very jealous of our disposition to enlarge our territory, and thinks that we intend to get all North America. Even if we do cherish this idea, there is nothing improper in it, unless we adopt corrupt means to accomplish it. We ought, if any nation should command North America, to be the nation selected If it be possible for such a command to belong to any people, we have no objection to its falling into our hands. The most however, that we hope, is to be the strongest nation in this immense territory. We have no idea that all the purposes of government and its blessings can be extended by one administration over such a territory; but we should be very much mortified if we supposed that the United States would ever suffer any people to become greater than ourselves, and ultimately command us. If any people however can do it by fair means, we will be among the last to rebel against such a dispensation of Providence. We ought to prevent it, if we can, and that we can is fully believed. The ultimate designs of heaven are found out by results. The best and the most efficient will at last succeed.

The pages given to an account of the negotiation with our government in the late Spanish Treaty are few, and not very interesting. Our government wished to cede Texas in form, while Don Onis contended that it belonged to Spain already, and should be ceded by implication, if ceded at all. All right to it was to be abandoned by the United States. This portion of the Memoir has perhaps as much interest as any other to the politician. The paragraph is as follows.

"I will agree, however, that for greater perspecuity, I might have extended the 3d article in the following terms: "In exchange, the United States cede to his Majesty the province of

Texas, &c." as the government wished me to express it; but as I had, in the correspondence which is inserted, for three years contended that that province belonged to the King, it would have been a contradiction to say in the treaty that the United States ceded it to his Majesty, the same thing being obtained by the terms in which it is expressed the limits that adjudge it to his Majesty being fixed, and the United States expressly renouncing all rights which they had or can have to it. This charge, with which they have sought to obscure the advantages or disadvantages of the treaty, is a new triumph to the nation, which is the only object I have always had in view." (pp. 146--147.)

We have said that we are pleased to see this book. We are not disposed to be angry with it, nor to despise its statements, although they are meagre, and not very courteous. We have many defects of character and condition to remedy, and are proceeding to remedy them as fast as any nation can be expected to do it. We are not profited by being in a passion with foreigners for telling us disagreeable truth, although some slander should be mingled with it. We shall acquire by degrees the accomplishments of older nations. In the mean time we have a right to be proud of our liberties and our substantial happiness.

Rambles in Italy; in the years 1816-17. *By an American. Baltimore:* N. G. MAXWELL. 1818. 8vo. pp. 371.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206.

IN the further notice we design at the present time to take of this volume, our quotations will be more copious than they have been, in order that the reader may be better able to form an estimate of its merits, and test the observations we have heretofore submitted. In professing a partiality for the book and in acknowledging the pleasure we have more than once derived from the perusal of it, we feel for ourselves no apprehension, that we shall therefore be inclined either to over-look its defects, or to over-rate its merits. When we open for our entertainment, a volume of travels, so many of which have been thrust upon the world, by the tireless importunities of English gossips, that we usually turn from them with disgust; we calculate upon finding at least, a display of candor and impartiality: we calculate upon viewing a justly drawn picture of the manners, habits, and customs of a people, with a fair developement of the

good and bad, which must necessarily be attached to their society. We calculate upon seeing the page of the narrative, like the sacred page of the historian, untarnished by a single blot of misstatement, or even of exaggeration; and we anticipate an ease and a communicativeness of style, suited to the comprehension of ordinary understandings: a style, which will convey the reader as it were, into the midst of the scenes and cause him to see the very objects, which present themselves for description, and give life, animation, and vigor to the writer's pen. Such has been the case with us, in the frequent readings which we have given to the Rambles of Mr. Sloan: for that we are informed is the name of the author. We have before alluded to his felicitous talent of delineation and detail: we admire very much the gracefulness, the dignity, and (we add at the risk of being thought singular in our notions) the desultoriness of his manner: and we think he richly deserves—at least we take pleasure in offering him—the feeble tribute of our applause for the candid, impartial and intelligible strain, which characterizes his pages. We say *intelligible*; for no matter what may be the claim which such English authors as Eustace (we select him for reasons that will presently be suggested) may have to the celebrity he has attained in the literary world, he has notwithstanding clothed his book with such a garb of *classical* exuberance, and writes moreover so much as though he was the representative of some sectarian tribe, that it is not every reader who can comprehend, and we imagine, still fewer have a relish for such literary repasts.

We may perhaps be mistaken, for we disclaim the influence of any such feeling as prejudice, but we acknowledge our preference for the vein of familiar and at the same time, dignified description, which distinguishes our author's manner, to the splendid parade and learned misrepresentation of such travellers as Eustace. The one attaches to his volume, the simple and unpretending appellation of "*Rambles in Italy*:" and deports himself towards his readers, as if he felt a weighty incumbency to afford them all the light and information in his power. The other, has given to his narrative, the lofty and high-sounding title of *Classical Tour*, is apparently alive to a sense of his own dignity and importance, and seems to regard his readers as being particularly well-favored, because they are the participants of his classical lore.

We are aware, that we may be, though we know not that we are, running against the current of general sentiment in

this country: but such is our opinion, and it would be dishonest, upon this occasion, to disguise it. It is our hope, however,as we are always disposed to anticipate for the best, that when the surprising and unaccountable predisposition which exists in the United States,for every thing that is English in a literary point of view, shall have subsided and settled down into a general encouragement of the genius and literature of our own country, our countrymen will awaken to a true estimate and proper appreciation of our literary concerns.

It may seem presumption, that we should venture to fly in the face of such authorities as the great British tribunals of criticism in our opinion of Mr. Eustace's classical tour. They are venerable from their long standing in the literary world, distinguished for the talents which have conducted them, and respectable for the weight of their influence in the compass of their circulation. We have not selected that work, because we think it the only objectionable or the least creditable book of travels upon the subject of Italy, which has issued from the British Press. We have known so much of the general veracity of English journalists in their representation of our own country; we have seen so many causeless, ungenerous aspersions thrown out against us, and have so sensibly felt the effects of those aspersions, in derogation of the weight and respectability of our standing as a nation, that we have good reason to call in question the statements of British travellers, see them where we may. These considerations combined with the strictures of such respectable authors as Mr. Hobhouse and Lord Byron, upon the credibility of Mr. Eustace, have induced us, notwithstanding the unequivocal encomiums which have been showered upon him by British critics, to distinguish him as the object of our comparison, at the same time, that we had others in our view.

For our own part, we have no disposition to attach an under-value which is not due, to the writings of British travellers, or to British literature. Indeed it would advance our interest and greatly promote our gratification, could we place unlimited confidence in the productions of their press. It would be the offspring of a very meagre jealousy indeed, to repine at the prosperity of Great Britain, and we should feel a conciousness of self degradation, if we thought ourselves capable of doing so. Why should we? We are indebted to England—to our shame be it spoken,for the great

est proportion of any literary engagements, and we import their literature as we do their articles of traffic, we had almost said their manners and their habits too, by cargoes. It is therefore an unpleasant necessity which is forced upon us, to regard their productions with a suspicious eye. We have lately seen, for instance, copious quotations from a book called "a narrative of the British Campaigns in America," which has travelled the rounds in Great Britain, and like every thing concerning this country, that is derogating from her name, is swallowed with the most credulous evidity, and is palmed upon the world by their journals with the high sanction of their faith. Our readers have doubtless seen the quotations,and have visited them with the contemptuousness, to which their falsity and partiality give them claim. Yet this author is regarded in England, nay in the metropolis of science and literature and refinement in Scotland, as the "honest chonicler" of those campaigns. We have introduced the mention of this book, only to remark, that it is another specimen of the truth-disdaining characters of English Journalists, and that the mischief of their fabulous and exaggerated narratives is more deplorable, because such is the gloom-enveloped condition of the public mind in that country, that it is impenetrable to the light of reply, and the scandals, with which they assail us, are accordingly placed beyond the reach of a just refutation.

The extracts in a former number of our Review, we concluded with our author's reflections upon the characters of the poets of the present age in Italy. Following in regular order, the journal before us, we are next presented with a succinct sketch of a visit of the Emperor of Austria to his Triestian dominions. There is nothing of very great interest in the fulsome details given by hireling writers of the condescending visits of Kings to their subjects; but our author has not caught the phraseology of the court dialect—nor has he conveyed the description of the spectacle he witnessed, in any other language than that of the utmost plainness and accuracy. We offer this extract, because we would omit no opportunity of contrasting in all the glow of their opposition, the courtly complaisance and sycophantic humility of liege subjects, with the lofty independence and manliness of spirit which characterize our countrymen.

It was some time, if we mistake not, in the year 1819, that the President of the United States, made a tour through several parts of the Union; and no matter what may have

been the diversity of sentiment in regard to the propriety or impropriety of a procedure so novel, yet as to the manner of his reception all was unanimity; and he was welcomed in every quarter with open arms and unfeigned cordiality. All classes and all descriptions of citizens heartily united in professions of their esteem. It was not that kind of forced, and slavish adulation, which the subject is disposed, or rather compelled to offer to the majesty of his sovereign. It was the homage of the heart paid to the constitution of our country, and the genius of our government, through the person of the first magistrate. The throne of an American President is in the bosoms of his fellow citizens. That once secured, all the "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" of Royalty, cannot possess captivations and inducements, to elicit one sentiment of repining or of envy. "*Viva nostro sovrano,*" with which Francis was acclaimed, is a sound unknown to the ears, and repulsive to the hearts of the American people. The laws and the constitution are the only powers which are acknowledged as sovereign and supreme, and no matter how conspicuous may be the elevation of a citizen of this government; no matter how great his responsibility of station or how unequivocal his merit, the laws and the constitution are superior to him. When monarchs condescend to honor their subjects with a proximate view of the holiness of majesty; when they distinguish by a "royal visit," some favored city, or some still more favored subject, how different is his reception, compared with that of the first officer of the United States. Not very long since we saw going the rounds in the public prints, an account, taken from English papers, of the projected visit of George the 4th to Ireland. Nothing can equal our feelings of disgust, at the blazonry with which such things are published to the world, save the fulsome details of preparation for the approaching coronation. We blush for the degradation of our species, and the depravity of human nature! Yet we have been charged by the English Journalists with a perverse and spiteful disposition toward England, because "what is done there is not looked to by us, as a model of imitation and example in the generous spirit of emulation."—Emulation!!

We have not alluded altogether in the general remarks which we have submitted upon this subject, to the entry which our author witnessed of the Emperor Francis at Trieste. On the contrary the representation which is given of his deportment upon that occasion is comparatively flat-

tering, and we would be disposed to distinguish him from the vulgar herd of the monarchs of the age. Estimated in a proper manner, the frequency of intercourse, so it becomes not too common, between the King and the subjects, is calculated, we think, to secure the allegiance, the gratitude, and the affections of the people: but then it should be an intercourse prompted by the spirit of reciprocal regard, not of mere condescension. We may apply the same observations, in some measure, to the officers of our own government. The chief magistrate who does not properly appreciate the relation in which he stands to those whom he governs, is ignorant of, or disregards, one of the very first principles of governmental duty.

We are led from this, involuntarily, to the notice of another subject, which, although it may be deemed somewhat a digression, is nevertheless sanctioned, we think, by some late occurrences in Europe, and is not wholly disconnected with this review. It has long been a matter of astonishment to us, that the Italians should continue to be loyal, or at least sincere in their allegiance, to any other sovereignty than that of the people. When we first received the intelligence of their late insurrection, every feeling of patriotism was aroused within us. We cast a glance of retrospection at the past history of their country, and saw their fathers the freeest and the greatest people on the globe; the first in arts, in letters, and in arms, and in offering in the lustre of their example, every incentive which can elicit emulation and prompt to great and noble achievement. We fancied, too sanguinely, no doubt, from the fondness for the cause in which they seemed engaged, that we saw them casting off the fetters which bound them to the foot of a throne, awakening from the stupefaction of a miserable degeneracy, to assert their rights of conscience and self control, and with an ardor and a determination characteristic of the proudest days of Republican Rome, arraying themselves against an Alliance, which has presumptuously assumed the appellation of Holy, and which threatens to crush under the resistlessness of its mighty influence, every rising effort to plant the standard of constitutional Independence, and recognize the principles of the rights of man. But our visions have been clouded; our anticipations have been thwarted, and the event of this struggle has justified us in the belief, that they are not only incapable of enjoying the blessings of a free government, but that they basely "flatter the persecution, which tramples them under foot."

These reflections we do not consider inapplicable to, or foreign from a review of a treatise, of which Italy is the subject. Our readers however we apprehend are becoming impatient; and those of them who have not perused the book, may have an opportunity of measuring our judgment, by the favorite criterion of their own. We proceed to offer such specimens of Mr. Sloan's manner, as will justify the freedom, with which we have spoken of it. The quotations are not studiously select: indeed we should feel no apprehension of losing by the chance, were accidental paragraphs, the sole objects of our extracts.

"I have mentioned, incidentally, a general expectation at Trieste, of a visit from the Emperor Francis. The governor of the city was solicitous that this event should be marked on the part of the inhabitants, with the strongest expressions of good faith and devotion to their sovereign. The Italians, though insincere in their loyalty, were induced from motives of policy to concur in a measure which was likely to have important consequences of a public nature.* He was met at a distance from the city by the public functionaries, and escorted through the *corso* or principal street, along the sides of which the military were drawn up. The martial music of the German regiments, which is so noble, and the incessant firing from the fort and harbour, gave no small degree of solemnity to this event. A thousand white handkerchiefs, waved by the fair hands of ladies, streamed from the windows under which he passed, and the multitude shouted *viva nostro sovrano.* The front of the exchange which terminates the corso, was decorated with a large transparent painting representing the mixed population of Trieste, with wreaths, and presents in their hands, which they offered as a testimony of their gratitude and loyalty to the Emperor. Between the imperial residence and the theatre, a beautiful triumphal arch was constructed bearing this inscription.

Cari patriæ patri adventum
Loeti celebrant Tergestini.

"Francis witnessed all these expressions of zeal to his house, with the air of a man whose ruling passion was not that of empire and command. He returned the *vivas* of the populace by a quick and awkward inclination of his head, and a mechanical movement of his hand to his hat. As I saw him descend from his

* At this time there was a hope prevalent among the Triestians, that the cabinet of Vienna would carry into effect the long agitated plan of concentrating the commerce of the Empire at Trieste.

carriage, his countenance and person impressed me with the idea of a plain artless man, marked with none of the terrific or captivating traits of superior genius. None of those royal and martial graces which played around the person of Buonaparte, or of Louis the fourteenth. His equipage was plain, he wore a uniform of grey blue, and was decorated with the golden fleece and the orders of St. Stephen. and Maria Theresa. His hat was three cornered and ornamented with a bunch of heron's feathers. He was remarkably condescending and familiar with the persons who were presented to him. An American gentleman who had an interview of half an hour with him at Vienna, in which he spoke with much interest on the subject of American commerce, told me that at the end of the conversation, he thanked him with an air of great cordiality and politeness, for the information he had so kindly communicated. He partook but little in the public amusements, that had been got up for his entertainment. The provincial noblesse and the merchants of Trieste, were candidates for his smiles; the former endeavouring with "the faded remains of their courtly graces," to withdraw his attention from the latter, whose immense riches obscured the boast of heraldry. At the public balls and *conversazioni*, the ladies both noble and *bourgeois*, exerted all the power of their wit and charms, to draw from him a compliment, or to ensnare some of the young officers in his train, the magic lustre of whose stars and military decorations, played among crowds of beauty, and overpowered many a bright eye and fascinated many an aspiring heart. These *fetes* were concluded by a magnificent illumination, of which it is scarcely too bold an expression to say, that it restored day light to the streets of Trieste. The masts and rigging of the ships anchored in the Adriatic hung with innumerable lamps looked like another hemisphere of constellations rising from the sea."

(pp. 115-118.)

We will next introduce the reader into Venice in the description of which so much pains have been taken, and so much justness of remark displayed, that we regret it is out of our power to present all that our author says upon that subject.

"I embarked for Venice in the month of May. The rocky coast of Istria, clothed with spring, presented a variety of cultivated and savage prospects. Gardens and country-houses climbing up the sides of the neighbouring hills, and intermixed with vineyards, and *boschetti*, afforded a pleasing contrast to the rocky scenery, with which they were interspersed. At length the city of Trieste and its surrounding hills disappeared, and nothing remained visible in the quarter of the horrizon where it lay, but the top of one of the Idrian mountains, which overhung it like a

blue promontory. A light breeze wafted us across the Adriatick. In the course of our voyage, we gazed with wonder upon the neighboring Alps, which rose from the margin of the sea, and shewed themselves in their grandest forms. But our attention was soon attracted by another object no less marvellous and striking; for Venice began to appear with all her towers, domes, and palaces, floating upon the waves, over which she still seemed to reign undisputed mistress; but when we entered her deserted harbour, the evidences of ruined grandeur, reminded us that the trident she once triumphantly wielded, was fallen from her grasp.

"We landed upon the quay of St. Mark, among its mountebanks and *marionette*. Groups of women and children, stood laughing at the comic feats of *Polichinello*. The idle *gondolieri*, basking in the sun, called out to us as we passed, or disputed among themselves with all the caustic wit and vehemence of gesticulation, characteristic of Venetian vivacity. A sort of *improvisatore*, stood in the midst of a circle, with the impassioned gestures of an orator, recounting anecdotes of Joseph the second, and episodes and adventures from Tasso and Ariosto, to which he gave a colouring and imagery of his own. The Venetian florists displayed the fairest offerings of the spring upon the quay. Orange-trees and myrtles perfumed the air, and near the shade of these, the bird-fancier hung his cages of goldfinches and nightingales. Glasses and jars filled with water, were disposed upon neat tables, and intermixed with perfumes and cordials, and "*chi vuol acqua*," was vociferated from twenty places at the same time, with importunate vehemence. Persons of the lowest condition were to be seen frequently approaching these tables, and purchasing a glass of water, for which they paid a *centesimo*. In St. Mark's square, near the arcades, were erected beautiful tents, as a shelter from the rays of the sun, under which a people were assembled, whose countenances were marked with no indications of laborious thought, but who appeared to be enjoying in these seats of delicious repose, those vague illusions of the fancy, which the soft climate of the South, and the thousand amusing objects around, were calculated to inspire." (pp. 134-136.)

We subjoin what is said of the fall of the city, and the present condition of it. It may not be amiss, however, to observe that the existing form of the Venetian government, is calculated to prostrate the faculties of the understanding and debase the heart, to a degree commensurate alone with the situation of that nation at the present day. The people are altogether excluded from a share in the administration; and what was once the Republic of Venice has dwindled down into an "ignoble oligarchy,"—controlled by a nobility

that pay no regard to the habits and trample upon the political rights, of their fellow citizens. It is loathsome to the liberal mind to contemplate those sad vicissitudes in the affairs of men. We acknowledge, nevertheless, a satisfaction that, weak as are the Venetians in all the miseries of licentiousness and debauchery, enslaved by vice, and effeminated by an indulgence in every species of luxury and voluptuousness, they still entertain a lingering fondness for Republican Independence. We think that that fondness displays itself no little in their tokens of admiration of the American constitution. But it is not the least amongst the miserable consequences, resulting from the Holy Alliance, that as long as it has an ascendant influence over the minds of the people of Europe, the spirit of freedom will always be kept down.

"In contemplating the fall of a city once so illustrious, we are naturally filled with compassion, and we eagerly inquire if there are no means left, by which she may yet be rescued from complete destruction? To hear the Venetians talk, you would suppose their desires had no object, but the salvation of their country. Their imaginations are kept in a state of continual inflammation by the vision of the past, of which they are perpetually reminded, by what remains, or by what has vanished of their former glory. But that elevation of soul, which despises pleasure, which unites labour with zeal, and which reaches its object by the dint of regular and patient efforts, is a quality of mind to be found I fear at Venice only among a very few. The Venetians, however, are a lively and passionate people, and the occasional flashes of eloquence and enthusiasm which irradiate their conversation, encourage a hope that under the auspices of a liberal and active government, they might recover those energies which have for so long a time lain dormant, and which are not likely to be awakened in the stagnant gloom of Austrian despotism.

"Among the class of Venetians the most inimical to the reigning government, some appeared to me to have adopted, as a model of their ideas of a republic, the wild fancies of the school of Rousseau. Some of them were men of powerful and cultivated talents, but with views so indistinct and wild as to render it extremely doubtful, whether their zeal was not rather the effect of passion, than an enlightened attachment to the cause of liberty. Though totally disqualified themselves for the task of new-modelling a state, they possessed, however, those dispositions and talents, which would render them efficient instruments in a powerful hand. The name of American was a passport to their attentions and civilities. Their inquiries concerning our manners, laws and government, although in some instances evidently suggested by mistaken views and visionary principles, shewed, how-

ever, that they were not ignorant of the outline of our political constitution. But when I described more particularly to them, the perfect equality of ranks in this country, the happiness and dignity of the mass of the people, this statement of facts appeared to realize a form of society, which they had hitherto contemplated only in vision, and which they had been accustomed to hear the enemies of liberty deny, as the creation of a heated fancy.

"In witnessing this pure homage of the heart, extorted by our free institutions, from a people sunk into the depths of degeneracy, I understood better than ever the value of that gift which providence has bestowed upon the people of this country, the glorious fruits of which are now rapidly diffusing its spirit over the new world, and even in Europe, where despotism appears to have recovered her ancient rights, are vindicating the cause of liberty upon the very theatre where recently it has been so shamefully disgraced." (pp. 163-165)

"In consequence of the closeness with which Venice is built, its narrow lanes and canals are rarely visited by the sun-shine. This has been assigned as a cause of the fresh complexions of the Venetian women. Like plants, that never suffer exposure to the light, they are not impressed with any of those permanent shades of colour, which are produced by the action of the solar rays upon the skin. A moisture, however, which is never exhaled, renders the streets continually filthy, and creates along the surface of its canals, a sensation of dampness. Fatigued by the dreary and lonely *vistas* of canals, the traveller at length becomes impatient to enjoy a prospect more expanded, and to breathe an atmosphere more pure. He beholds the Adriatic, immediately around Venice, overspread with a multitude of verdant isles adorned with villas and churches, and he is anxious to extend the circle of his rambles." (pp. 180--181.)

The descriptions of the villages, through which our author passes on his way to Rome, are lively and picturesque, and full of interest. But we cannot occupy our pages with all the quotations we could desire. Before, however, we enter the walls of the "ETERNAL CITY," we will throw together a remark or two, delineative of the statuary and paintings of the city of Florence; once the favorite residence and now the repository of the busts of the MEDICI family—of whom our author speaks as follows:

"A spacious staircase leads to a vestibule, containing the busts of the *Medici* family. Even after death the spirits of these great men seem to animate their images, and to preside over their darling treasure, and a mind not dead to the raptures of inspiration,

will at the entrance of this temple of the arts, pay a passing tribute of respect to the shades of its illustrious founders.

The paintings distributed in separate compartments, over the ceiling of the gallery, are a commentary on the history of Florence. In them the virtues and talents that have adorned the republic are celebrated, and the portraits of the warriors, statesmen, philosophers and artists, in whom they were exemplified, are calculated for a stimulus to the powers of the mind, and an excitement to that love of distinction, which prevailed no where more, than in the state, whose literary and political glory has here furnished so many noble subjects for the pencil. From the contemplation of the historical incidents recalled to his memory by these representations, the visitor is withdrawn by the works of painting and sculpture that surround him. He admires the figures on some ancient Sarcophagi, inviting the imagination to range through the gay regions of poetry and fable."

pp. 259---260.

"This gallery contains a bust of *Julius Cæsar* and of *Cicero*, two great men, who flourished in the time of the republic, a period propitious to the growth of those virtues and talents, which withered and drooped under the despotism that succeeded. The spare and animated countenance of *Cæsar*, is expressive of the fire, penetration and activity of his genius. The bust of *Cicero* is remarkably fine, and seems to glow with those treasures of thought and fancy, with which he illustrated and adorned every topic he touched, but which entitle him to a far less share of glory in the eyes of posterity, than that courage which impelled him in the midst of enemies, to fight the battles of liberty, with a zeal and eloquence that has never been surpassed." pp. 264--265.

We submit the following pleasant anecdote with which we were no little amused, and then will proceed with our readers to the city of Rome.

"At Florence there is a class of poetasters, who, when a stranger arrives, wait upon him and present him with a copy of verses, celebrating his visit to the banks of the Arno. The morning after my arrival, the cameriere entered my apartment, and desired to know if I would allow him to introduce to me one of these sons of Apollo. The poet made his appearance and addressed me with all the courtesy characteristic of a Florentine, and the purport of his discourse was to explain to me the nature and object of a little book which he held in his hand, and which he begged me to accept. Upon opening it, I laughed to find my name inscribed in the title page, with many appellations of honour prefixed to it, and my character exalted with every extravagant epithet of verse. I told my panegyrist that

he had mistaken my rank and condition, that I was neither lord nor baronet, but a plain bourgeois, and to be made the subject of an Italian sonnet was an honour I never dreamed of, and to which I could not aspire. His countenance, which had narrowly watched mine, fell at this intelligence, and he was making preparations to retire, but as I perceived by his dress

How hard it is to climb
The steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar,

—and as I was upon the banks of the Arno, the Arcadia of Italy, and consequently enamoured with every thing in the shape of poetry, I called him back, and begged him to accept a trifling donation. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, Apollo descended upon him, and unable to shake off the mighty influence of the god, he placed himself in an oratorical attitude and declaimed some verses extempore." (pp, 280--282.)

The extent, and the magnificence of the former capital of the world: the unrivalled grandeur of its public structures and institutions, reverend for their great antiquity and preeminent in the sublimity of their appearance, and the immensity of their plans, have long excited universal applause and admiration, and have opened a field for almost exhaustless speculation. But it is so seldom that the pen of an American is employed in a description of the "seven-hill'd city," that we shall make most copious selections from this part of the volume before us.

"I crossed the Tiber at the *Ponte Milvio*, two miles from the city, and entered Rome by the *Porto del Popolo.* It opens upon a square adorned with an obelisk. Here the *Via Flaminia* ends and *Via Lata* commences and takes the name of the *Corso.* My attention was drawn by a procession of carriages, which entered the piazza, and after circling the obelisk in the centre, returned down on the left of the *Corso.* This is the fashionable promenade at Rome, and exhibits nothing of the tumult of London or the gaiety of Paris. I joined the procession, which carried me down the *Corso* as far as the open space which surrounds the column of Antonine." (pp. 295.)

"Passing through a succession of narrow and dirty streets, the carriage stopped, at length, at the foot of the staircase leading to the capitol. This staircase is adorned with objects, that awaken interesting recollections. The modern edifice, that occupies the site of the ancient capitol, is a performance of *Michael Angelo,* and unworthy of his genius. Before it stands an equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius.* How composed and calm it appears, in

the midst of ruins that encompass it. Time, which has levelled about it the proudest structures of art, has not disturbed a single feature of its mild and majestic countenance. The stoical grandeur, that marks the aspect of this figure, is not more admirable, than the life, spirit and grace of the horse upon which it sits. "March," said *Carlo Maratti* to it, "do you forget that you live?"

"Upon this hill Manlius resisted the Gauls, and the Tarpeian rock, from which he was precipitated, is upon its borders; a few paces only separate the scene of his glory and his punishment. Behind the capitol was the forum; and the ruins of temples, palaces and triumphal arches, which surround this hallowed spot, do not inspire any emotion so grand, as those excited by the recollection, that it was once the chosen sanctuary of freedom. No object can exceed in moral grandeur that senate house, where liberty reigned, and upon the floor of which she expired. In sight of this senate house stood the temple of Jupiter Stator, three columns of whose portico are yet standing. It was to this that the sublime address of Cicero was directed, when unveiling to the senate the secret transactions of Cataline's ruffian band, and anxious for the safety of Rome, he invoked the protection of her tutelary divinity." (pp. 297--298.)

"Few churches enjoy a prospect more beautiful and extensive than that which is seen from the eminence on which stands *St. Pietro di Montorio*. It is sufficient in praise of this church to say, that Raphael painted for it the transfiguration, and that the paintings which adorn one of its chapels, were executed after the designs of *Michael Angelo*. The master-piece of Raphael which was suspended over the great altar, has long formed one of the chief ornaments in the *musee imperiale* of Paris. Its arrival at the gates of Rome, was hailed with a lively enthusiasm. The possession of Raphael's most esteemed production excited more vivid emotions in this people than the liberation of their city from the despotism of France. The political greatness of Rome exists no more. No longer ambitious of governing the world, she is content to dictate to it the laws of taste; yet jealous of that glory which her artists have acquired for her, she cherishes as sacred every memorial of their fame. In the court formed by the convent and the church, stands a beautiful little temple of the Doric order, remarkable for its being a happy imitation of the antique. Its form is circular, and its entablature and domes are supported by sixteen columns of dark granite. *Bramante* was the architect. It is said to be erected upon the very spot, where St. Peter received from heaven the palm of martyrdom." (pp. 307--308.)

"In going to visit St. Peter's, I crossed the Tyber on the *Ponte St. Angelo*. The figures and attitudes of the marble statues, that adorn this bridge, are beautiful and noble. The castle of *St.*

Angelo, at its extremity, was the tomb of Hadrian, and the statues and columns which formerly embellished it, were of the finest materials and most exquisite workmanship. It was converted into a fortress against the Goths, and, during the fury of hostilities, its sculpture and ornaments furnished the besieged with arms against the invaders. It has, since, occasionally afforded the popes a secure retreat in times of danger. At the end of the street on the left of the bridge, the church of St Peter opened in all its magnificence. The sun of Italy illuminated its *facade*, and nature seemed pleased to shed upon this noblest work of man, the full effulgence of her brightest luminary. The two great fountains, that murmur perpetually in the piazza, and from which the water is discharged in so gaseous a form, that it mixes with the atmosphere, were encircled with rainbows. Before it an obelisk rose an hundred and thirty feet in height, and the colonnade, on each hand which encloses the piazza, was an object as beautiful, as that to which it leads, was grand and imposing. I ascended the vast steps before the church, and entered its vestibule. The *cicerone* drew aside for me the curtain that covers the door, and I passed into the interiour of the church. I cannot well describe the emotions of awe and delight I felt, at the entrance of this glorious temple. It expelled every ignoble passion from the breast, and like the starry expanse, or the boundless ocean, inspired the purest and highest sentiment of the sublime. It is some time before these impressions are worn off the mind of the visiter, to leave it in a state sufficiently dispassionate, to examine its beauties in detail. After he has surveyed the majesty and proportions of the wonderful dome, suspended four hundred feet above his head, after he is satisfied with contemplating the matchless splendour of the great altar beneath it, he may then proceed to examine, in succession, its paintings and tombs.

The interiour of St. Peter's is one of the most sublime and brilliant exhibitions of art that ever was presented to the senses. Architecture, painting and sculpture, here contend for the superiority; and their rival masterpieces are brought into close comparison. Its pictures are copies in mosaic, but the result of so much labor and patience, that the most critical eye is puzzled to discover the slightest deviation from the sublime originals themselves." (pp. 321-323.)

"The Vatican which adjoins St. Peter's, independent of the treasures which enrich its interior, possesses within itself, all that can render it a desirable retreat to the enthusiast and voluptuary. From the windows of the gallery of the Belvidere is seen one of the most extensive and picturesque views of Rome. The eye, after pursuing the windings of the Tyber, and dwelling with a severe pleasure upon sombre ruins, which like the colossal

shades that fancy conjures up at midnight, bear in their dark and faded aspect, memorials of their pristine grandeur, beyond, in the environs of the city reposes on the scenes of villa *Borghese* and villa *Medici*. Fountains murmur in the adjoining court, and the breath of oranges and jessamines impregnate the air that plays along its porticoes and galleries. The deep silence which generally reigns over almost every portion of this vast edifice, diffuses throughout a mysterious solitude, and almost makes the visiter believe he is surveying one of those magical palaces described in the tales of eastern enchantment.

"Yet I would not be understood to praise the architecture of the Vatican, as regular and unexceptionable. In so vast a pile, extended and improved at different periods, by a succession of architects, Bramante, Raphael, Maderno and Bernini, there must exist that incongruity, which necessarily would arise out of the diversity of the taste and talents, of these different artists. Yet, however defective it may be in detail, the whole together is majestic and imposing.

"A superb Ionic staircase (*scala regia*) leads to the apartments and saloons of the Vatican. The *sala regia*, a vast audience chamber, communicates with the Pauline and Sistine chapels, the principal ornaments of which are the pictures of Michael Angelo and his scholars. Next in order are the Loggie of Raphael, which open upon the court of St. Damasus. The galleries containing the inimitable performances of Raphael which were formerly open and exposed to the weather, are now protected from the changes of the atmosphere, by immense shutters of glass. This great improvement, the Vatican is said to owe to the munificence of Murat, late king of Naples."

(pp, 326-328.)

"The imagination makes a delightful transition from the paintings of the Sixtine and Pauline chapels to the Loggie and Camere of Raphael, from countenances distorted with pain or convulsed with horrour, to features glowing with the expression of celestial love; from gigantic and terrific forms, to figures of angelic grace. The vertical position and size of the pictures of the *loggie* render it difficult for a spectator the first time he sees them, to consider them with that minute attention they deserve. They reveal new beauties every time they are examined and while the productions of other artists borrow from fashion or some other accidental cause a short lived glory, the performances of Raphael enjoy the possession of those unfading charms, which entitle their author to that crown of immortality, for the pursuit of which, he relinquished the more dazzling but less noble objects of his art." (pp, 332.)

"Canova, is undoubtedly the greatest of modern sculptors.

and the only one, since Phidias, and Praxiteles, who appears to have inherited the taste and genius of these great masters, and to have studied their works with the truest devotion. To Michael Angelo, the praise of original genius is due,and that sublime energy which he transfused into some of his pieces, can never be too much admired. But with the excellencies, he possessed the defects of an original mind. In his attempt to reach that commanding vigour of expression, at which he aimed, he departs too much from that ideal beauty, the essence of which, seems to consist in its freedom from all emotions of the painful or violent kind. How well this principle was known to the artists of the Grecian school,appears from the celebrated statue of Niobe, in the Florentine gallery, in whose countenance, the feelings of maternal grief are so skilfully exhibited, as not to mar its divine beauty. After Michael Angelo, sculpture in the hands of Bernini and his scholars, degenerated into affectation and mannerism. Michael Angelo aimed at the religious sublime, and it must be confessed, that if his works have not the purity and grace of ancient sculpture, his conceptions have a grandeur, which it never reached. The school of Bernini degraded the art, by making it conform to the taste of a particular nation, whilst Phidias and Praxiteles endeavoured to fix in their immortal works, that universal and ideal form of beauty, which is almost too ærial for the imagination to seize, by refining it as much as possible, for every thing material and terrestrial. To extract the essential elements of beauty from those adventitious circumstances, with which in nature and real life they are always found combined, is the office of taste. Hence the gradual and insensible progress of this faculty in nations, as well as individuals, from the rudest efforts of design and carving, to the transcendent performances of an Apelles or Phidias. The first of these artists is said to have constellated in his figure of Venus, all the scattered rays of beauty, which in his time were to be found in Greece. The same observation applies with equal justice to the works of the statuary, in which is exhibited, that pure and abstract conception of beauty, at which ultimately taste arrives after a long course of repeated experiment and observation. As this is the point which fixes limits to its further progress, so here its degeneracy commences, after it has reached its last degree of refinement. In the ornamental arts, as well as in the severer sciences, our ineffectual struggles to push the powers of the human mind, beyond the sphere of their natural operations, reconduct it to barbarism and ignorance, by a course directly the reverse of that, which leads human nature to its last state of moral and intellectual improvement. Nor is there any instance, which better illustrates these principles of taste, than the history of the art, of which we have

been speaking. After the lapse of many centuries, the genius of Canova has revived, with all its primitive charms, that pure and ideal form of beauty, for an account of whose growth and period of maturity, we must have recourse to the annals of Grecian refinement.

"Many imagined that no sooner were the masterpieces of the Vatican transported to the banks of the Seine, than the arts would follow them, but the unconquerable predeliction of Canova for the seat of his early studies, and the seducements that were so long employed in vain by Bonaparte, to draw him to the capital of his empire, proves that besides possessing the great works of antiquity, Rome in the eye of an artist has attractions, which not all the opulence and splendour of the imperial court could communicate to Paris. The chambers of the Vatican though despoiled of their most precious ornaments, still retained a sufficient number of works of approved excellence, to enable it even after all the spoliations committed by the French, to endure a comparison with the galleries of the Louvre, and such statues as the Apollo of Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Antinous, had been so multiplied by means of excellent copies, that their loss, except as a badge of the political degradation of their country, was never severely felt by the Roman artists.

"The day of the restoration of the sublime originals themselves to their ancient places in the Vatican, was marked by an event, not surpassed in interest, by any similar occurrence, since the revival of the arts. When their arrival near the city was announced, its artists and amateurs, accompanied by the principal ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries of the Roman state, and a great concourse of spectators, marched forth beyond the walls, to hail these exiled divinities, and to conduct them in all the pomp of a triumphal procession, back to their native shrines, on the banks of the Tiber.

"Something there was, however, to shade the brilliancy of that day, nor were the public rejoicings on that occasion wholly unmixed with regret. The sun of Napoleon's glory was setting, and the cannon of St. Angelo, that announced the arrival of the Pope, and the Apollo Belvidere, was the knell of his departed greatness!" (pp, 358-362.)

"I have before remarked, that the policy of Bonaparte was hostile to the spirit of feudal oppression. It is undoubtedly the object of a despotic prince, to crush every thing that dares to raise its head above the level of a base equality. I do not therefore give the late emperour of France, credit for the relief the poorer classes have generally experienced in Italy, in consequence of the diminution of the authority, and influence of its

nobility. The contempt and hatred, which it is natural for a prince of arbitary disposition, to cherish for privileged orders in general, would have equally incited him to the ruin of a virtuous, as of a profligate nobility, but when we consider the nature of the materials of which, in general, the Italian aristocracy is composed, and that if the ferocious features of their progenitors are effaced, the milder traits by which they have been succeeded, do not redeem the faults of character with which they are blended, that even such banditti as the Orsini and Vitelli of ancient times whose destruction is considered by some politicians as the fairest act of Cæsar Borgia's life, notwithstanding all the circumstances of bad faith by which it was accomplished, that even the predatory lives of these hardy *condottieri* exhibit something more to be admired, than any thing to be found in the trifling or unmanly pursuits of these modern *virtuosi*, I do not think it need cost those who are sincerely interested in the welfare of Italy, a pang of regret, to see the power and influence of her nobility abridged, although, thereby, the arm of arbitrary power should be strengthened.

I have already noticed the insatiable curiosity, which exists in Italy, relative to the government of the United States. The idea of an extensive country, flourishing and prosperous, to an eminent degree, in which hereditary monarchy, and an hereditary nobility are unknown, possessed peculiar attractions for a people, whom a lively sensibility to the oppressions, and a more enlightened view of the theoretical evils of regal and aristocratic institutions, were awakening to the charms of liberty. It was easy to perceive, how much the example of this country, had contributed to unsettle, especially in the more thinking classes of society, the ideas connected with reverence to nobility, and slavish obedience to kings. Hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility depend upon illusions, which the freedom of thinking of the eighteenth century has contributed, in a great measure, to dispel. The American revolution, and the subsequent events in Europe, combined with the general diffusion of knowledge, have enlightened on this subject the mass of mankind, throughout the civilized world. The late government of France has also had an important influence, in accelerating this change in public sentiment. In that government, talents of almost every description were made, if I may be allowed the expression, to gravitate from the lower to the higher regions of the state. Not only all the physical resources, but all its moral and intellectual energies, were pressed into its service. Whilst such a government existed, it must have largely contributed to weaken those props, upon which the old governments of Europe were forced to lean for support and conservation. These props were an hereditary monarchy, and hereditary nobility. Into

whatever country France carried her arms, it was her object, as far as she could put it in execution, to destroy the ancient nobility of the land, and to efface from the soil every vestige of this nature, which might serve hereafter as a rallying point to the people.

"The splendour of high birth was eclipsed by the lustre of the talents civil and military of those, who under the late dynasty were the founders of their own fortunes. The restless ambition and activity of mind, which was necessary to preserve the reputation they had acquired, and the prodigies of genius and valour displayed by many of these military adventurers, threw into the shade that glory which is derived from a remote ancestry, and contributed to sink in the estimation of the mass of the people of Europe, the pretensions of those, who had no other proof to exhibit of their merit, but the attestation of a coronet, or the register of an herald's office." pp. 365.

The following is the notice taken by our author of the city of Padua, celebrated for having been the ancient seat of science and the arts.

"At length we found ourselves at the gates of Padua, celebrated for its great antiquity, and once a conspicuous seat of learning. As we passed under the arch of its gigantic portal, and beheld the magnitude of its ramparts, against which Bellona had so often stormed in vain "with all her battering engines," but the inevitable fall of which the slow, yet irresistible operation of time was now preparing; the loneliness and silence of its narrow streets, the sombre architecture of its buildings, with their dark and heavy porticoes, we called to mind the scenes we had just passed, and regretted that we were now compelled to exchange for the gloom inspired by these objects, the pleasure afforded by the views of the Brenta. We alighted at the door of an inn, in which we found excellent accommodation, and employed the remainder of the day in viewing the city and its environs. A great city not peopled to its full extent, is a cheerless object, and the thinly populated streets of Padua, of course, excited a train of melancholy feelings. It was serious to reflect, how Padua had dwindled, while other cities grew and flourished. It afforded a still sadder subject for speculation, to see her reduced to a state so low in the midst of a country apparently so favoured and abundant. Nor, could such reflections fail to lead us to the conclusion, that until Italy be restored to the light of liberty, and feel the invigorating influence of one powerful and protecting government, she must continue to experience the curse of poverty and servitude. It is the nature of all great cities to attract to them, the revenues of the distant provinces, and to drain them of their population, and when Venice was strong and prosperous, and extended her dominion over the neighbouring part of Italy, Padua must have

drooped under the shade of her greatness. But, if Venice should now revive, Padua would be the first to feel the glorious influence of her resurrection. Her wealth would flow up the canal of the Brenta, to animate and beautify the villas on its banks, and not as now, pass from the feeble hand of penury, into the vigorous and insatiable grasp of avaricious opulence.

"Padua, even after its reduction to the yoke of the Roman power, was eminent for the riches of its commerce and its numerous population. Of this the histories of Tacitus and Livy afford satisfactory evidence. When the Huns poured into the north-east of Italy, and death and desolation followed the footsteps of their leader Attila, part of the population of Padua, alarmed by the fate of Aquileia, fled in consternation to the neighboring isles in the Adriatic sea, there uniting with the Veneti, a people dispersed along its border, and the inhabitants of Aquileia, they laid the foundations of the future greatness of Venice.

"At the dawn of science and freedom, Padua became distinguished among the other republics of Italy by her zeal for letters, and her devotion to liberty. But the atmosphere of free states is the element of vigorous and aspiring talents, and there were not wanting in Padua, individuals who usurped the supreme authority and exercised it with abuse. Yet these men, who trampled upon the liberties of their country, protected genius and encouraged polite literature. Petrarch was patronised by Pandolphe di Carrara, and learning counts among its most zealous supporters the Scaligeri family. In the fifteenth century Padua, altho' she kept her own municipal laws, surrendered her political independence, and yielded the ascendant to the rising genius of Venice.

"Padua occupies an extent of ground about seven miles in circumference, and at present contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants. Though inferior to the majority of Italian cities in point of architectural beauty, some of its edifices, however, are not undeserving of notice. The hall, for instance, of the palace of justice, is remarkable for its spaciousness, but more so for its immense ceiling, three hundred feet long, and one hundred broad, extended over the head of the spectator without the support of columns It contains a bust of Livy with a Latin inscription, less remarkable for its elegance, than the strong and ardent admiration it evinces for the prince of historians, who from some provincialisms in his style, appears to have been a native of Padua. The church of St. Antonio is a huge mis-shapen mass of architecture, but covered with the awful hoar of ages, even its deformity is venerable, and its gloomy and irregular aspect possesses a grandeur, which affects the mind like the dark and sullen majesty of winter. The embrowning effect of time on edifices, that have for centuries resisted, by their solidity, the power of the elements, rarely fails to obtain for them a place in our affections. The interior of St. Antonio is adorn-

ed with some paintings of Giotto, whose expression and colouring still glow through the dim veil of time. The shrine of the saint is hung on each side with votive offerings, and overloaded with other uncouth ornaments intermixed with the most beautiful sculpture. In the square before the church, stands an equestrian statue in bronze of the illustrious general Gattamelata, by Donatello.

"The church of St. Justina is a masterpiece of Palladio. The martyrdom of the saint, over the altar, is by Paul Veronese. The effect of its elegant proportions is not a little heightened by the extreme cleanliness apparent throughout this vast edifice, and by the care which is employed in preserving its pictures and ornaments from dust and discolorations. The public piazza called Prato della valle, near the church of St. Justina, is remarkable for its beauty and dimensions, and the statuary, which adorns it, is a testimony of that liberality and devotion to the cause of letters, which I before remarked as eminently distinguishing the city of Padua.

"The buildings of the university were designed by Palladio. Its halls of dissections, its gallery of anatomy, the extent of its philosophical apparatus, all correspond with the universal fame of this institution. Belonging to this establishment is a botanical garden, arranged according to the system of Tournefort. The beauty of the season rendered irresistibly inviting a place, where the collected beauties of the whole vegetable kingdom, exaled their sweets and displayed their rival colours to the sun. The university of Padua dispensed liberal science, not only to the christian world, but to the Mahometan nations. The learning, fame and talents of its professors, and the number of youth of all ranks and nations, that resorted to it for instruction, obtained for it such a rank in the estimation of the world, as scarcely any institution of learning, before or since, enjoyed. The walls of the arcades and porticoes are emblazoned with images of foreign and Italian heraldry, and this multitude of armorial ensigns, is a noble testimony of its former dignity and splendour.

"My curiosity was alive to every circumstance, connected with this once flourishing abode of the muses. Here Petrarch studied the classic writers of antiquity, and Gallileo filled the chair of astronomy. Nor can there be any recollection associated with it, more grateful to the mind of an American, than that Christopher Columbus here studied the principles of navigation, which he afterwards applied to the sucessful prosecution of the enterprise, which has been productive of more glorious consequences to posterity, than that philosophical courage, which expelled the mind of Gallileo into the regions of space, to explore the mysterious mechanism of the heavens." (pp. 210--216.

With one more selection we must close our extracts from the work under review.

"In the palace Barbarigo, is an unfinished picture of St. Sebastian—the last of Titian's works! This final effort of a genius which has adorned the churches and palaces of Venice, with so many splendid monuments of its creative power, is regarded by the Venetians with veneration and affection.

"In the apartments of this palace, the eye wanders over a profusion of pictures, and the transported beholder finds himself in another region of existence, surrounded by landscapes fairer than those of nature, and human forms of higher bloom and nobler grace than any he has ever beheld. But when to the mere beauty of external form and colours, attractions of a moral kind are superadded, and the pleasures of the imagination are blended with those of the heart, the higher principles of our nature are touched and invigorated at the same time, that the pleasures of vision alone, appear to be the object of the artist. Hence the influence which the higher efforts of painting have, in forming the moral character of a people, and hence the sublime gratifications which this art affords to a thoughtful and contemplative mind. Who, for instance, endued with a disposition of this kind, can contemplate Titian's Magdalene, and not see painted in her features that profound grief which is the fruit of ungovernable passions in a mind originally pure and exalted? Yet while the heart feels the sublime moral of the picture, the eye dwells enchanted on the personal attractions of the fair penitent, the voluptuous swell of her bosom heaving with repentant sighs; her countenance pale with sorrow, yet in all the dejection of grief more dangerously beautiful, than when animated with pleasure, and practising the Syren smile of seduction.

"Titian's Prometheus is an idea worthy of the author of the Inferno. Prometheus chained to a rock with his feet in the air, and his head down, writhing with agony, is an image of infernal despair, conceived with as much strength of imagination as any which enters into the terrific visions of Dante.

"The most vigorous and astonishing essays of Tintoretto's pencil, are displayed in the galleries and apartments of the confraternity of St. Roch. Tintoretto, although an artist less chaste and noble in his conceptions than Titian, possessed, however, an adventurous genius, which redeemed its offences against taste, by dazzling and superlative beauties. The pictures in this collection exhibit some of the most striking excellencies and defects of this master. In his massacre of the Innocents, the rules of perspective are violated; it is a scene of horrour without dignity. But his great picture of the passion in the sacristy, is one of those miracles of art, which confounds criticism, and is a signal instance of the force of genius in striking the judgment blind, by beauties of an overpowering lustre.

"The Venetians say, that Napoleon contemplated enriching

the gallery of the Louvre with this picture, but some difficulties occurring in the removal of it, his intention was never carried into effect. The addition of this masterpiece would undoubtedly have supplied an important defect in the Louvre, which contained no work of this master strongly marked with the characteristic excellencies and defects of his style.

"The magnificent staircase, here, by Palladio, can scarcely fail to draw the attention. It is ornamented on the left with a painting by Antonio Neri. The ideas of the artist are shaded with an allegorical veil presenting to the eye a confused assemblage of figures. It is ennobled by none of the graces of Titian, nor by any of the striking or fulminating beauties of Tintoretto's pencil; but it is peopled with a variety of figures, over which is diffused a rich variety of sombre and brilliant tints. The genius of pestilence, carrying on her shoulders a skeleton, does not create in the mind that emotion of sublime horrour, which is produced by the contortions of Prometheus, or by the martyrdom of St. Peter, but it leads us to conjecture, what traits of grandeur an artist of taste and genius would have bestowed on this terrible personification.

"In a city so rich in genuine specimens of the arts, we might expect to find a proportionable degree of zeal and industry evinced in their cultivation. Yet notwithstanding the multitude of objects which Venice contains, to stimulate the genius and to cultivate the taste of the artist, painting and sculpture maintain here only a feeble and languid existence. Napoleon protected and encouraged them wherever they came within the sphere of his influence. A system of public instruction founded on true republican principles, libraries and academies of art open to all ranks, affording to the most indigent member of society the means of liberal improvement, were calculated to awaken in the mass of the people the dormant energies of the mind. Now, that he no longer possesses those formidable means of annoyance, which fortune and valour placed within his grasp, there can be no heresy, at least there can be no danger, in the doctrine, which admits the regenerating influence of his government in those countries, where it found human nature in a state of debasement. The disappearance of his bust from its pedestal, in the public halls of painting and sculpture at Venice, was calculated to inspire with regret a lover of the fine arts, and to rouse in the mind of the politician a train of moral reflections, connected with the eventful period, during which Europe felt all the salutary and all the noxious influences of his dominion; and to the moralist it might suggest a striking illustration of the fugitive and perishable nature of human grandeur, if the fortunes of any individual, however conspicuous, was of importance enough to draw the at-

tention, in a revolution affecting deeply the dearest interests of human nature.

In the academy of the arts, I found a number of students engaged in various academical exercises. Some with crayons in their hands sat before the Apollo Belvidere, copying that divine figure; some were drawing the features and head of the Laocoon, some modelling statues in clay, and exercising the first efforts of youthful invention. But where was this race of artists to find the means of subsistence? was the question. A sculptor and painter must have churches and palaces to adorn, and those of Venice are already filled with the productions of a former age, more propitious than the present to the culture of the arts; nor does there appear to exist any disposition in the present government to augment the city with new edifices, or in any way to beautify and enlarge it. Such a view, perhaps, may not much damp the ardour of a juvenile passion for distinction, but after experience and reflection begin to correct the illusions of early enthusiasm, and a prospect presents itself to the artist, different from what the sanguine hopes of youth had pictured, the gloom of disappointment acting upon a quick sensibility and a warm imagination, must tend to extinguish the sources of that creative fire, upon which the success of genius in all its higher efforts so much depends. I saw here many an ingenious youth, who was destined to experience a fortune similar to this, many a tender flower doomed to be crushed by the rude hand of adversity."

(pp, 170--176.

The desire to comprise within our pages as much of this volume as practicable, has induced us to refrain from troubling our readers, with as many of our own reflections, as we should o herwise have done. It is, however, for the best, as it will afford those who have never read it, a more satisfactory insight into the merits of the work.

We will conclude by congratulating our country upon this valuable acquisition to the department of its literature, and would not only heartily recommend it to the careful perusal of all our patrons, but would be proud to see it upon the shelf of every American's library.

MISCELLANY.

ADVANTAGES OF DOGS.

To the Editor of the Western Review.

Sir—The humanity of the Mahometans towards the brute species is said to exceed that of Christians; but the citizens of your town, by the great regard which they shew towards dogs, indicate an inclination to redeem the Christian name from this charge. And judging from the number of those animals seen in your streets, it would be readily admitted that the inhabitants might compete not only with musselmen, but Gymnosophists also, in their tenderness to the inferior animals. Not however being disposed to set it down entirely to benevolence, and thinking that the good people must have some interest in maintaining so many apparently useless mouths; I made enquiries and found that these creatures answer many valuable purposes. They assist in parental government by frightening children out of the streets; they assail the little urchins when they appear abroad and prevent them from running from house to house on the idle pretence of going on errands; and if some of them are worried, have their clothes torn, or are bitten, so much the better, as it shews the spirit and watchfulness of the dogs.

Further, slaves who cannot hold other property, experience some mitigation of their situation, by being allowed to retain these four-footed dependants. And free persons, whose mismanagement and misfortunes have left them destitute of those articles of property, on which the officers of the law may lay their hands, are also attached to these canine friends. They, like the slaves, like to have something which they can call their own, and which they may command at pleasure. Hence it sometimes happens that the number of dogs is greatest among slaves, and those free people who are too poor to hold any thing else.

Whilst enumerating the benefits arising from the residence of the canine inhabitants of your town, we should not forget to name the pleasure afforded by hearing their barking, yelping and howling during the night. The great variety of their tones afford such innumerable chords and melodies, that they must furnish great gratification to musical

ears, particularly to persons of delicate constitutions, or those confined to a sick bed. How delightful it must be to a lady worn away by disease, expiring for want of repose, just falling into a gentle slumber, to have her ears assailed at the dead hour of the night, when all else is still, by the yelling, howling serenade, so often performed in your streets.

Again, it is highly amusing and moreover keeps you from falling asleep whilst walking the streets, to be opened on at every corner by a motley colloction of "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound and cur of low degree:" there is not much danger perhaps in the case, you can usually escape having your flesh torn by the united exertions of the owners bawling out,'get out,they won't bite,'and the dextrous use of your walking cane. But if in the conflict some overgrown mastiff, more fierce than the rest, fastens his sharp fangs in your person, his owner is very sorry for the accident.

These creatures are serviceable in another point of view, which should be named; they are so successful in frightening women and children that the citizens risk with great confidence on their watchfulness and fidelity, and retire to bed leaving their gates and doors unlocked. This makes the light fingered gentry smile; they know how to make an acquaintance with, and to conciliate the friendship of the four-footed centinels; this done,the road lies invitingly open, and the thief bears away what suits his taste whilst the owner sleeps in fancied security. Thus whilst a timid harmless visitor is in danger of attack, the accomplished knave is facilitated in his operations and escapes in safety with his booty.

Then these domestic quadrupeds are occasionally afflicted with an infirmity which affords much amusement to the people. When one of them is taken with the hydrophobia, vast entertainment is derived from his chase and destruction, the cry of mad dog is raised, women and children fly, men and boys shout and pursue, guns crack, stones and other missiles pour upon the dreaded creature until he is slain or falls exhausted by the fatigue of running; perhaps in the race cows, horses, and other animals are bitten,if not some of the human family,and the baneful infection communicated which often proves fatal. But these little matters must be endured when counterbalanced by so many important benefits.

There are some minor advantages these brute favorites

afford that are scarcely worth mentioning: by running into your houses in dirty weather they furnish work for the house cleaner; and in their abundant friendship they put their muddy feet on your clothes, and give encouragement to the washerwoman.

There were formerly some other employments for dogs. The butcher's boys of this country following the example of their brethren of the three kingdoms, celebrated for the refined and humane amusements of boxing and bull baiting, were in the habit of using these fierce little animals to torment and torture innocent unoffending cattle; but they have become ashamed of their predecessors across the Atlantic, and are now satisfied to dispense with cruelty and simply slaughter their victims in the way least painful to the creature

I would add, that the use of pointers, spaniels, and hounds, as aids to man in the pursuit of game, seems to have been in a great measure discontinued since the repeal of the game laws. In England where none but the rich or priviledged order were allowed to kill hares, partridges, &c. that sort of pursuit became an object of honourable distinction, and wild fouls, &c. were more highly esteemed than domestic animals. But here, where all are allowed the free use of a gun and the liberty of catching partridges, killing rabbits, and chasing foxes, these occupations have fallen into their merited contempt. It is thought now that there is but little more honour attached to chasing a fox, than a hog; shooting a partridge or hare than in your cook's wringing the head off a chicken or cutting the throat of a pig: and the game itself seems to have gone into discredit. When game laws exist, an artificial value is set on a woodcock, a partridge, a pheasant or hare; but in this country, they are not so highly esteemed as domestic poultry, nor do they sell so high in the market. Consequently the dogs who were the chief instruments of field sports, are no longer employed in that way unless by Europeans, or such of us as imitate them in that as in many other of their absurd practices. However, the dogs themselves are not willing to relinquish an employment so congenial to their natures, and occasionally make nocturnal excursions into the neighbouring lands and most heroically slaughter whole flocks of sheep. The farmers do not always take this in good part; but on the contrary rather illnaturedly observe that they would as soon attempt

to raise sheep near a den of wolves as this dog harbor, as they vulgarly denominate your fair town.

I understand that some of your selectmen or trustees were inclined to question the advantages of raising dogs in town, and proposed to treat them rather as a nuisance; but it was found impracticable, the good people of the place would not consent to suffer the rights of dogs to be invaded and trampled upon, and now they triumphantly traverse the streets and bark at a selectman wherever they meet with him.

Omnibus
PUBLICÆ LIBERTATIS PROPUGNATORIBUS,
Neç non
Studia humaniora Excolentibus,
Munusculum hocce Poeticum,
Diem Octavum Mensis Januarii,
Atque
Bellicas JACKSONI Laudes,
Numeris Sapphicis,
Celebrans,
D. D. Q.

Ex Coll. Silvest. }
Idibus Septemb. } S. WILSON.

Aureus Phœbus roseis quadrigis
Jam diem lætum rediens revexit;
Jure festivum, tenebris fugatis,
Territa ab urbe.

Mente sæva, namque acies feroces
Britonum flammas meditantur urbi, et
Aureum vellus, misere ac rapinas
Arripere ardent.

Surgit Aurora ex croceo cubili;
Copiæ hostiles simul et videntur
Progredi ex castris, pedibus citatis,
Dira minantes.

Imperat nostris animosus heros
Prælio Jackson, vehementer atque
Suscitat vires, acuitque Martem
Pectore firmo.

Arma nunc fulgent, litui strepuntque;
Ordines vallo rapide propinquant:
Clamor auditur; reboantque ripæ
Nobilis amnis.

Impetum impulsi, sed inauspicatum
Jam ter in vallum faciunt furore;
Fortiter nostri ter enim repulsant
Strage tremenda.

Fulminat JACKSON, tonitru vibransque,
Diruit densas subito phalanges
Hostium; sternitque duces superbos
Impete vasto.

Sic Pater Divum, nitido ex Olympo,
Flammea dextra jaculatus ignes,
Impiam turmam pepulit Gigantum
Fulmine ad Orcum.

Hostibus justo domitis triumpho;
Urbe servata excidio nefando:
Gloriam noster meruit perennem
Lauriger heros.

O beata Aurelia salva perstes!
Hanc in æternum celebresque lucem:
Concinant omnes memoresque grata
Carmina Divis.

ANNOTATIONES

aliquot breves, currente calamo exaratæ, in tirunculorum gratiam, heic seorsum sunt adjectæ.

☞Accentuum seu tonorum notulæ, quæ, differentiæ aut discriminis causa, quibusdam verborum syllabis apponi solent, ubique in hac ode, ex necessitate, desiderantur; quia typographi nostrates Kentuckienses iis nondum utuntur.

Stroph. 1. Ver. 3. *Festivum.*] Si epitheton hoc lectori critico minus arrideat, legat cum Horatio, Od. 11. lib. 4. *Solennem.*

Ibid. *Tenebris fugatis.*] Per Metaphoram, pro *periculis minantibus abactis;* sicut Hor. Od. 4. lib. 4. v. 40. *Fugatis* Latio *tenebris.*

Stroph. 2. v. 2 & 4. *Meditantur, ardent &c.*] Tempore præ-

senti, pro imperfecto vel præterito, plerumque utuntur non solum poetæ, sed etiam oratores et historici; si quando res gestas graphice, aut vivis coloribus depingere velint. Hæc figura dictionis a quibusdam grammaticis *Heterosis* dicitur; *Enallages* species.

Stroph. 2. v. 3. *Aureum vellus.*] Tam audaces, et lucri avidi, quam Argonautæ, qui olim ad rapiendum vellus aureum, in Colchidem e Græcia profecti sunt.

Stroph. 4. v. 3. *Acuitque Martem.*] Parat pugnam, vel ad pugnandum; vel acuit animum Martialem. Similiter Virg. Æn. 12. v. 108. *Æneas acuit Martem, et se sussitat ira.*

Stroph. 5. v. 4. *Nobilis amnis.*] Fluvius, *Mississippi* vulgo dictus, qui urbem *Novam Aureliam* præterfluit; et ad cujus ripas commissum est prælium, in quo Britannica agmina, *Packenhamo* ducta, perdomuit *Jackson.* [Sexto Idus Jan. 1815.]

Stroph. 7. v. 1. *Fulminat Jackson.*] Sic Virg. Géorg. lib. 4. v. 560. *Cæsar dum magnus ad altum Fulminat Euphratem bello.* Æn. 12. v. 654. *Fulminat Æneas armis.* Et ibidem v. 700. *Horrendumque intonat armis.* Sed verius, et pæne sensu proprio, bellatores hodierni, qui armis ignivomis, ac magno fragore detonantibus utuntur, *fulminare* ac *tonare* dicantur.

Stroph. 8. v. 3. *Pepulit.*] Per Enallagen, simplex pro composito; pro *de*pulit aut *ex*pulit. Similiter Virg. Æn. 9. v. 519. *Sed pellere vallo Missilibus certant:* i. e. *depellere* eos *vallo* &c.

Stroph. 9. v. 2. *Servata excidio.*] Subaudienda est præpositio *ex*, quam nec Euphonia, nec metrum exprimi sinit.

Stroph. 10. v. 1. *Aurelia.*] *Aurelia* prænominata *Nova*, urbs est primaria Reipublicæ Louisianensis, ad flumen magnum *Mississippi* posita. Angl. *New Orleans.*

Ibid. v. 3. 4. *Concinant Carmina Divis.*] Pariter Tibullus lib. 2. Eleg. 5. v. 10. *Victori laudes concinuisse Jovi.*

THE BOAT-HORN.

Oh, Boatman! wind that horn again!
For never did the lambent air
Upon its joyous bosom bear,
So wild, so sweet, a strain.
What tho' thy notes are sad, and few!
As ever simple boatman blew;

Yet could I list from eve 'till morn
Delighted, to the simplest horn.
How oft, in Youth's unclouded day,
I've stroll'd by wild Ohio's stream,
Marking its silv'ry billows play,
Bright with the sun's retiring beam!
While some lone boatman from the deck,
Musing on coming storms and wreck,
Pour'd his soft numbers to that tide
Where all his hopes, his fortune ride;
As if he woo'd the fickle wave
From wreck and storm his bark to save.
  Delighted Nature drank the silv'ry sound,
Enchanted Echo spread it far around.
Hush'd was each murmur of the restless flood,
And still'd each rustle of the list'ning wood—
And e'en the frolic, thoughtless boy,
Buoyant with hope and laughing joy,
Who gamboll'd by the river's side,
And sported with the fretting tide,
Felt something new pervade his breast,
Chain his light step, and hush his jest,
Bent o'er the wave his raptur'd ear
To catch the sound far off and dear,
Drank the sweet draught—but knew not why
The tear of rapture filled his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, so wild, so lone,
As on the ravish'd ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell?
  There is a *tide* of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain Heaven;
Beginning with the downy flower
Just oped in Florio's vernal bower,
Running each nice gradation through,
With bolder murmur, and with brighter hue;
That tide is *Sympathy*! Its fitful flow
Gives to this life its joy or wo:
Music, the *master spirit*, that can move
Its waves to war, or lull them into love;
Can charm the starting tear from Beauty's eye,
And bid the heart of virtue cease to sigh;
Can cheer the dying sailor on the wave,
And shed bright hales round the Soldier's grave;

Inspire the fainting Pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul and thoughts to God!"
Then Boatman! wind that Horn again!
Tho' much of *Sorrow* mark its strain;
Yet are its sounds to *Sorrow* dear!
What tho' they wake fond mem'ry's tear?
Tears are mem'ry's sacred feast,
Where Rapture sits a smiling guest.

ORLANDO.

THOUGHTS ON IMPROVEMENT,

Suggested to a stranger, who attended the Commencement of Transylvania University, July 11th, 1821.

O for the touch that wakes Apollo's lyre,
The soul to rouse, and genius to inspire!
My youthful muse might boldly then portray
IMPROVEMENT soaring on her venturous way,
Unaw'd by danger, unsubdu'd by fear,
Braving the Scythian there, the Indian here.
Rearing her standard on the sea-beat shore,
She points the way to realms unknown before.
The hardy mariner the call obeys,
And, toss'd on ocean's darkly-foaming waves,
Forgets awhile his home, his wife, his child,
In soothing dreams of treasure mid the wild,
Where soon the aged forest's shade will yield
To ivied bower and cultivated field.
Nor does alone the simple cottage rise,
Oft the true shelter of high destinies,
As when on Palatine's rough mount was nurst
The robber-chief, of Roman kings the first.
A busy throng, by one glad impulse led,
Warm youth, and sober age with heavy tread,
Survey the infant city's chosen site,
And houses, towers, and temples spring to light,
As sudden as the fabled teeth, when sown,
Shot up to men, in Mars' own image grown.
Now mighty streams, and ocean's emerald wave,
Sail'd by the free, defended by the brave,
Reflect Columbia's towers, where (more than art)
Fine feelings, social joys, glad hopes impart.

How chang'd the scene! Here late the savage yell
Struck on the heart like dread funereal knell.

E'en in Hesperian wilds, IMPROVEMENT rears
To Science' self a shelter mid her tears,
An altar, where her youthful votaries twine,
With laurell'd wreath, the myrtle and the vine,
Emblems of noble ardor, love, and peace,
Which ne'er in TRANSYLVANIA's walls should cease
In sacred bonds the alumni to engage,
And win high honor for maturer age.
Seek not, fair youths, in folly's course to blaze,
And meteor-like the vulgar herd amaze,
Then leave behind a darkness worse than night,
The wreck of mind, no star of hope in sight.

All hail to thee, fair city of the west,
By those its ATHENS call'd who love thee best,
Who with prophetic fervour boldly trace
The grove thy future PLATO is to grace!
To thee 'tis known, and by thy sons applied,
Whose talents, learning, virtues, are thy pride,
That names, with all their magic, ne'er impart
Howe'er they fill the breast, or swell the heart,
High inspiration, mind's creative power,
Bright gift of Nature in the auspicious hour.
Minerva's city had far other claims
Than walls Lycean, Academic names,
To make her mourn her fall, or sadly gaze
On the past glories of her better days.
There Taste, exil'd from once fam'd Egypt's land,
In peerless state long held supreme command.
Their fretted cornices and columns shone
With art in our degenerate days unknown;
And the majestic Parthenon still towers
O'er all the force of time and barbarous powers,
Its cella then adorn'd with trophies won
From Persia's king, Darius' haughty son.
Within its walls, the sculptor's skill was seen
From massy stone to call the godlike mien,
To which, with one accord, we cede the place
For manly beauty, symmetry, and grace,
Rivall'd alone by her, of ocean born,
Radiant as light, and lovely as the morn.

VIATOR.

THE VOICE OF THE PACIFIC MUSE.

I never could delight to sing
  Of hostile armies meeting,
But love to touch the finer string
  Of fond companions greeting:
Tell me no more of soldiers brave,
  Nor scorn my humble ditty;
The soldier is a burthen'd slave
  Whom peaceful men must pity—

Or he's a man with iron brow,
  Commanding strict submission:
In either case, I calmly vow,
  I prize not his condition.
Let me enjoy but Friendship's smile,
  Frank, free, and unaffected,
And glory gain'd in rank and file
  By me may lie neglected.

This glory has no charms for me:
  My mind has never sought her.
She's foully stain'd with blood; for she
  Is Mars' unhallow'd daughter.
I of your martial stories tire,
  Which talk of clanking armour:
Than feats of war, I value higher
  The labors of the farmer.

"But friends are false," the soldier cries,
  "And Love 's a boyish notion;
Give me the hand that death defies,
  There let me seek promotion:
Your rural joys are but a song,
  A weakly woman's story;
I'd rather hear the drum beat strong
  That calls me on to glory."

Well, soldier, go, if such your taste,
  To fields of cruel slaughter;
Where man the life of man can waste,
  And blood is spilt like water.
Let me enjoy that milder glow
  You call a boyish notion,
In vain your battle-trump may blow
  To break my sweet devotion.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Our readers have been informed of the intended publication of another historical novel from the pen of the "Great Unknown" of Scotland. This work, which is called The Pirate, is not yet published in America, and we are consequently unable to furnish a review of it. We embrace however, the present opportunity to lay before our readers, as we have heretofore done in relation to other productions of the same author, some specimens of its style and manner, which have accidentally fallen in our way, as a foretaste of the rich repast, which a possession of the entire work will hereafter enable them to enjoy.

"The daughters of Magnus Troil shared the same bed, in a chamber which had been that of their parents before the death of their mother. Magnus, who suffered grievously under that dispensation of Providence, had become disgusted with the apartment. The nuptial chamber was abandoned to the pledges of his bereaved affection, of whom the eldest was at that period only four years old, or thereabouts; and, having been theirs in infancy, continued, though now tricked and adorned according to the best fashion of the islands, and the taste of the lovely sisters themselves, to be their sleeping room, or, in the old Norse dialect, their bower.

It had been for many years the scene of the most intimate confidence, if that could be called confidence, where, in truth, there was nothing to be confided, where neither sister had a secret, and where every thought that had birth in the bosom of the one was, without either hesitation or doubt, confided to the other as spontaneously as it had arisen. But, since Cleveland abode in the mansion of Burgh Westra, each of the lovely sisters had entertained thoughts which are not lightly or easily communicated, unless she who listens to them has previously assured herself that the confidence will be kindly received. Minna had noticed what other and less interested observers had been unable to perceive, that Cleveland, namely, held a lower rank in Brenda's opinion than in her own, and Brenda on her side, thought that Minna had hastily and unjustly joined in the prejudices which had been excited against Mordaunt Mertoun in the mind of their father. Each was sensible that she was no longer the same to her sister, and this conviction was a painful addition to other painful apprehensions

which they supposed they had to struggle with. Their manner towards each other was, in outward appearances, and in all the little cares by which affection can be expressed, even more assiduously kind than before, as if both, conscious that their internal reserve was a breach of their sisterly union, strove to atone for it by double assiduity in those external marks of affection, which, at other times, when there was nothing to hide, might be omitted without inferring any consequences.

On the night referred to in particular, the sisters felt more especially the decay of the confidence which used to exist between them. The proposed voyage to Kirkwall, and that at the time of the fair, when persons of every degree in these islands repair there, was like to be an important incident in lives usually so simple and uniform as theirs, and a few months ago Minna and Brenda would have been awake half the night, anticipating, in their talk with each other, all that was likely to happen on so momentous an occasion. But now the subject was just mentioned, and suffered to drop, as if the topic was likely to produce difference betwixt them, or to call forth a more open display of their several opinions than either was willing to make to the other.

Yet such was their natural openness and gentleness of disposition, that each sister imputed to herself the fault that there was aught like estrangement existing between them, and when, having finished their devotions, and betaken themselves to their common couch, they folded each other in their arms, and exchanged a sisterly kiss, and a sisterly good night, they seemed mutually to ask pardon, and to exchange forgiveness, although neither said a word of offence, either offered or received; and both were soon plunged in that light and yet profound repose, which is only enjoyed when sleep sinks down on the eye of youth and innocence.

On the night to which the story relates, both sisters were visited by dreams, which, though varied by the moods and habits of the sleepers, bore yet a strange general resemblance to each other.

Minna dreamed that she was in one of the most lonely recesses of the beach, called Swartaster, where the incessant operation of the waves, indenting a calcareous rock, has formed a deep *halier*, which, in the language of the isl-

and, meant a subterranean cavern, into which the tide ebbs and flows. Many of these run to an extraordinary and unascertained depth under ground, and are the safe retreat of cormorants and seals, whom it is neither easy nor safe to pursue to their extreme recess. Amongst these, this halier of Swartaster was accounted peculiarly inaccessible, and shunned both by fowlers and by seamen,on account of sharp angles and turnings in the cave itself, as well as the sunken rocks which rendered it very dangerous for skiffs or boats to advance far into it, especially if there was the usual swell of an island tide. From the dark browed mouth of this cavern,it seemed to Minna,in her dream,that she beheld a mermaid issue, not in the classical dress of a Nereid, as in Claud Halcro's mask of the preceeding evening,. but with comb and glass in hand according, and lashing the waves, with that long scaly train, which, in the traditions of the country, forms so frightful a contrast with the fair face, long tresses, and displayed bosom of a human and earthly female of surpassing beauty. She seemed to beckon to Minna, while her wild notes rang sadly in her ear, and denounced, in prophetic sounds, calamity and wo.

The vision of Brenda was of a different description, yet equally melancholy. She sat, as she thought, in her favourite bower, surrounded by her father and a party of his most beloved friends, amongst whom Mordaunt Mertoun was not forgotten. She was required to sing; and she strove to entertain them with a lively song, in which she was accounted eminently successful, and which she sung with such simple, yet natural humour, as seldom failed to produce shouts of laughter and applause, while all who could, or who could not sing, were irresistibly compelled to lend their voices to the chorus. But, on this occasion, it seemed as if her own voice refused all its usual duty, and as if, while she felt herself unable to express the words of the well known air it assumed, in her own despite, the deep tones and wild and melancholy notes of Norna of Fitfulhead, for the purpose of chanting some wild Runic rhyme, resembling those sung by the heathen priests of old, when the victim (too often human) was bound to the fatal altar of Odin or of Thor.

At length the two sisters at once started from sleep, and uttering a low scream of fear, clasped themselves in each

other's arms. For their fancy had not altogether played them false; the sounds which had suggested their dreams were real, and sung within their apartment. They knew the voice well, indeed, and yet, knowing to whom it belonged, their surprise and fear was scarce the less, when they saw the well-known Norna of Fitful-head, seated by the chimney of the apartment, which, during the summer season, contained an iron lamp well trimmed, and, in winter, a fire of wood or of turf.

She was wrapped in her long and ample garment of *wadmaal*, and moved her body slowly to and fro over the pale flame of the lamp, as she sung lines to the following purpose, in a slow, sad, and almost an unearthly accent:

"For leagues along the watery way,
  Through gulph and stream my course has been;
The billows know my Runic lay,
  And smooth'd their crests to silent green.

"The billows know my Runic lay,
  The gulph grows smooth, the stream is still;
But human hearts, more wild than they,
  Know but the rule of wayward will.

"One hour is mine, in all the year,
  To tell my woes,—and one alone;
When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis here,
  When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

"Daughters of northern Magnus hail!
  The lamp is lit, the flame is clear—
To you I come to tell my tale,
  Awake, arise, my tale to hear!"

Norna was well known to the daughters of Troil, but it was not without emotion, although varied by their respective dispositions, that they beheld her so unexpectedly, and at such an hour. Their opinions with respect to the supernatural attributes to which she pretended, were extremely different.

Minna, with an unusual intensity of imagination, although superior in talent to her sister, was more apt to listen to and delight in every tale of wonder, and was at all times more willing to admit impressions which gave her fancy scope and exercise, without minutely examining their reality. Brenda, on the other hand, had in her gaiety, a slight propensity to satire, and was often tempted to laugh at the very cir-

cumstances upon which Minna founded her imaginative dreams. and, like all who love the ludicrous, she did not readily suffer herself to be imposed upon, or overawed, by pompous pretensions of any kind whatever. But as her nerves were weaker, and more irritable than those of her sister, she often paid involuntary homage, by her fears, to ideas which her reason disowned; and hence Claud Halcro used to say, in reference to many of the traditionary superstitions around Burgh Westra, that Minna believed them without trembling, and that Brenda trembled without believing them. In our own more enlightened days, there are few, whose undoubting mind and native courage have not felt Minna's high wrought tone of enthusiasm; and perhaps still fewer, who have not, at one time or other, felt, like Brenda, their nerves confess the influence of terrors which their reason disowned and despised.

Under the influence of such different feelings, Minna, when the first moment of surprise was over, prepared to spring from her bed, and go to greet Norna, who, she doubted not, had come on some errand fraught with fate; while Brenda, who only beheld in her, a woman partially deranged in her understanding, and who yet, from the extravagance of her claims, regarded her as an undefined object of awe, or rather terror, detained her sister by an eager and terrified grasp, while she whispered in her ear an eager entreaty that she would call for assistance. But the soul of Minna was too highly wrought up by the crisis at which her fate seemed to have arrived, to permit her to follow the dictates of her sister's fears; and extricating herself from Brenda's hold, she hastily threw on a loose night-gown, and stepping boldly across the apartment, while her heart throbbed rather with high excitement than with fear, she thus addressed her singular visitor:

"Norna, if your mission regards us, as your words seem to express, there is one of us, at least, who will receive its import with reverence, but without fear."

"Norna, dear Norna," said the tremulous voice of Brenda,—who, feeling no safety in the bed after Minna had quitted it, had followed her, as fugitives crowd into the rear of an advancing army, because they dare not remain behind, and who now stood half concealed by her sister, and holding fast by the skirts of her gown,—"Norna, dear Norna," she

said, "whatever you are to say, let it be to-morrow. I will call Euphane Fea, the housekeeper, and she will find you a bed for the night."

"No bed for me," said their nocturnal visitor; "no closing of the eyes for me; they have watched as shelf and stack appeared and disappeared betwixt Burgh Westra and Orkney—they have seen the Man of Hoy sink into the sea, and the Peak of Hengcliff arise from it, and yet they have not tasted of slumber; nor must they slumber now till my task is ended. Sit down, then. Minna, and thou, silly trembler, sit down, while I trim my lamp—Don your clothes, for the tale is long, and ere 'tis done you will shiver with worse than cold."

"For heaven's sake, then, put it off till day light, dear Norna," saith Brenda; "the dawn cannot be far distant; and if you are to tell us any thing frightful, let it be by day-light and not by the dim glimmer of that blue lamp."

"Patience, fool!" said their nocturnal visitor. "Not by day-light should Norna tell a tale that might blot the sun out of heaven, and blight the hopes of the hundred boats that will leave this shore ere noon, to commence their deep sea fishing—ay, and of the hundred families that will await their return. The demon, whom the sounds will not fail to awaken, must shake his dark wings over a shipless and a boatless sea, as he rushes from his mountain to drink the accents of horror he loves so well to listen to."

"Have pity on Brenda's fears, good Norna," said the elder sister, "and at least postpone this frightful communication to another place and hour."

"Maiden, no!" replied Norna, sternly; "it must be told while that lamp yet burns. Mine is no day-light tale—by that lamp it must be told, which is framed out of the gibbet-irons of the cruel Lord of Wodensvoe, who murdered his brother and has for its nourishment—enough that it never came either from the fish or from the fruit! See it waxes dim and dimmer, nor must my tale last longer than its flame endureth. Sit ye down there, while I sit opposite to you, and place the lamp betwixt us; for within the sphere of its light the demon dares not venture."

The sisters obeyed, Minna casting a slow, awestruck, yet determined look all around, as if to see the being who, according to the doubtful words of Norna, hovered in their

neighbourhood; while Brenda's fears were mingled with some share both of anger and of impatience Norna paid no attention to either, but began her story in the following words. *******

VALEDICTORY.

The present number, which completes the fourth volume of the *Western Review*, terminates also the existence of the work. It is with regret that we announce our determination to discontinue a publication, which we at one time fondly hoped would be a permanent repository of the numerous productions of the intelligence, and taste, and literary acquirements of the citizens of the west. The enthusiasm, indeed, with which we commenced this enterprise, has long since ceased to exist. Experience has taught us that our labours, valuable as they might appear to ourselves, were of little importance in the public estimation, and that the literary efforts, which, we are proud to say, have received the favourable notice of distinguished scholars in other parts of our country, were contemned and deemed unworthy of patronage at home. We have been well aware of the numerous defects of our little publication. It never aspired to an elevated rank among the literary productions of the country. It has been the result of the disconnected efforts of a few friends of learning, whose literary hours have been often broken in upon by the more essential and imperative duties of active life, and who have therefore been compelled frequently to disappoint the publisher at an hour when it was impossible to fill up the chasm in a manner satisfactory to himself. The work has for some time past been continued under circumstances peculiarly discouraging. Many who promised fairly, and who no doubt intended fairly, to rank among its liberal contributors, nev-

er furnished a single article, and several others yielded only occasionally a reluctant essay to the often repeated solicitations of the editor or his friends. The melancholy loss of some of our most industrious and enthusiastic co-adjutors threw the entire labor and responsibility upon a few individuals, and the numerous other cares and duties by which those individuals have been surrounded, have prevented their devotion, so intently as they could have wished, to the interests of the work. We trust however that our efforts, humble as they have been, and far as they have fallen short of our own desires and intentions, have yet been productive of some good. If we have in any degree succeeded in creating or fostering a literary taste; if we have to any extent drawn out the resources of the scholars of the western country; if we have been instrumental in preserving, for the future historian and for the admiration of posterity, any of those interesting narratives, which contemporaries only could furnish, of the difficulties, and dangers, and almost incredible deeds of heroism, that distinguished and ought to immortalize the early settlers in the west; if, in fine, we have successfully repelled a single unjust aspersion cast upon the American character, our exertions have not been in vain, and we have no cause to regret the existence, feeble and short lived as it may have been, of the *Western Review.*

We have only in conclusion to express our hope, that the day may not be far distant, when the friends of literature and science in the western country may feel more generally disposed to encourage literary efforts in their own community, and when the public may, with more zeal than at present, afford to them that patronage, without which they cannot permanently succeed.